

McCALL'S

JANUARY 1928

TEN CENTS



*Lady Astor declares
Woman's War for Peace*

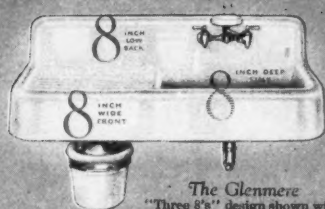
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"THE SINK IN THE SUNLIGHT"



The Glenmere with drainboard at right end, in the main illustration is the BIDENTWOOD, double drainboard model.



The Glenmere "Three 8's" design shown with drainboard at left end. Note the "Three 8's" dimensions.

These features make a kitchen sink complete

Only the "Three 8's" sink offers them

THE most used fixture in your kitchen is the sink. It should be complete—easy to keep clean—step saving. When you see the "Standard" "Three 8's" sink, you will immediately appreciate the completeness of its convenience.

Exclusive Acid-Resisting Enamel which minerals in water, kitchen cleansers, even fruit and vegetable acids cannot roughen or discolor;

8-inch low back—lower by 4 inches than most sinks—which fits easily under a low, cheerful window;

8-inch deep sink compartment—an extra 2 inches—which easily accommodates your deepest, widest pan and prevents over-splashing;

8-inch deep front which gives to the whole



The swinging-spout faucet of beautiful octagonal design, finished in Chromard—a metal finish with the sheen of platinum that will not tarnish or corrode. It is seven times as hard as nickel.

This directly attached garbage container of vitreous china with removable aluminum receptacle, can be pushed back under the sink on a folding bracket.

sink a new, symmetrical beauty of line;

The beautiful swinging-spout faucet, finished in non-tarnishing, non-corroding Chromard;

Directly attached garbage container with removable aluminum receptacle. Can be pushed back under the sink on a folding bracket.

See this complete sink, in several styles and sizes, at a "Standard" Showroom. Please specify Acid-Resisting Enamel, as many other "Standard" models are also made in regular enamel. The trademark Standard A-R identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel, is impressed in every "Three 8's" sink.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

These soft, delicious foods that cloy our palates and cheat our gums of work , , ,

They give rise, dentists say, to this modern plague of "pink tooth brush"

COOKING, once a plain and homely art, has changed. It has lost its old simplicity. Chefs have set the style, and our wives and hostesses have followed it. An abundance of delicious things to eat, daintily prepared and appetizingly served—these, modern taste demands, and gets.

But no one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that herein lies the reason of modern gum troubles. As your own dentist will readily testify, the profession traces the prevalence of gum disorders directly to the dining tables of the nation!

WHY MODERN FOODS MAKE TROUBLE FOR OUR GUMS

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. And in times gone by the vigorous chewing of coarse, fibrous foods kept gums active and constantly nourished by the brisk flow of fresh blood which this wholesome friction brought to the surface.

But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give gums the stimulation that should vitalize and sustain them.

HOW IPANA AND MASSAGE KEEP GUMS FIRM AND HEALTHY

Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple remedy for this difficulty—an easy, natural way to supply the stimulation so vital to the health of our gums. They recommend

massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the fingertips *after* each twice-daily brushing.

And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. By its use you can more quickly rouse the laggard circulation of the gums to the healthful activity that offsets the damage done by a too civilized diet.

For Ipana contains ziral, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak, under-nourished tissue. Ipana's power to promote gum health is one of the important reasons for the hearty professional support it has enjoyed from the day of its introduction.

MAKE A 30-DAY TRIAL OF IPANA

The first time you use Ipana you will like its clean taste, its delicious flavor, and you will quickly see how much whiter and brighter it makes your teeth. The ten-day sample tube the coupon

brings will prove these things to you beyond a doubt.

But a fairer way to test Ipana is to get a regular tube at the drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. Then examine your gums. See how much healthier in color, how much firmer to the touch they have become. Then you may know that they are more soundly resistant to disease and infection than ever before—and that you have found the tooth paste you want to use for life!



"Party food," you'll grant is soft. But consider the things that comprise your daily fare! They, too, lack the roughage that healthy gums require.



IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-18, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



The BRIGHT NEW YEAR

TO its millions of readers, to their families, to their communities and to all America McCall's extends its heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year. And a Happy New Year it should and will be. Never have the skies been fairer; never has the future seemed so alluring. The nation is at peace both without and within, and there is no possible threat of danger. Mills and factories are busy; wage-earners and business men alike are prosperous.

Within the memory of most of us alive today this America of ours has grown from an awkward Western World giant into the earth's greatest power. In wealth and in potential military strength there is no nation comparable to it. Our decisions are, in the end, the world's decisions. No international move of importance can succeed without American support. An alliance with America—were that possible—would be sought by every nation on earth.

In the rapid transformation that has taken place within the past twenty years the women of America have had a full share. In the World War they bore every burden—save that of actual fighting—and thousands of women shared the dangers of the battle zone. In industry and commerce their influence has been increasingly potent; it is impossible to conceive of a large corporation deprived of its feminine employees. In politics it was the influence and energy of women which made Prohibition possible. Today, with the vote, woman is the political equal of man. The highest prize is not beyond her reach. There have been women governors; undoubtedly there will be women senators and, possibly, a woman president.

So, if the prospect is bright with promise for the young and blissful 1928, the credit is due, in important part, to the women of America. The year will witness far-reaching events—the choice of a president among them—but it is safe to assume that nothing will be done without the support and sanction of women. No candidate whom the women of this country oppose can possibly be elected; no proposal that they favor can fail, in the end, of enactment.

Visitors to this country often remark, in none too kind-

ly fashion, upon the important, if not dominant, role which woman occupies in the American home and in the American nation. But the men of this land are proud of their women and of the way these women have met and are meeting their responsibilities. Shoulder to shoulder, as equals, the men and women of America are facing their problems—looking unafraid into the future and greeting the bright New Year.

A Lovable and Wholesome American

IN the will of the late James Oliver Curwood occurs the following paragraph:

I give and bequeath to the following organizations in Owosso, Michigan . . . the sums mentioned in connection with their names . . . To the First Congregational Church One Thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars; and Seven Hundred Fifty (\$750.00) Dollars, each, to the First Baptist Church, to the Episcopal Church, to the First Methodist Episcopal Church, to St. Paul's Catholic Church, and to the First Church of Christ Scientist.

To James Oliver Curwood the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Catholics, and the Christian Scientists of his beloved Michigan home were not members of conflicting and sometimes hostile sects—according to his simple, human creed they were his brothers and he could be loyal to them all without disloyalty to any. It was this all-embracing love of humanity which distinguished Mr. Curwood among contemporary writers; this trait was one with his reverence for Nature and for the magic of meadow and wood. For to Mr. Curwood man and Nature were both emanations of the Supreme Creator and were alike to be revered.

Readers of Mr. Curwood's stirring novel, *The Plains of Abraham*, will be interested in this sidelight upon a lovable and wholesome American. They will regret more keenly than ever his untimely passing. It will be a matter of some consolation to know that the partially completed novel, *Green Timber*, left by Mr. Curwood,

is being brought to a conclusion by his secretary and will be published in this magazine.

Our Keypnote for 1928

THE New Year has brought to this magazine a fresh inspiration, a new vision, that finds expression not only in the appearance but in the purpose of what we choose to call the New McCall's.

New designs, new plans, new stories lend distinctive brightness to pages which have been dedicated to the gospel of buoyant and useful and happy living. Unlike most New Year resolutions, this faith will be kept throughout the year, for the changes already evident are mere prophetic symbols of our future course.

But in the midst of all this revision and renewal it may be well to remember that the inherent quality of McCall's Magazine—that intangible spiritual quality which has made it so definitely "your" magazine—will never change. That intimate, warming glow will come to you always through our pages. That message is above change.

The old Chinese philosophers phrased it well. We have come to realize during the countless years since they were first proclaimed, the wealth of wisdom in their immortal words: "There is a permanence amid change and that permanence we call the spiritual values of life."

It is these spiritual values—a quality of the soul—which will color our work, despite all change and all revision. So, as issue succeeds issue and year follows year, a glowing silver vein will pulse through every page.

Beatrice Burton Morgan's amazingly human novel, *The Little Yellow House*, will begin in the February issue of this magazine.

An event for which a whole world of readers has waited years will be found in that same issue—*The Life and Letters of Gene Stratton-Porter*, written by her daughter.



Last night, at the Warners', we heard some wonderful music



Peg Warner telephoned last evening and asked if we would like to run over

PEG WARNER telephoned last evening and asked if we would like to run over and hear their new Orthophonic Victrola. We would—and did. . . . We have never spent a more enjoyable evening. It was

like being at the opera, an orchestra concert, a piano recital, and a country-club dance, all in the same evening. With some Negro spirituals thrown in for good measure.

George and I were simply *amazed* that such music could be coming out of a cabinet. It was so realistic . . . so lifelike. You felt, almost, that you could carry on



I couldn't help thinking of our poor old talking-machine at home

a conversation with the singers! And the music wasn't all. This Victrola of Peg's has an electric motor concealed somewhere inside—you don't have to wind it or anything.

I couldn't help thinking of our poor old talking machine at home. It was all right in its day . . . and so were the horse-cars! George and I decided then and there that we will have an Orthophonic Victrola. Not "some day," but *now*. It will mean such a lot to the children, as well as to George and me . . . and our friends.

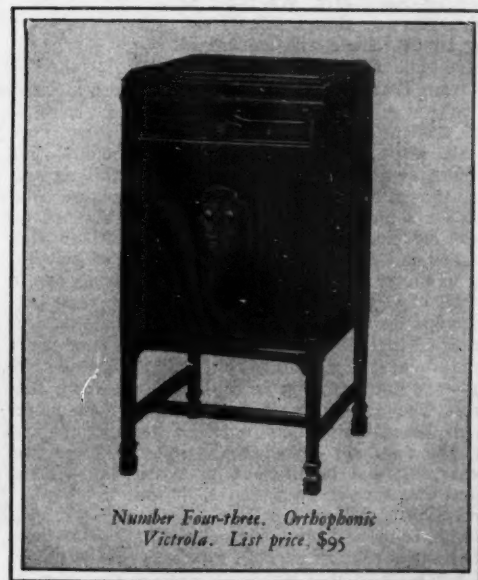
Peg says they paid a small sum down—\$25 I think she said—and then so much every month. Also, the dealer allowed them something on their old machine. I don't know if this is the regular practice or not, but George is going to find out



We've simply got to have an Orthophonic

tomorrow. We've simply got to have an Orthophonic Victrola . . . even if we have to pay cash for it.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate an Orthophonic Victrola *in your home*, where you may judge its harmonious appearance as well as its musical performance. There are many beautiful models, from \$75 to \$1550, list. See and hear the new *Automatic* Victrola, which changes its own records.



The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.



CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.



MY HOME TOWN

News from the old home town! Miss Parker will bring to you the gossip of New York, the one big town so close to all America's little home towns.

BY DOROTHY PARKER

IF at any time you want to send my ex-friend Mrs. Whittaker a gift, you are always safe in selecting handkerchiefs, silk stockings, a bridge-table cover, a calendar of Gems from Tennyson, or a desk set of old rose brocade. But don't, even though you be crazed with the spirit of giving, attempt to make her a present of New York City. She says, and repeatedly, that she wouldn't have New York as a gift. Each time she makes this remark, it is as though she had freshly minted the phrase. And she takes a somewhat puzzling pride in its utterance.

There are many subjects in which my ex-friend Mrs. Whittaker and I may be safely left alone, to play together in pretty harmony. We are practically as one in our views of velvet hats, *sauce Bearnaise*, *narcissus* perfume, *crêpe de Chine* handkerchiefs, and the works of Gertrude Atherton. But let the name of New York come up—and it comes up as inevitably as the too-early crocus—and our charming friendship is once more shot to pieces. The opening gun is Mrs. Whittaker's announcement of her determination to refuse the gift of New York. She does not embellish the statement with the customary "It may be all right for a visit, but—" She may feel that such an admission might turn my head.

Mrs. Whittaker lives a day west of New York, in a handsome, calm, and prosperous city. I have been there for short stays (oh, it's all right for a visit) and I understand her pride in it. I shouldn't want to say, even in confidence, whether or not I should accept the place as a present (it would be a rather telling gesture though, to take it and then give it right away again) and Mrs. Whittaker would be the last person to whom I should commit myself on the subject. For it is her home town, and people's home towns are highly personal matters. It's no fair saying mean things about them.

Yet, like most of those who live away from New York, Mrs. Whittaker feels it to be not only her right but her duty to put the city in its place, in the presence of its inhabitants. Possibly she thinks that New York is too big an affair for anyone to wax personal about; possibly she thinks that so nervous and fevered and dashing a place could not be regarded as anything so sweet and cooling as a home town. I strain to be admirably sporting in giving the lady any benefits of any doubts. On the

other hand, it is also possible that she does not think at all. Heavens, how possible that is!

For the thing is, I take New York personally. I am, in fact, somewhat annoyingly tender about it. A silver cord ties me tight to my city. If I had a child, though it were wild and rude and spoiled and doomed to little good, I am sure that Mrs. Whittaker would never dream of saying to me, "Well, I wouldn't take that creature for a gift." Yet she does something curiously like that to me when she says it of my city.

It is sentimental or presumptuous or too, too whimsical, according to the way you look at it, but my feeling for New York is maternal. I know it is a bad, headstrong, selfish brat, and will undoubtedly let me die in the poorhouse; I know its manners are, at best, but company ones, and its ways have been picked up from no companions of my choosing; I have for it all the futile exasperation of the clinging, jealous, bewildered mother. I know its faults, backward and forward and all around. And nobody but me is going to say anything about them while I am in the room!

You see, I have always lived in New York. I was cheated out of the distinction of being a native New Yorker, because I had to go and get born while the family was spending the Summer in New Jersey, but, honestly, we came back into town right after Labor Day, so I nearly made the grade. And as a matter of fact, the rarity of native New Yorkers is but one of our island myths; I know at least four personally, and I have a good chance, if things go right, of meeting two others. When I was a little girl—which was along about the time that practically nobody was safe from Indians—I was insular beyond belief. At Summer-resorts, I would ask my new playmates "What street do you live on?" I never said "What town do you live in?" I admit that that is the spirit that estranges the Mrs. Whittakers.

I am not like that any more. It occurs to me that there are other towns. It occurs to me so violently that I say, at intervals, "Very well, if New York is going to be like this, I'm going to live somewhere else." And

I do—that's the funny part of it. But then one day there comes to me the sharp picture of New York at its best, on a shiny, blue-and-white Autumn day with its build-

ings cut diagonally in halves of light and shadow, with its straight, neat avenues colored with quick throngs like confetti in a breeze. Some one, and I wish it had been I, has said that "Autumn is the Springtime of big cities." I see New York at holiday time, always in the late afternoon, under a Maxfield Parish sky, with the crowds even more quick and nervous but even more good-natured, the dark groups splashed with the white of Christmas packages, the lighted, holly-strung shops urging them in to buy more and more. I see it on a Spring morning, with the clothes of the women as soft and as hopeful as the pretty new leaves on a few, brave trees. I see it at night, with the low skies red with the back-flung lights of Broadway, those lights of which Chesterton—or they told me it was Chesterton—said, "What a marvelous sight for those who cannot read!" I see it in the rain, I smell the enchanting odor of wet asphalt, with the empty streets black and shining as ripe olives. I see it—by this time, I become maudlin with nostalgia—even with its gray mounds of crusted snow, its little Appalachians of ice along the pavements. So I go back. And it is always better than I thought it would be.

I suppose that is the thing about New York. It is always a little more than you had hoped for. Each day, there, is so definitely a new day. "Now we'll start all over," it seems to say every morning, "and come on, let's hurry like anything."

London is satisfied, Paris is resigned, but New York is always hopeful. Always it believes that something particularly good is about to come off, and it must hurry to meet it. There is excitement ever running its streets. Each day, as you go out, you feel the little nervous quiver that is yours when you sit in a theater just before the curtain rises. Other places may give you a sweet and soothing sense of level; but in New York there is always the feeling of "Something's going to happen." It isn't peace. But, you know, you do get used to peace, and so quickly. And you never get used to New York.

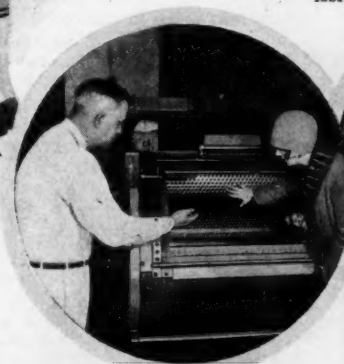
And Mrs. Whittaker wouldn't take it for a gift. And if I'd give it to her!

Laundry-washed clothes last longer

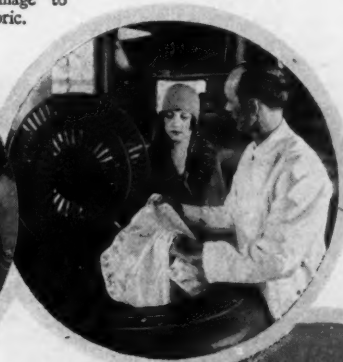
... because the rainsoft water modern laundries use, plus many purifying baths and rinses, completely removes every trace of fabric-destroying dirt. Rubbing is eliminated by cylinder washers which dissolve dirt by gently swishing creamy suds and rainsoft water through every fabric pore. Remarkable spinning baskets extract the water from the clothes without injuring a single thread. And ironing equipment, delicate enough to smooth wet tissue paper without tearing, is but another of the numerous advancements that characterize present-day laundries. Visit a modern laundry. Then you will understand why millions of home-makers now depend upon fabric-saving laundry methods for relief from irksome washday toil.

The LAUNDRY/ does it best

Water is extracted from clothes in spinning baskets like this—without damage to fabric.



The inside surfaces of this washer are smooth as glass.



The ironer handles clothes as safely as it smooths delicate sheets of damp tissue.



© 1927, L. N. A.

Why Laundry-washed clothes last longer

First—Only mild soap and softened, filtered water are used for cleansing clothes. To avoid rubbing, modern laundries bathe and rinse the average washing in more than 600 gallons of purifying water. Second—Whirling basket wringers dry clothes to ironing dampness without injuring a single thread or fibre. Third—Gigantic ironers smooth out clothes with child-like gentleness—delicately handling even sheerest fabrics safely.

Watch for \$50,000 Prize Winners

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a

few of the many individualized services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

part of it comes to New York, blue-and-its build-adow, with-ck throng-wish it had-time of big-ways in the-y, with the-even moreh the white-trung shops-see it on a-men as soft-few, brave-ed with the-s of which-erton—said-not read!"I-or of wet-as-ning as ripe-in with noe-ed snow, its-nts. So I go-it would be-ork. It is al-Each day-e'll start al-d come on.

New Yorkt somethingust hurryg its streets-ttle nervousr just beforea sweet andere is alwaysen." It isn'tpeace, and soYork.

a gift. As



BEAUTY REQUISITES COTY



"COLCREME"
Cold Cream by Coty
New Creation!

*Introducing the new
"Colcreme" COTY
—to give true youth and
beauty to the skin—created
at the express demand of thous-
ands of American women, especially
for the American complexion. And the
COTY Rouge Box, new and exquisite as
a jewel. "Colcreme" COTY, the supreme
COTY Face Powders and Rouges, together,
complete the perfect trinity of radiant loveliness.*

ROUGES
IN NEW EAST INDIAN BOX
New Creation!

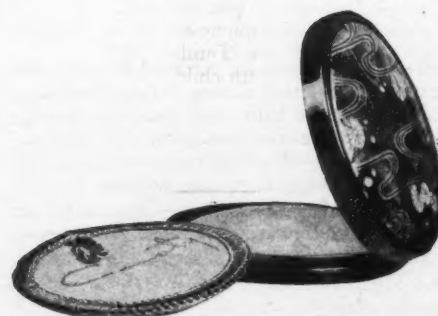


*Enclosed in each
package, scientific
directions for the
care of the skin.*

"COLCREME" COTY—IN A LOVELY
FROSTY GLASS JAR WITH A
DUST-PROOF INNER ALUMINUM
CROWN TO GUARD ITS PURITY.



COTY, INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave. Montreal



ROUGE SHADES IN FIVE GLORIFYING TONES
Bright — Light — Medium — Dark — Invisible



*Lady Astor's Hope For The New Year:
Where men have failed, women will succeed.*

WOMAN'S WAR for PEACE

By Lady Astor, M.P.

THE last time I wrote to you, for I am writing mostly to women, I wrote on War and Peace. Since then there has been not a storm in the teacup but a smash in China. It is hard to understand China. I am told that their wars generally last a hundred years, and that there are very few killed outright. Often it is not the people who are killed that matter most in wars, but the ones who are left to live in a country devastated by war.

But to my mind the failure of the Geneva Conference on the further limitation of naval armaments is a more serious world matter than the war in China. This failure is a direct challenge to women—not so much the women of the world, for that would be simply using words—but to the women of the English-speaking nations and the other democracies where we have the vote.

Most people in America and Britain have at some time in their lives said that war between our two countries was "unthinkable," or a "crime against civilization." Yet countries, like human beings, disagree, and frequently they quarrel most over points of little importance. War is the only way at present of deciding clashes between our peoples. It will be too late to try to find an alternative way of settling differences when we are in the midst of them; when national pride, jealousy, suspicion, have blinded us temporarily.

At the Geneva Conference, the United States and Britain disagreed—amicably, it is true, but yet dangerously. The main reason was that the two delegations and Governments behind them looked at the problem from the point of view of what might happen in the event of war, instead of first of all absolutely ruling out this contingency and then thinking how they might use their strength to preserve international peace and to vindicate international justice. What is to become of our civilization if the people of the British Empire and the United States dare think in terms of war? It is because I believe that civilization largely depends on us that the failure at Geneva fills me with horror. The people of the U. S. A. do not want war, any more than the people of Great Britain. But let us face the fact that there will often be points which will create differences, misunderstandings and suspicions between them, and that unless these two countries can find a way of settling interna-

tional disagreements by some other method than war, then war we shall have. I face facts, and one of the sad facts of life is that people do disagree, profoundly. They even quarrel. But in enlightened countries people no longer resort to fists and revolvers. They no longer carry arms or learn self-defence. So it should be with civilized nations. So it must be if we want peace. Mothers must declare that war is the greatest failure of modern times. Ask the nations of Europe what they think about war. Poor devils, they have seen so much of war that some of them cannot visualize peace.

The Washington Conference in 1921 was the greatest event in modern civilization. England, the United States, Japan and France agreed not to build battleships against each other. America made great sacrifices and England gave up her position as ruler of the waves. The Big Navy Group in America did not like it; nor did the Big Navy Group in England. Each thought that it was sacrificing too much. Perhaps too, certain business interests which make money out of building ships and preparing steel and other materials for ships did not like the results achieved or wish to extend them further. Mercifully for civilization at that Conference we had men like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Elihu Root and Senator Lodge, with Lord Balfour and Sir Robert Borden, both former prime ministers within the British Empire. They were accustomed to thinking as statesmen, not as naval experts. The Geneva Conference failed largely because the admirals of both countries took too leading a part. Navy Departments exist to win wars and to make sure that they win. They would fail as Navy Departments and admirals if they did not aim at superiority in war time.

If Great Britain and the U. S. A. agree to settle their differences by some other method than fighting, it won't matter a scrap what ships they have. They may each have different needs. I think both can be trusted not to start a war, and I believe that they are the only countries in the world to be trusted to stop a war.

Both the United States and Great Britain stand for something good and worth while in the world. Each has its limitations and weaknesses, no doubt, but the world

would be infinitely poorer if they were interfered with in their chosen fields.

The United States has shown the modern world the practical road to democracy. She has created the highest standard of living for the mass of the people that has ever been known. She has been able to take millions from all the races of Europe, free them of their racial hatreds and turn them into loyal American citizens. She ought, and can, lead mankind in developing the ideas which she has evolved within her own boundaries. It would be wholly to the disadvantage of the British Commonwealth that this process should be hindered. The only thing which could hinder it would be war between the two English-speaking nations, with the rest of the world lined up on either side for what they could get out of it. Such a war, whichever side was victorious, would inflict immeasurable loss and suffering on the United States, would harden, indeed imperil, the liberty of her institutions, and impose on her a military tradition which it would be very hard to erase.

Great Britain has done and is doing an immensely valuable work in both her system of administering justice and in Parliamentary Government. She has fought and beaten the great military autocracies of the world, one after the other. She has given ordered government, economic development and peace to countless millions of politically backward peoples and now is steadily training them in self-government. If anyone wants to get some idea of what British rule for backward peoples means, let him read the remarkable book *Mother India* just written by an American woman, Katherine Mayo. It would be wholly to the disadvantage of the United States that this work should be interrupted or destroyed.

No question can arise between the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa which would justify settlement by war. War is the most hideous, the most uncivilized, the most unjust and the most expensive method of settling disputes which man has conceived. In the past war has sometimes in some countries been necessary in order to prevent still greater evil. But at this epoch and in the future, it would be a crime that democracies like ours should allow a situation to develop in which war was forced on us.

Nothing is so inevitable as war, if [Turn to page 70]



PROHIBITION

AMERICA'S AMAZING EXPERIMENT

By Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

CARTOON BY NELSON HARDING

NATION-wide prohibition in the United States is a matter of far extended interest. I have traveled in nearly every State of the Union, in the Dominion of Canada, and in half a dozen countries of Europe since the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified. In all these widely separated regions I found many who were indifferent to the League of Nations and the World Court; in none did I find anyone who was even neutral about prohibition. For the Wets of every nation it is either a tragedy or a farce; a menace to freedom, the beginning of the end for democratic rule, an odious usurpation of personal right and liberty by a blind, bigoted, pharisaical puritanism. For the Drys it is the moral triumph of the century, a bold brave adventure registering marvelous advance in human affairs; a new era of commercial expansion, and of an accelerated moral and religious progress. Even had it done no more than wipe out that sink of non-social iniquities, the saloon, the experiment, we are told by the Drys, and by not a few Wets, would have been well worth while.

The enactment of all prohibition measures is based upon the right of the community to rank above the individual wherever the general welfare is at stake. As to whether social control of the drink traffic is either wise or expedient, there is much difference of opinion and an equal confusion of data. It cannot be too strongly stated that the so-called facts circulated by the Wets are frequently highly colored, or only partially significant and very inconclusive. It must also be conceded that the publicity materials of the Drys have often been compiled by inadequate methods, or upon questionable returns. Of course the Drys have the law upon their side. Nor can there be any serious debate about Sir William Osler's opinion that "nobody would be a whit the worse if all the liquor in the country were dumped in the Atlantic and all the tobacco in the Pacific." Many worthy citizens would probably experience some temporary discomfort, and a few might suffer actual privation. But within a couple of decades Americans as a whole would have gained beyond words in health of body, soul and circumstances. Prohibition, therefore, is lawful, sound and sensible; it forbids nothing necessary; it contradicts nothing reasonable. It is embedded in the Constitution

of the Republic, from which the most enthusiastic Wet has not the faintest chance of dislodging it.

However, when a rumor reached London that the Eighteenth Amendment was doomed to failure in America, a millionaire liquor dealer at once ordered a rollicking celebration at his expense. The halls of a palatial and crowded club in the West End rang with the shouts of the gay revellers until dawn; champagne flowed in streams; and the joy of the bibulous was unconfined. I saw while journeying through England spacious posters prominently displayed which assured the native and the tourist that "Britons never, never shall be slaves" to the infamous tyrannies of prohibition. Drink's paid advocates are well aware that misleading headlines and juggled statistics are an effective means for knaves to twist the truth and make of it a trap for fools. They use them abundantly, backed by the tales of foreign travelers in America who have been horrified by the deceit and villainy of a nation cursed by enforced abstinence from liquor. The chief impression one gets from this very costly propaganda of the brewers is that prohibition here is mainly a crusade arranged by rant, cant and humbug, and engineered by a widespread organized hypocrisy.

Nevertheless, the growing conviction finds daily utterance, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in Germany, Sweden, Italy, France, and even Russia, that sooner or later, if not on moral, certainly on economic grounds, these nations will have to deal decisively and stringently with Drink. It should also clearly be understood that the United States is conducting the most amazing experiment in the annals of legislation of this nature. For the first time in modern history our country is attempting to change the personal tastes and habits of millions of people. Let us make it unmistakably clear to lawless sellers and lawless buyers of intoxicants that the liquor traffic has been permanently outlawed in the United States as the enemy of the general well-being. Insist that Federal and State governments shall cooperate to end the organized resistance to the Eighteenth

Amendment. It is demoralizing in the highest degree that law should fail through the connivance or treachery of those ap-

pointed to execute it.

I do not say that those who honestly believe this particular law interferes with the sacred rights of the citizen have no case. Nor do I insist to legalists that sumptuary legislation is in its proper place when embedded in constitutional doctrine. But I do say that here is a valiant attempt to rid this Republic of a fearful menace. It has succeeded to the extent that the saloon is abolished, and assuredly no man with an anti-moronic brain wants the saloon restored. For this reason, if there were no other, and there are many others, prohibition deserves a more unanimous and cordial support.

Nor is this all. The Federal Council of which I happen to be President, while not representing all the members of its own constituent Churches, upon the issue of prohibition does represent the vast majority of them. Its Administrative Committee heartily and unequivocally reaffirms the commitment of these Churches to National Prohibition. They do not propose to allow the results for which their devoted agencies have labored during many decades to be thrown away at the bidding of criminal bootleggers, or of corrupted officials, or of politicians in search of place and pay. But drinking is a moral problem, and especially is it requisite that we should rededicate ourselves to the religious instruction of youth and adults which lies behind moral efficiency.

Those who know the history of Temperance movements are aware that some form of prohibition has existed in America for three quarters of a century, indicating that after a prolonged experimental stage, national prohibition was established by a swift, clear registration of the popular will. In the last analysis law depends for its support upon the public opinion which sustains it and the conscience of those who live under it. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that any legislation can relieve us of the necessity for training our youth in habits of temperate living, self-control, and the practices of disinterested citizenships. To foster such habits and to cultivate such practices is the special and peculiar responsibility of the Churches—to be ignored only at the peril of the nation.



You'd never suspect that this colorful home setting was once marred by old drab floors, shabby and worn. Those old floors are still there, but they are hidden forever by a modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum—Embossed Inlaid design No. 6041—a new and patented Armstrong creation.

Hide Old Floors under modern floors like these

THERE'S a new and pleasant way to take care of old, worn-out floors. Instead of the repeated trouble and expense of refinishing the scarred and dented boards, leave them just as they are. Then some fine morning when you are shopping, stop at a good department, furniture, or linoleum store. Simply ask to see the latest floor design in Armstrong's Linoleum.

From the scores on display, select a color and pattern that best suits your decorative scheme. Tell the merchant what day you want your new floor installed. Then put all further worry about floors out of your mind.

On the appointed day, two skilled

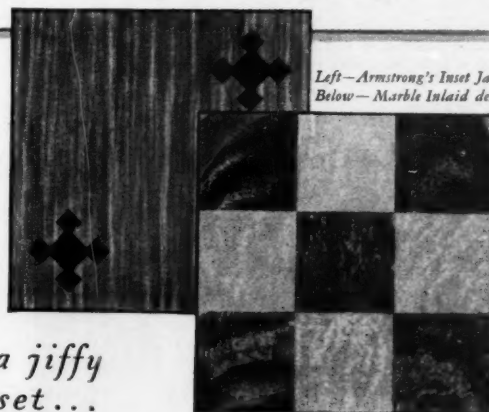
*The job can be done in a jiffy
without bother and upset...*

Armstrong Floor layers will arrive at your home. Before the family gathers for the evening meal, your new floor will be in place, custom-cut to fit the room, cemented in place over builders' deadening felt—a smooth, built-in floor of color and charm laid right over your old floor of wood.

Every step of the installation is quick,

clean, and certain. No bother to you. No dirt and upset. And no heavy tax on the family budget. In fact, you pay but a little more, perhaps no more, than the cost of properly restoring your old floor once. And, best of all, the first cost is the last. For your new Armstrong's Linoleum Floor will last a lifetime without a penny for refinishing.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

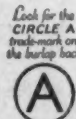


*Left—Armstrong's Inset Jasper No. 112.
Below—Marble Inlaid design No. 87.*

Here you see but two of many new floor effects in Armstrong's Linoleum. Any design you select can be quickly and permanently laid over your old wood floors—cemented in place over heavy builders' deadening felt.

All in new book

A most fascinating and helpful story of the part modern Armstrong Floors play in planning the house beautiful is told by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, in "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." A letter enclosing 10c to cover mailing costs brings you this new, color-illustrated book. (In Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 301 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pa.



PLAIN ~ ~ INLAID ~ ~ EMBOSSED ~ ~ JASPE ~ ~ ARABESQ ~ ~ PRINTED

The Christmas Fruit Cake

Make fruit cake a month before you need it. It keeps fresh a long time. In fact it is better when a month old.

To save time, steam part of the fruit cake batter to make a delicious plum pudding.

This recipe will make 2 large cakes or several small cakes and a medium-sized pudding.

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| 1 3/4 cups Crisco | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 2 cups sugar | 2 lbs. currants |
| 1 cup grape or currant jelly | Juice and rind of 1 lemon |
| 1 teaspoon ground cloves | 1/4 lb. candied lemon peel |
| 1 teaspoon allspice | 2 cups nut meats |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon | 2 lbs. seeded raisins |
| 2 teaspoons vanilla | 1 1/2 teaspoons soda |
| 8 eggs, beaten light | 3/4 cup sour milk |
| 1 cup dark molasses | 1 tablespoon water |
| 7 cups pastry flour | |

It is easier to prepare fruit the day before, then make cake next morning. Wash and dry currants. Shave lemon peel thin; cut nuts fine. Cream Crisco, beat in sugar until soft and light. Add jelly, stir till smooth. Add spices, vanilla, then eggs; mix thoroughly. Add molasses, then fruit, lemon and salt. Next soda dissolved in water; then sour milk beaten smooth; last flour.

Bake in slow oven (325° F.) in well-Criscoed pans. Time depends on size of loaves. In angel cake pans, it is quicker to bake (1 1/4 hours) and it cuts into nicer slices to serve. Ice when cold or the day you use it. Sometimes fruit cake discolors icing.

Crumb Cake

For the Christmas breakfast. Bake it the day before and leave in the pan. In the morning heat in same pan in a moderate oven. It will take about 10 minutes.

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| 2 cups bread flour | 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 2 cups brown sugar | 2 eggs, beaten | 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 3/4 cup Crisco | 1 cup sour milk | 1/2 teaspoon soda |
| | 2 teaspoons baking powder | |

Rub together flour, sugar, salt and Crisco until crumbly. Take out 1/2 cup crumbs to sprinkle over top. To the remainder add spices and baking powder. Beat soda and sour milk together; mix with eggs. Stir into dry mixture. Spread into well-Criscoed layer cake pans. Add to the 1/2 cup crumbs, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and a few chopped almonds. Sprinkle on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes.

The Holiday Sandwich

Make filling a few days ahead. Put between slices of bread in the morning and surprise the family with a delicious hot sandwich without fussing in the kitchen at supper time. Only a minute to dip and fry them. Remember, there is no smoke when frying in Crisco.

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| 1 cup chopped cooked ham | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped | 1 teaspoon prepared mustard |
| 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| | 2 tablespoons chopped raw green peppers |
| | 2 tablespoons chopped sour pickle |

Mix all together. Moisten with enough mayonnaise to make quite soft. Spread filling between two slices of bread cut from small loaf. Hold together with toothpicks. Beat one egg; mix with 1/2 cup milk. Dip each sandwich in milk and egg. Brown in hot Crisco on both sides in frying pan. Will make 8 sandwiches.



Now, Christmas



When I was a little girl, Christmas at Grandmother's was the gala event of the year—for everybody except Grandmother. As I look back, I do not think Grandmother herself had a very "Merry Christmas." She slaved practically the whole day preparing and serving the Christmas meals.

Last year I worked out a plan to avoid spending so much of Christmas Day in the kitchen. I experimented with recipes until I found those which could be made up before Christmas (some of them weeks before) and yet be every bit as good as when freshly made. No one could tell that these foods were not made the day before, or even on Christmas Day. I made all of them with Crisco and, as Crisco stays sweet and fresh so long itself, things made with it stay fresh a long time, too.

Another Christmas time-saver: I remember how Grandmother would let me help her by chopping the suet for the pudding, and the salt pork for her turkey dressing. A long, tedious job—how Grandmother would have



merrier for Mother, too!

enjoyed using Crisco! Nothing to do but dip the spoon in the can for sweet, fresh, wholesome fat, ready for use.

Again, with Crisco we need only *one* fat for everything. It seemed as though Grandmother used a different fat for everything she cooked. This meant a great deal of trouble, for each fat required special care. I used to wonder how she could remember which to use for this and which for that food.

For several years now Crisco has been my only shortening. I do not know how I could keep house without all the good things to eat it gives me: cakes that you simply cannot tell from those made with expensive butter; flaky tender pie-crusts; feathery muffins; all kinds of wonderful fried foods.

Read the recipes on these pages and you will see how each one will save time and work for you. If you follow directions and methods carefully you will have what I wish for you all: "A Merry and Easy Christmas."

WINIFRED S. CARTER



The Christmas Plum Pudding

Here's a way to have a real plum pudding, without taking time and trouble to mix up another recipe.

Take enough of fruit-cake batter to fill $\frac{3}{4}$ full a mould which can be tightly covered. Grease well with Crisco. Put in covered steamer and steam 3 hours over kettle of hot water. Turn out, cool, roll in waxed paper and keep tightly covered. Made with Crisco, it keeps a long time—is better a month old. To serve return to mould, cover and steam 1 hour or more.

The Christmas Mince Pie

As you probably have your own recipe for mince-meat, I will just give you a recipe for pie crust that is tender and flakier, because made with Crisco. To save time, mix a large amount of flour, salt and Crisco and keep in ice box. When you want a pie, take enough of mixture and add water. The mixture will keep fresh indefinitely.

2 cups pastry flour $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco 6 to 8 tablespoons cold water
Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add cold water to hold. Roll about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Line Criscoed pie plate. Fill two-thirds full of mince meat. Add more sugar and seasoning if necessary. Dot with bits of Crisco, moisten edges, cover with top crust and press edges together; prick with a fork to allow steam to escape. Brush top with milk. Bake in quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to hot oven (400° F.) and bake 20 minutes more.

Novel Layer Cookies

These delicious cookie squares are made and baked much quicker than rolled or even dropped cookies.

First Layer: 2 eggs, beaten $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla 1 teaspoon
1 cup white sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt baking powder
Cream Crisco and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla. Last flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick over shallow Criscoed pan.

Second Layer: 1 egg white $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup light brown sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts
Beat egg, fold in sugar. Add vanilla. Spread over first layer. Sprinkle with walnuts. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (325° F.). Cut in squares when cool.

70 Christmas Specials

You can store these cookies away in the tightly-covered Crisco tins a month before Christmas. Crisco will keep them fresh.

1 cup Crisco $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla
3 eggs, well beaten 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons molasses 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in
1 cup dates, cut fine 3 tablespoons hot water
1 cup stewed figs, chopped 1 teaspoon cloves
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups walnut meats, cut 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add eggs, then molasses and mix thoroughly. Add dates, figs, nuts, vanilla and lemon rind. Add soda and water, next the spices, salt and flour sifted together. Mix well. Drop spoonfuls on Criscoed pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

All measurements level. All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.



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199 recipes by Sarah Field Splint, food and household management editor, McCall's Magazine. New, delicious recipes for every class of cooking. Simply fill in below and mail to Procter & Gamble, Dept. of Home Economics Section L-1, Cincinnati, O.

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AN ACTUAL LETTER FROM A
P AND G HOME



"Dressed pretty" to suit their Georgia mammy's fussy notions...

Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

I am a Southerner, and I believe there is no place in the world where they use more white clothes than in a well-to-do Southern home where there are several small children. My negro Mammy washes for my two children every day and has told me many times she "wouldn't nurse in a family where the baby didn't have plenty of clothes so you could dress it pretty."

It is a sight to see these old negro women out under the trees, with fires burning under their black iron pots, boiling the clothes. Not long ago they made their own lye soap, but nowadays we mistresses insist on P and G White Naphtha Soap. *It gets the clothes just as clean and makes them last lots longer.*

Your series of "Actual Visits to P and G Homes" has led me to write you. I am sorry you cannot visit our P and G home in Georgia because we are in New York for the present.

Sincerely, M. K. B.

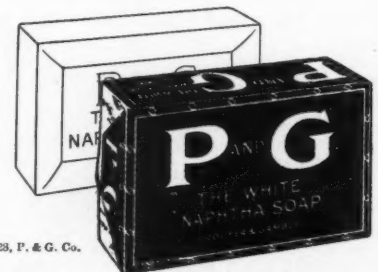
"Gets the clothes clean and makes them last longer," quick-working and safe—P and G is used by more women than any other soap in the world.



This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P and G is sold to you for actually *less* than even ordinary soaps.

So—P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is popular because *it really is a better soap.*

Free! *Rescuing Precious Hours.* "How to take out 15 common stains . . . get clothes clean in lukewarm water . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Dept. NM-1, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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The largest-selling soap in the world

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ILLUSTRATED BY
PRUETT CARTER



Very sweet and wonderful was Mary Dowson as she sat there beside him.

BRIDE of THE CENTURIES

*And Gileen of the Hills was of those matchless
few whose beauty destines them ever to
live deep in joy or sorrow*

By James Francis Dwyer

POSSIBLY, for fine dramatic quality, the story of Eileen Desmond and Yankee Jim which my father told to our neighbors on the green patch before the door of our New Hampshire farmhouse stands up above all his other stories. It was a tale that clung to one's brain like the dust of crushed opals. The story came to the telling, as did many tales of my father's, by a happening in our immediate neighbor-

hood. Henry Dowson, a farmer, who lived on the road to Somersworth, had been frightfully injured by a speeding automobile, and old Doctor Wardle said that

Henry would surely die. Henry Dowson's farm was some two miles from our house. It was a small farm that Henry had inherited from his father, and for years and years he worked it alone. He was a strange dreamy man who talked little. No interest at all did he show in women, and most of the folk who knew him thought that Henry would die a bachelor.

Then, on a June day, Henry Dowson hurled a surprise

through twenty miles of countryside. He went to Boston on business connected with a shipment of apples, met a girl in a quick-lunch place on Washington Street, proposed to her after a few minutes of conversation, married her an hour later and brought her back that evening to the farm. Quiet old Henry who had never spoken to a strange woman!

Thinking an explanation was necessary, he told Jess Fox the reasons that prompted him to take such an extraordinary step, and Jess, who could no more hold gossip than a tailor's thimble can hold water, told the countryside.

"I'd most rather burn my farm down than speak to a woman I didn't know, but I spoke to that girl," said Henry as reported by Jess, "spoke to her like an idjut. I said to her 'It's kinder strange but I must have knowed you somewhere. Ever been round Dover, New Hampshire?'"

"No," she says, "I only came up from Richmond, Virginia, this morning. I've lived there most all my life."

"Then I couldn't have met you," I said back to her, "because I've never been further south than Boston, but it does seem strange me feelin' that I knew you."

"An' I thought I knew you," said she, speakin' slowly an' quietly. "Thought I knew you for years an' years."

"Yes, sir. An' after a few minutes I up an' told her my name an' the size of the farm an' what stock I had an' I asked her if she'd like to marry me. Just stammered it all out to her."

"She thought it over for a few minutes, then she said 'I seem to know you for such a long time that it doesn't seem strange you askin' me to marry you. Not strange at all.' When she said that I picked up her check an' mine an' off we went an' got married. I'm puzzled a lot about the way that quick-lunch place grabbed me but I'm mighty happy it did."

The marriage of Henry Dowson and Mary Millen proved a great success. They loved each other intensely. Henry did nothing without getting the consent of Mary: Mary would not move her finger without Henry's approval. For eleven years they lived on the little farm without word or wrangle. An ideal marriage people would say. Then on a Fall day Henry Dowson, driving his own wagon to Somersworth, was struck by a speeding automobile and brought home in a dying condition to the little farm. Old Doctor Wardle told Mary that Henry could live only a few days.

On the day following the accident my mother and I carried a basket of food to the Dowson place, and as we came up the red brick path to the house we heard the Dowsons singing, singing together, softly and sweetly.

Mary Dowson called to us from the bedroom to come in, and my mother and I passed through the little sitting room to the chamber where poor Henry with pale, pain-worn face was bravely waiting for the end. Crouched beside him was Mary, her two hands clasping Henry's right hand as if she would hold him in spite of the verdict of old Doctor Wardle. Very sweet and wonderful was Mary Dowson as she sat there beside him. She did not seem afraid. As I remember her there was upon her face a look of surprise, or, rather, pleased surprise, as if she had found a solution for some problem that was puzzling her. My mother noted this, for she spoke of it later.

IT was on the evening following our visit that my father told the story of Eileen Desmond and Yankee Jim. I remember the evening well. Some of my mother's people, the Pettigrews and Donhams, had come to visit us, and, although they thought that my father lacked the New England capacity for making one dollar into two, they listened with a little awe to his stories. And my mother was pleased with the attention they showed. For, although my mother was one of the wisest women

in the world, her people thought she had made a mistake in marrying my father, he being much better at producing stories than crops.

"When I was a little gossoon," began my father, and all eyes were turned upon him as he spoke, "there lived on a hill to the west of our home a girl who was more lovely than Deirdre of the Sorrows. She was lovelier than any other girl in Ireland. Her name was Eileen Desmond, but she was called Eileen of the Hills. Hair she had that was like a sea of beautiful gold threads. Her eyes were the blue of the cloak of the Virgin in St. Columb's Church, and the bees thought her little red mouth was a flower."

"Now to this girl, Eileen of the Hills, came a wonderful experience. An experience that can only take place in Ireland, and then only once in a century. Ay, only in Ireland can such a thing occur because doubt and sneers in other places have killed the fine belief that made miracles plain to us."

My father paused and leaned forward in his chair. Looking out into the soft gloom of the elm avenue that led down to the Dover

pursuing hounds been seen. A fearsome sight say those who have seen them. The fox running swiftly across the moonlit hills, the hounds following swiftly and silently on his trail.

"Now Eileen Desmond, alone in the farmhouse on Michaelmas night, heard the scratching of the fairy fox at the door. Again and again she heard it, then, with fear at her throat, she stood up and unlatched the door. Into the room rushed the fox, and in the moonlight the girl had a glimpse of the hounds streaming up the slope."

"Shut the door!" cried the fox, speaking in Gaelic to the girl. "I'm hard pressed," said he, "and if I'm caught no children will there be in Ireland for the year to come, and if there are no male babies born who will there be to fight with the English?"

"Eileen Desmond—and this is her own story, for there was no one in the farmhouse but herself—hurried with the fox to the rear of the house where a little window opened on the rocky mountain slope behind the farm. 'Leap through here and they'll never see you,' said she. Then as the fox sprang onto the sill she murmured: 'There is no one that I love so I'll never hear you scratch again at the door.'

"Listen," said the fox, "a lover will come by the way I go. Watch for him day after day. He will know you, and you will know him, for it's a bride of the centuries you are. It is only those who have loved through the ages that are as beautiful as you." And after saying that he darted up the hill with the hounds again on his trail.

"Well, it was a great story to spread around the countryside. A fine story. And many is the laugh that it brought as the old gossips repeated it. Yet, in spite of the grins and sneers of the old women, the girl watched, day after day, the rocky side of the mountain up which the fairy fox had fled from the hounds. She knew that some day, down the bleak hillside, her man would come."

Again my father halted his narrative. Cleverly halted it at a point where a question mark reared itself within the brain of every listener, then, with all the art of the Celt, he raised his voice and cried out the answer we waited for. "He came!" he said. "Ay, he came! Came in the manner that the fairy fox described. Michaelmas is in late September, and on a day in January down the side of the mountain

that was so steep that a goat could hardly keep his feet on it there came a young man. A tall, young man, supple and sure of foot, who sang as he came. Ay, sang songs that were of ships and strange places, the words of which were carried down the hillside to the listening ears of Eileen of the Hills.

"Straight to the Desmond farm he came, singing loudly, and Eileen in her little room thrilled as she watched him. And, faith, he was good to look upon. Tall and straight was he with black hair and dark piercing eyes. Small hands and feet he had, shapely hands that proved he was of the quality."

"Old Terence Desmond, the father of Eileen, was in the farm-

yard when the stranger walked in, still singing his strange songs. 'A drink of water, if you please, kind sir,' said he to Desmond, and old Terence was so impressed with the manners of him that he rushed and brought water in a cup of blue china that was an heirloom in the family.

"The young man lifted the cup to his lips, and, as he did so, Eileen Desmond stepped out into the farmyard. Stepped out with her golden hair flowing down her shoulders to her waist. Stepped out into the sunshine and looked at the stranger with eyes that were of the holy blue that the saints pictured."

"The young man gave one look at her, then the china cup slipped from his fingers and crashed on the stones of the yard. Hearing not at all the yell of horror that old Terence unloosed he moved toward the girl. Moved toward her with slow steps as if he was afraid that she would disappear if he approached her hurriedly. And as he walked he spoke softly. Ay, sweet [Turn to page 35]



"Your name I know not, but you I know," he murmured."

Road he spoke slowly and distinctly, and, curiously he thrust into his words a queer quality of belief that clutched the little group on the green.

"For Eileen Desmond," he said quietly, "gave sanctuary to the fairy fox that runs on Michaelmas night through the length and breadth of Ireland, marking the homes at which a baby will be born during the year to come. The fairy fox is chased by a pack of fairy hounds that are kept by the devil. And the devil works for the English to keep the birthrate down."

"Time and time again have the fairy fox and the

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Would Harry Smith admire her as much when he saw her amongst her lovely sisters?

GOOD GRACIOUS, HENRIETTA

*"I know not how others see her,
but to me she is wholly fair."*

By Violet Quirk

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

IN Mother's diary there were fewer entries by Henrietta's name than by any of the others! She was more placid and less surprising than they were and she was easier to manage. But she was harder to dress.

When they were all children and Mother used to talk over their new frocks with the dressmaker, she would settle Nerissa's and Jane's and Alison's first and when that was over she would say, looking earnest and determined, "And now for Henrietta!"

It was the same with her hats. Nerissa, the eldest, looked pretty in any sort, Jane, the second one, looked best in handsome, stern hats with wide brims. Alison, the youngest, whose hair was still down, needed little soft ones, that had no definite shape. But Henrietta—well Mother and the saleswoman conferred together gravely about Henrietta.

Not that she was ugly or even plain. She was a delightful girl, was nice-looking, sweet-tempered and consistent, but she was eclipsed by her sisters who all had the Bradley beauty and the distinguished Bradley air. Unlike

them she had a natural aptitude for domestic matters. She loved sewing and cooking and couldn't bear to leave the dressing-table untidy.

Mother always thought to herself. "The trouble with the other girls will be to prevent them marrying the wrong men. The trouble with Henrietta will be to marry her at all."

Mother wasn't a matchmaker. She didn't try to shove her girls into any sort of marriage, but she wanted them to be happy, and she knew that Henrietta, denied motherhood, would be a baffled, frustrated, though always sweet

creature. All of her interests were concentrated in home. "Strange," thought Mother, "that the most maternal girls are the least attractive to men."

They were sitting at breakfast one morning three weeks after Nerissa had become engaged to the brilliant Jerome Stafford, the son of Mother's greatest friend. Alison was talking to Mother, Jane was eating half-heartedly, Nerissa was dreamily twisting her diamond ring, Henrietta was reading a long letter with deep interest.

"Helen has asked me to stay with her for a month," she said in a pleased voice handing the letter to Mother; Helen was her school friend. "Isn't it nice of her?"

"A month? What a time!" said Alison.

"They're going to Seaholme and Helen says she'll be so lonely now that Mary's married."

"How convenient for Helen that you exist," observed Jane.

"Don't be horrid," said Henrietta reproachfully.

"Are you going?" inquired Mother.

"I'd like to. Helen would be so [Turn to page 40]

The PARIS

No unchaperoned parties for the little French girl! In the midst of gay and pleasure-loving Paris she leads a carefully sheltered life against which her American cousin might rebel

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA



The high-heeled flapper of Park Avenue and the Ritz

True as it most certainly is that the flapper and the *jeune fille* are sisters under the skin, the relationship is nowhere apparent and so can only be guessed at. Though, during the Winter, the two young ladies occupy the same city, living often as neighbors on the same sweet broad streets near the Bois de Boulogne and the Etoile, though they patronize the same *coiffeur* and *couturier*, their daily life becomes, really, in no place tangent.

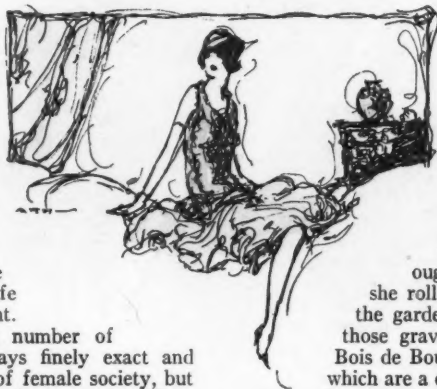
The French have a surprising number of nouns, often derogatory and always finely exact and descriptive, for the various strata of female society, but they recognize no popular synonym for *jeune fille*. They haven't, like us, gradations such as flapper, "sub deb," "deb" and neither does their appellation change from decade to decade as ours has. When Madame de Stael, writing from her happy point of vantage at the court of Louis XIV, used the expression *jeune fille*, she meant just what the modern Parisian does: a girl or young unmarried woman between the ages of, say sixteen and twenty, with however, an added implication of innocence, good breeding, girlish charm, which dignifies the phrase wherever and by whomever spoken. You will not hear even the most hardened old boulevardier, with a carnation in his buttonhole and predatory gaze roving over the streets fourteen inches from the ground, speak derisively of the *jeune fille*. She may suffer from a certain curtailment of liberty and the pursuit of thrills but she never has to undergo the derision and scorn, obloquy and abuse so often, whether rightly or wrongly, heaped upon the flapper. On the contrary, the French young lady reaps a golden harvest of respect from this most derisive, scornful and amative male population in the world.

How does she do it? Why doesn't she figure, along with all other Parisiennes, in the uncensored, uninhibited frivolous and risqué publications which checker every newspaper kiosk? Why is she always pictured in the cinema and on the stage with such tenderness, dignity and respect?

Is it because of her training? Certainly! And in that training and in the traditions which inspire it there lie some good lessons for American flappers and the mothers of flappers.

In our limited space here we shall be speaking only of the *jeune fille* of the *haute monde*. And really, in our own country, isn't it the high hat or as some now call it, high-heeled flapper, the young lady of Park Avenue and the Ritz, who first caused all the hue and cry against the liberties of the younger generation? And just as this bobbed-haired "diamond of the Ritz" is the model for all the flappers in Peoria and Kansas City, so the *jeune fille* who will some day be *Madame la Comtesse* is also the cynosure of many eyes.

The childhood of this *jeune fille* was not perhaps, superficially at least, so different from the childhood and early adolescence of our own "diamond of the Ritz."



Except that the *petite Parisienne* saw, probably, less of her parents than the little New Yorker. For she is early turned over to the skilled care of an English governess. In the morning, the "Miss" teaches her those things concerning the roundness of the earth

and the two times twoness of four which little French girls ought to know; in the afternoon she rolls her hoop and sails her boat in the gardens of the Luxembourg or along those gravel paths beside the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, paths bowered and lovely which are a children's playground by day and by night the longest, most populous lovers' lane in the world.

Little Eloise does not mingle with the other children, however well-dressed they may be. For her governess knows that the mere bourgeoisie dresses its children with taste and care, often even lavishly, though its own suits and frocks are shabby enough and its walking stick mended with tape. No, Eloise's usual playmate will be some little cousin—cousins abound in aristocratic French families—who has come to share her *déjeuner* of "sweet biscuits" and milk brought daily by air mail from London, for the milk of Paris is too thin and watery and generally unhealthy for babies of the *haute monde*. As a special diversion Eloise may visit the penny Punch and Judy show where the only grown-ups, beside the governesses, are the delighted American tourists, some of whom have never seen a Punch and Judy before. Perhaps on one of her birthdays, our little girl will get a Shetland pony and a wicker cart so that in the afternoons she and "Miss" can drive proudly through the Bois among the taxicabs loaded with still more delighted tourists, upon whom Eloise has already begun to look with distaste, among the fine shining cars of rich, painted courtesans at whom she wonders and among the lingering old broughams and victorias of a fading aristocracy to which her grandmother belongs.

When Eloise goes to bed dear Maman comes to kiss her goodnight. The little girl may not see papa for days on end. That is not a good thing perhaps. Yet in later years it lends to the society of Maman and Papa a certain privacy, a rare tang, giving weight to the opinions, however old-fashioned, of Maman and to the decisions of kind yet awesome, Papa. It makes, in a word, for obedience.

As we have said, much of this may be within the girlhood experience of the Park Avenue flapper. She, too, has a governess, probably, in her case, French. But when she puts her hair up, or shingles it off, the governess departs. Not so with the *jeune fille*. Both braids and governess linger for years. Eloise does not consider herself disgraced in the eyes of the world if, at fifteen or sixteen, she still wears her hair down her back; and the governess will accompany her everywhere (in the rôle now more of companion than guardian, and certainly, very much less eagle-eyed than the *duenna* of traditional Spain) on all the shopping and amusement excursions

HARDLY since the military, or rather the great racial invasions of long ago, has there been a better opportunity of observing, side by side, opposing racial characteristics than that afforded in Paris at this moment. The hordes of invading Americans and English come very much as a conquering army, with tweed banners and heavy artillery of dollars and pounds, and the Parisian submits like one of the fallen peoples. To speak only of the most numerous and powerful of the invaders, we Americans: it must be admitted many of our mannerisms, most of our code of manners, seem fittingly barbaric when compared with the carefully preserved *modes* of the aristocratic Parisian. And where this naturally becomes most apparent is in a comparison of the conduct of that bulwark of both nations, the young woman, the future wives and mothers; the conduct, that is, of the flapper, as contrasted with that of the aristocratic *jeune fille* of the Champs Elysées.

FLAPPER

By Harry & Charlot

she may undertake up to the day of her marriage. In the country, of course, the *jeune fille* is allowed much more latitude. She takes walks about the wooded hills of Aix les Bains, paddles her own canoe on the Swiss lakes, plays tennis with her young friends and rides horseback accompanied only by a trusty groom. But in the city she never moves without her companion.

Our *jeune fille* is very religious and will remain so right up until her marriage when, mysteriously, she will become as cynically agnostic as her educated parents and her husband. But for the present she is a devout little Catholic. One of the sweet memories of her childhood was the beautiful white dress in which, with a flower in her hand, she attended her first communion. Then too, she has passed perhaps one, perhaps four years in a convent where she learned to love the faintly smiling, softly treading nuns. Indeed at a time when the flapper was debating with herself whether to join the communist movement or to "go into pictures," the *jeune fille* was dreaming of a long life to be spent behind the aged cloister walls with the soft texture of the veil against her cheek.

And so it goes!

The touring flapper gives the museums the once over but it is only a nice cultural gesture. We doubt whether she has ever visited the fine art exhibits closer to home, in Chicago, St. Louis or New York. She has a good arm for cranking the victrola and deft fingers with the dial of a radio. But very seldom do our young women play Chopin. The *jeune fille* on the other hand spends an hour or so every morning at her piano. In the afternoon she rides in the Bois or visits her friends; but you will never see her at any public place of amusement other than a concert or carefully selected lecture or charity bazaar. It would be unthinkable for her to attend those *thé dansants* where the volume of jazz makes the sheer cocktail glasses tinkle while our boys and girls kick up their heels in the Charleston or sidle around in the Black Bottom. And as for the glittering champagne palaces of Montmartre where these same young people of ours go unchaperoned every night—well such things just don't happen in French families! Their little Eloise might burn to go, just once, with a boy, alone, to *thé dansant*. She might even slip off and do it; and Maman might not scold much. "After all, *c'est la jeunesse!*" But the cabarets—never. Eloise herself doesn't even care to go. After she's married, yes—but not now.

When she dances it is at a private party. The music is not jazz but old waltzes and fox trots played by an orchestra with violin and cello. There is champagne but Eloise only cares for a few sips. She much prefers the little round *gateaux* and for some reason unfathomable to the American taste, the *glace*. There are nearly as many completely grown-up guests as youngsters. And when Eloise greets one of her mother's friends or is introduced to a gentleman with white moustache and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, she does not merely incline her head, she courtesies slightly and gracefully. She is comradely but at the same time formal too with her young dance partners. There is no talk here of the checking of corsets nor sitting out dances in dark corners!

The occasional American young woman who has an opportunity to attend one of these affairs considers them dreadfully stupid, dead even unto mortification. But Eloise thinks they are delightful.

And not alone in her manners and amusements does the *jeune fille* proclaim herself the unsophisticated child, the sleeping beauty as yet unawakened by the kiss of any prince. She dresses the part, too. Her evening gowns are not so bold and clinging as her mother's. She does not wear high-heeled slippers on the street—that is left anyway, for the ladies of the *demi monde*—and she is not quick, at sixteen, to pull on sheer, flesh-colored silk stockings. True, in Summer you may find her lounging about Papa's Biarritz villa in a scanty rubber dress without any stockings at all; and later she will be paddling in the surf before the Casino in a bathing suit which almost fails of existence. Then too, at the Lido Venice she will certainly go about all day in beach pajamas. But this is all informal and girlish enough. In Paris, however, it is more difficult to look sweet and unaffected. So she

wears not gowns really, but frocks.

Yet why should she complain? You can see that her life, though to a certain extent regulated by domestic tradition, is pleasant enough; quite as pleasant probably as that of her more sophisticated, more self-reliant, and at the same time, more easily bored American sister.

Still it is singular, in a way, that she does not complain—at least at the wall which is erected between herself and the young men of her acquaintance. For she is generally of a more amorous nature than the girl of Anglo-American stock. Surprisingly often as a little young child she falls quite desperately in love with the cousin who comes to share her afternoon biscuits and milk. Yet it is the flapper who, at seventeen, does the "petting" and "necking" and eloping. Of course, it proves merely that training, proper training, can, even in this jazz-mad, machine-made age, even in this gayest city in the world, turn out modest young ladies no matter what the desires of the adolescent young animal may be.

And desires, curious, obscure little desires these *jeunes filles* certainly have. I remember once talking with a little lady in the library of her father's apartment overlooking one of Paris' Park Avenues. Her name was Eulalie; she was a real little patrician. *Grandpère*, during the Second Empire, had been the close friend of Louis Napoléon and the Empress Eugénie. Papa had held several portfolios besides fulfilling various diplomatic missions. He had a famous racing stable at Chantilly. He had a choice library, too. The walls were lined with the works of De Maupassant, Balzac, De Musset, Verlaine and many less classic and respectable authors, to all of which there was free access. I wondered whether Eulalie had read many of them. *Mais non*, she had read few, she told me, and went on to explain shyly that, though there had been no direct parental prohibition, she just had a kind of suspicion that her fiancé would rather she had not read some of these books.

And this despite the fact that she had no fiancé except perhaps that princely image conjured up in every girl's day-dreaming.

But she had no real betrothed because of some trouble about her *dot*. With the fall of the franc and panic at the *Bourse*, her father's fortune and consequently that part of it set aside for her *dot* had been sadly diminished. Like a true French gentleman, the count was more concerned at the shrinkage of her *dot* than at the loss of his fortune. For without a suitable dowry no girl, however pretty, however well bred, can get a suitable husband.

However, by selling his fine string of horses, his great training quarters, his villa at Cannes and his Tyrolian hunting lodge, a suitable *dot* and a suitable husband were somehow procured.

The training of the *jeune fille* is not fitted to the American scene or temper; but there are a few elements in the life initiation of the *jeune fille* which do commend themselves to our attention, especially the definite preparation for marriage and home making; the supervision of linens and mending, the composition of menus, the balancing of the budget, however wealthy the family may be; to say nothing of a knowledge of the arts of allurements imparted by the rational French mother, the expert skill in dressing and dressmaking; and, above all else, the existence of an old, a complete and practical plan or perhaps rather formula for the rearing of children. A young woman so equipped should make an able wife.

A great deal is said about the American girl's forsaking the home for a career in business. But really if you look about in your neighborhood, you will find that most of the flappers of five years ago, especially those who talked loudest about "independence," are married, have a child or two, and are living in nice little houses of their own. Just because a girl has been to Smith or Vassar and read fifteen poems of Swinburne does not mean that she will not accept the third nice young man who proposes. It may only mean she will not accept the first.

The point is, four years at college, fifteen poems and



The *jeune fille* who will some day be Madame la Comtesse

the idea that she is sacrificing a "career" for the man she loves, are a very poor preparation for successful home-making.

The other important elements in the character of the *jeune fille* are her restraint and cheerful obedience. Of course, these can be carried too far. Marriage concocted by the parents is not a good thing. But then neither is hasty, headstrong elopement. A little of the obedience exacted and practiced in the French family would be the stitch in time we often need. That it is very largely lacking in America is the fault neither of parents nor of children.

The Parisian parent has behind him the tradition of centuries. There is none, or at least very little left in America. The sad conclusion to which we are forced, is that the tradition of filial obedience has gone to the land of limbo, together with a great many other of our treasured American memories.



"Let us give each other time to be quite sure," she implored.

BY REQUEST

By Ethel M. Dell

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

PEGGY MUSGRAVE—eighteen and newly graduated from school—has lately arrived in India to keep house for her father. Life at Ghawalkhand is beginning to absorb her, and the center of it all for Peggy is Noel Wyndham, the friend of her early childhood, whom she rediscovers in her new home—to the great delight of both of them. Adoption into the intima-

cies of Hill Station society means participation in its gossip—and very soon the girl becomes aware that Noel's name is coupled with that of Marcella Forbes in a way that seems suspicious if not positively discreditable. Peggy has made friends with Mrs. Forbes and has become rather fond of her in spite of the lady's obvious unpopularity, but the situation causes her acute distress.

*The
magic spell
of Mother
India—
ever old,
ever
new*

"So you've decided to cut me!" said Noel.

It was three days after the dance, and Peggy had not seen him since. She had in fact been at pains to avoid him, and had kept away from the Club also. But today, in company with Mrs. Hobart, she had come down to the race-course and he had almost immediately sought her out.

Noel was as usual in the thick of everything, and he had come to her the moment she had descended from the Hobart's car.

"So you've decided to cut me!" he said again, and she felt his dark eyes upon her, searching and finding. "I hate being cut by you. It hurts. You don't want to answer me," he added, and made a slight movement as if he would leave her.

"No," she said. "I don't—especially—want to answer you. And—

of course—I am not offended. I have no right to be."

"You have every right," he said impulsively.

She shook her head. "None whatever. I am sorry I cut your dance the other night. It was rude of me."

"Peggy," he said, "don't break my heart!"

She turned from his look, partly that she might not see the entreaty that it held. There was something about him in that moment that she found it inexplicably difficult to meet.

"Don't let's be silly about it!" she said, and this time her effort to treat the affair lightly was more successful. "It isn't a matter of life and death, is it? Do take me round to see the horses! I'm longing to go."

And she was glad they had not quarreled, deeply and intensely glad. Even though it seemed that her effort to avoid any intimacy with him had not been a signal success, yet she could not regret the obvious fact that he still valued her friendship. It sent a real warmth to her heart that she had not known for some days.

She enjoyed that afternoon down on the race-course. The races interested her and she watched with elation when Noel rode one of his horses to victory. She went back with Mrs. Hobart to tea, not expecting to see Noel again that day; but while they were still lingering on the verandah he appeared with Major Hobart.

AS Peggy rose to leave, Noel announced that he would see Miss Musgrave home as he was anxious to consult Sir William about the fifth hole of his golf course.

When they left the Hobarts' bungalow, Peggy sent her rickshaw home and walked with Noel. The sun was sinking, and the air had the soft coolness of a Summer evening in England.

"I wonder what they are doing at home," she said. "I don't believe you like India," said Noel.

"Oh, I do," she said. "I do. I am quite happy, but—" She broke off with a sigh.

"Poor little thing!" said Noel. She turned almost indignantly. "No, I'm not—I'm not! I am very well off indeed. I have told you I am quite happy."

"Yes, I'd forgotten that," said Noel. "And you never feel lonely—or cut off—in that bungalow up the hill?"

She shivered unexpectedly. "It is a little lonely," she admitted. "Only sometimes, when one gets bad dreams."

"Do you have bad dreams?" said Noel. The question surprised her momentarily. It had a peremptory sound, as though he were determined she should give him an answer.

"I suppose everyone does sometimes," she said. "Not people like you," said Noel. "Tell me, Peggy! What are your bad dreams?"

"Well"—half-unwillingly she made reply—"I have sometimes thought I heard wailing sounds. But it is only the jackals of course. I know it is only the jackals." She spoke insistently. For some reason she wanted to convince him on this point. Glancing at him, she saw that his face was grim. "Why don't you tell me not to be silly?" she said.

His look came to her, and for a moment she actually thought that he was angry. Then she saw him smile.

"I'll tell you what you might as well have, and that's a dog. I've got the very thing for you, a little blighter called Jingo—no special breed—an absolute nailer for cats."

"Oh, but I'm not going to take your dog," said Peggy hastily. "I really couldn't. Besides, I'm not sure yet that I want one."

He laughed at her with easy audacity. "Oh yes, you are; and so am I. Jingo would love to come here."

"I'll have him till you come back if you are sure you would like me to," said Peggy. "But, as you say, not for keeps. What are you going into camp for?"

"Oh, just to shoot something," he said. "Oh!" said Peggy abruptly.

"What's the matter?" he questioned. "There's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"Of course not!" She looked embarrassed. "It was just something some one told me—about the life out here."

"What was it?" said Noel.

She told him, though it cost her a considerable effort. "That when the men get bored—with flirting—they just get leave, and go off into the hills—to shoot something."

"Very sensible too!" he commented. "And so you think that is what I am doing?"

"I don't quite know," she said in a small voice. "I know it is very easy to make mistakes. I don't want to think anything horrid of anyone."

"I know, I know," he said. "But you can't help breathing the atmosphere, can you? But I swear this to you, little comrade," he spoke with sudden feeling, "If you'll only go on believing in me as you used to, I'll never let you down."

Again she saw that odd look of entreaty that had stirred her earlier.

They went on up the hill together in silence. But soon the serious mood passed and they were children once more.

They had passed the entrance to the Forbes' compound and were already nearing Sir William's when Forbes suddenly shot out of the latter in his car and raced down upon them in his usual headlong fashion. Noel drew Peggy to one side with a muttered remark of a not very complimentary nature.

"He'll come to grief one of these days," said Noel. "And it will serve him right."

"How you all detest him!" said Peggy. "Well, don't you?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Peggy. She led him straight to her father's room.

"Can we come in, Daddy?" she said at the door. "Here is Noel. He wants to speak to you."

Sir William had just seated himself at his desk. The tea-tray had been set in its usual [Turn to page 59]



"I expect you have forgotten all about me by this time," he said. . . . "Forgotten you," she exclaimed. "Why, of course not!"

*A shy little girl
with long dark
braids.*



Ears may tell as well as hear

TROPICAL AIR

By Harvey Fergusson

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

PANAMA CITY

seemed to Selwyn Pollock a disturbingly romantic place. After dinner, on the night of his arrival, he had strolled out upon the wide veranda of the Tivoli, just as dusk was falling. The government hotel stands on the summit of a hill, with the city at its feet. The Pacific, just beyond, rumbles softly against an ancient seawall built by conquering Spanish kings.

He thrilled to the festive look of the city's clustering lights in the purple evening; listened to the vast tinkling chorus of string music—which is always the voice of a tropical town at night—finding it suggestive of hopeful lovers under balconies and groups of dancing youth. In fact, the whole of this new environment—hot, colorful and mysterious, utterly different from any he had known before—these sounds of music with the soft roll of the surf and the sibilant stir of the breeze in palms, made him restless, reckless, suddenly avid of life.

The tropics are apt to have some such effect on one who encounters them for the first time, especially if that one is young and imaginative and full of the wholly unsated yearnings that belong to youth.

Selwyn had first felt this when he sailed up the canal after his landing at Colon. He was an engineer just out of college, come to take his first job, which had to do with earth slides in Culebra Cut.

He had been carefully raised in Brookline, Massachusetts, by his mother and several aunts. He had been usually described as a delicate child with a wonderful mind. He had lived up to the first of these specifications, his early youth having survived in his recollection as a long succession of colds in the head; and he had achieved the second by making high marks in school examinations, with the result that he matriculated in Harvard at the age

of sixteen. But his college life had also been blighted with colds. He had been a first class student and a Phi Beta Kappa, but in the athletic and social activities which constituted the really vital life of the place he had been a failure. He was too shy to succeed with girls; and found that the ability to dance with a certain stiff competence, but never with the grace of abandon, gained one scant popularity. His affected indifference to the opposite sex he knew, in his heart, to be a pose.

Secretly he attributed his social awkwardness to his ears. They were a little larger than the average and slightly projective. They seemed more sensitive than any

other features to his least embarrassment, and had an independent way of blushing a deep scarlet—seeming, in his imagination, to glow

as they did so. This made him feel ridiculous. In other respects he was a personable youth, tall and lean, who looked at life longingly but resolutely through round glasses.

The idea of coming to Panama had been opposed by all his elders. It sprang of the desire to reach some place that was far away and different

and its accomplishment had really been his first rebellion to rule.

Panama City more than fulfilled his dream of a place different from any he had known. It filled him with a curious, exotic excitement. He explored the town at night; wandered down narrow streets; peered through doorways and listened eagerly to sounds of revelry coming through shuttered and iron-barred windows. All about him was a carnival of secret delights he could not share. He was deeply and romantically lonesome. Yet it seemed as though some wonderful adventure might lie just around each corner. But nothing happened until he went into the Blue Mouse.

It was a little cabaret down on the edge of Cocle Grove. About a half dozen bare little tables were

many men and a few women. A four-piece orchestra was playing. Gas lamps glared through blue drifting smoke. The men wore loose white clothing. They set off the gay colors of the women's dresses. This, like most Latin American crowds, was strangely mongrel. There were complexions varying from nearly white to nearly black through all the intermediate shades of yellow and brown. And many of the men wore upturned and black mustaches, like those of the villain in an old-fashioned melodrama. They sat and smoked and sipped drinks, slowly and gravely. For men of these southern countries are never boisterous like northerners. They take their place



ures seriously and with dignity, and have a lofty scorn of time.

After hesitating at the door Selwyn entered, timidly, and took a seat at an empty table. A waiter came and stood patiently expectant. Selwyn felt his ears reddening. He had never in his life ordered a drink anywhere except at a soda fountain, and he saw no soda fountain here.

A man at a neighboring table was drinking a tall yellow drink, with the air of a connoisseur who had discovered a treasure. He would take a very small sip, suck his ferocious mustachios, put his long black cigar back in his mouth, and sit meditating intently with narrowed eyes. The drink looked as innocent as a picnic lemonade. Selwyn indicated to the waiter that he wanted one like it.

It came. He took a long pull and found it cool and yet warming. He stretched out his legs and lit a cigarette. Like his neighbor, he meditated profoundly and beatifically about nothing.

The orchestra played and a girl came out and sang a song which had been in vogue in Boston several years before:

"China, China, Chinatown,
When your lights are low..."

It seemed to Selwyn, as he emptied the glass, that he had never heard a sweeter voice nor seen a prettier girl. He stared at her in complete and helpless fascination. The music was a stream on which she floated, receded a little way, drew near. All the vague longings of weeks, all the unrest that the tropics had stirred within him seemed suddenly consummated in this woman.

The men at the tables applauded. Selwyn paused in his own applause long enough to beckon the waiter and order another drink. While waiting for it, he looked about, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

No one was paying any attention to him except a swarthy, handsome youth who sat alone at a table on the other side of the room. This man was staring at Selwyn intently, almost ferociously, under heavy brows. He was extremely well dressed in pure white, with a

large diamond glittering on his hand and a lemon-colored cane hanging on the edge of the table beside him—one of those idle young men of wealth who infest the squares and cafés of every Latin town, devoting their lives to love, bull-fights and horses.

Selwyn comprehended that this gorgeous being had observed and resented his interest in the dancer. The fact both thrilled and startled him. Here he was, at last, in a situation romantic, even dangerous....

He was a great deal more thrilled when the girl repeated her act, and openly made love to him. She also had observed his eager stare. She danced down the aisle, singing, with her great warm eyes upon him, and as she turned, she flung over her shoulder a glance that was full of coquetry and challenge.

Selwyn's hands gripped the edge of his chair, and though his face was frozen his ears sang and burned; sweat sprang out upon his brow. He longed with all the force of his being to give this charming creature some sign of response, but he was powerless.

The swarthy young gallant opposite him was under no such inhibition. He left his seat suddenly, and, approaching the girl from behind, seized her arm and spun her around. Surprise and anger were in her face as he whirled her away in a swift, skilful dance.

The company applauded and laughed. They had understood and enjoyed the whole of this little drama. Selwyn became agonizingly aware of eyes upon him—jeering, derisive eyes. His ears blushed. He rose and almost ran out of the place, plunging desperately into the sheltering darkness of the street.

Selwyn's sense of defeat, and his aversion for the proper, familiar society in which he moved at the government hotel, were stronger than ever. On Sunday morning, especially, the Tivoli veranda, where he sat puzzling over a Spanish newspaper, was dotted with

groups of ladies, knitting and gossiping; creating a snug comfortable island of Yankee respectability and dullness in this land of color and adventure. They represented so perfectly the environment from which he had emerged,

and against which he was, just then, in full and passionate revolt. Joy and freedom were the things he craved and even here he could not escape this familiar Sunday morning atmosphere of propriety and boredom.

His irritation changed into alarm as he saw Constance Holmes and her aunt, Miss Mabel Wright, bearing down upon him. Heavens—they had seen him! These two women were from Boston, and had that peculiar claim upon his attention which is accorded to friends of one's family.

He had gone to high school with Constance Holmes and had always called her by her first name. They had even had, in an infantile way, an affair, when

he was in the seventh grade and she in the sixth—but it had perished for lack of warmth. He remembered Constance, in that remote epoch, as a shy little girl with long dark braids, to whom he had been faintly drawn by the fact that both of them were frightened, awkward children, who shone as students but did not get on easily with their playfellows.

Constance, at twenty, was no longer thin, and her heavy dark hair was piled on top of her head. But, despite these changes, she was to Selwyn, as she moved docilely about the veranda at the side of her chaperon,



As she turned, she flung over her shoulder a glance that was full of coquetry and challenge

or sat primly knitting, the same inadequate, frightened-looking young person he had always known. She was, in effect, a fragment of his own timid youth, and he resented her presence.

Nevertheless he came to his feet, dragged up two chairs and planted himself before them. Miss Wright, having brought the two young people together, obviously considered it her duty to leave them alone. Her idea of this was to move her chair about eight feet away, so that she could easily keep one ear on the conversation.

Constance glanced up at Selwyn and smiled. They remained silent. He was mentally contrasting this proper, constrained young person with the girl of the cabaret. He tried to imagine Constance dancing down the aisle of the Blue Mouse, with her arms bare and her hair flying, singing *Chinatown*. It was more than his imagination could do. Then he observed that Constance had a rather good figure. Her eyes were pretty, too. They were large and soft, like those of the girl in the Blue Mouse, but, unlike hers, shy and timid.

His meditations suggested a question and the situation urgently called for some kind of conversational effort. "Do you like to dance, Constance?" he inquired. "It seems to me you never used to care much for it."

"Oh yes," she responded brightly. "I love it. . . . We haven't seen much of each other for several years," she reminded him. "I went in for classic and interpretive dancing at college."

"I have danced quite a lot lately." And then added, somewhat to his own surprise, "I went to a dance last night."

"You did?" There was a little more than polite interest in her voice—a note of genuine surprise, which pleased Selwyn. "And where?—if I may ask?"

Miss Wright's newspaper crackled.

"In a little cabaret down-town there," he replied casually, feeling very worldly and sophisticated.

"And whom did you dance with?" Constance inquired, her eyebrows and her inflection rising slightly in perfect unison. "Or—perhaps I seem impertinent—asking that."

Selwyn felt his ears heating up. There was nothing for it but to lie. He certainly could not admit that he had not danced at all.

"With a girl down there," he explained, a bit stiffly.

Constance's eyes fell demurely to her work. Miss Wright stiffened perceptibly in her seat. Selwyn resolved to make a good job of it, now that he had started.

"I have no idea what her name is," he added with a tremendous assumption of nonchalance.

Silence. Heavy silence. He had shocked them. He was glad of it. Maybe they would leave him alone now. He rose, with a labored air of unconcern, and ostentatiously lit a cigarette. He had never smoked in Boston.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I shall hope to see you again: I have an engagement." He smiled and bowed.

As he turned to go down the steps he could not resist the impulse to glance back. Miss Wright was sitting stiffly and looking straight ahead over the top of her newspaper; but Constance Holmes had never taken her eyes off him, and he felt them on his back all the way down the hill.

ACARNIVAL which was being held in the city that week made Selwyn forget all about Constance Holmes and her aunt. Streets and squares and cafés were thronged with colorful crowds of swarthy men, and pretty, dark-eyed women, carrying their gaudiest sunshades and wearing their gayest frocks. Music and dancing were everywhere. Selwyn, alone, saw life swarming, sensuous, beautiful and exotic. His gaze was like that of a hungry man, outside a bakery window.

The event to which he especially looked forward was "a grand mask ball and cabaret entertainment." His affinity of the Blue Mouse was to be one of the performers. Amelita Rodriguez, he had learned, was her name. That was all he knew about her. But his imagination had fixed upon her with an intensity which surprised himself.

He had been back to the Blue Mouse twice, but luck had been against him. The first time she had not appeared at all, and the second time he had been too late for her act; he had, however, been stirred—for she passed him on her way out, and threw him a quick smile of friendly recognition that left him warm—happy. . . .

The greatest ambition of his life, for the time being, was to break through the constrictions of his self-consciousness, seize this girl in his arms and dance with her. It was, he knew, an absurd ambition; yet it was more absurd, and humiliating, that he should find the thing so hard to accomplish.

Joy and adventure were symbolized, for the moment, by Amelita Rodriguez.

AT last the evening of the ball arrived. Selwyn sat on the Tivoli veranda, smoking a long, black, after-dinner cigar. He puffed at it lightly, warily; it was so very strong, and it made him feel sophisticated to roll the thing between his lips. He had taken a cocktail before dinner, too, and it added to the reckless quality of his mood.

"Good evening, Selwyn," said a voice which startled him unpleasantly; the demure, hesitant voice of Constance Holmes.

He rose hastily and placed a chair for her, feeling suddenly ill-humored. The thing he least desired just then was to sit in aimless discourse with this proper young miss. He wanted to meditate upon the bold and hazardous things he was going to do that night. . . . He noted to his surprise that Aunt Mabel was nowhere in sight, and this suggested a conversational lead.

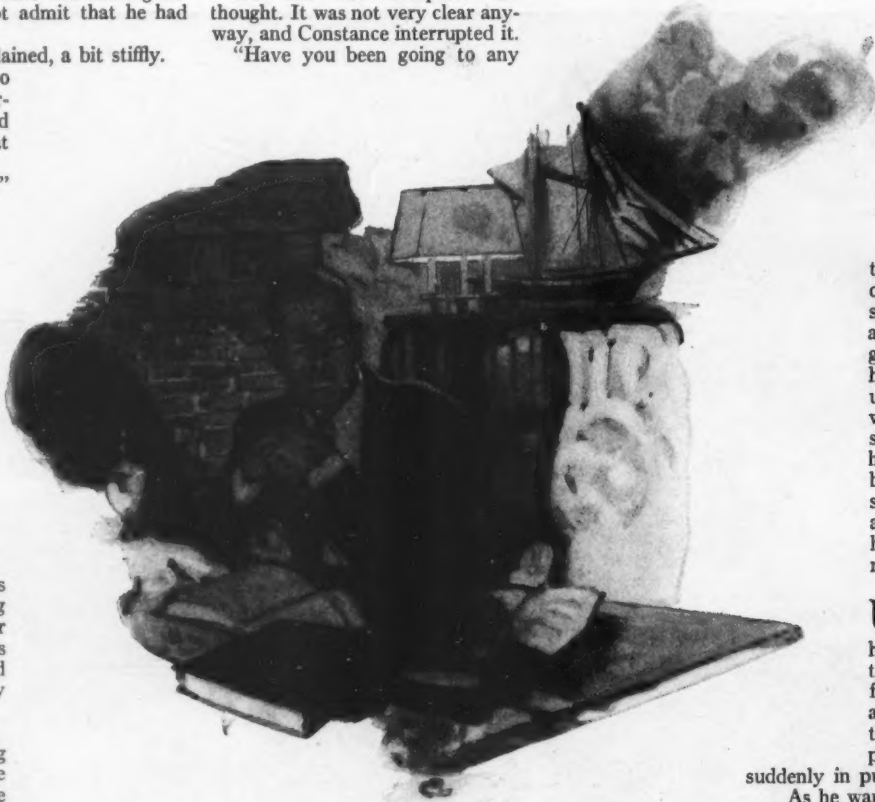
"How is Miss Wright, this evening?" he inquired politely.

"Oh, Aunt Mabel is well," she assured him with a faint sigh. "She'll be here in a minute."

Selwyn sat looking at Constance and wondering why she irritated him so much. She was such an undeniably nice girl. Her decided prettiness only added to his irritation. She wore a very modest evening gown with a scarf about her shoulders. Her neck and arms were very white and well shaped; yet Selwyn resented them. If she had been a homely, scrawny little person it would have seemed right for her to sit in rocking chairs and knit under the eye of an elderly relative, but as it was. . . .

He did not complete the thought. It was not very clear anyway, and Constance interrupted it.

"Have you been going to any



An engineer just out of college, come to take his first job

more dances?" she inquired.

Selwyn was determined to live up to his bad reputation. "I'm going to one tonight," he exclaimed. "A mask ball—part of the Carnival, you know. . . ."

"But is it a nice dance?" Constance asked anxiously. "I mean are—there—do nice women go?"

He resolved to be brutally frank. "It's not what you would call a nice dance," he told her. "All sorts of people go there. It's public."

"But—" Constance was evidently puzzled. "How do you meet them? . . . I mean—you don't know many people down here—do you?"

"Oh, you don't have to meet anyone at these native

dances," he explained. "You can ask anyone to dance without an introduction. It's the Latin way." (He liked the last phrase.)

"Oh, I see," said Constance.

AFTER Selwyn had gone, Constance and her aunt sat looking out over the darkening city. The faint roar of many voices, a vast tinkle and strum of music, all blended with the slow, regular wash of the surf, floated to them.

"I believe that young man is just running wild down here," Miss Wright opined after a while. "I think his mother was foolish to let him come alone."

"Yes," Constance said, absently.

"This is no place for a young man," Miss Wright went on. "It seems so immoral. There's something demoralizing in the very air of the place. . . . I'm glad we're going back next week—aren't you?"

"Yes," answered Constance, still absently.

There was a pause. Then: "I wish I could do something about Selwyn Pollock," Miss Wright continued. "I'm sure I smelt liquor on his breath this evening, and he told you that he had been going around to those awful cabarets. He was such a nice quiet boy, too. Think of his mother. Could *we* do anything? . . ."

"I'm sure I don't know what it would be," said Constance.

There was silence again. The cool evening breeze off the Pacific sprang up. Miss Wright drew her woolen shawl tightly about her shoulders and shivered.

"Come, dear," she said. "I think we had better go in. This tropical air is so treacherous."

In her own room Constance undressed quickly. She got into bed, drew the coverlet up to her eyes and lay very still; too still, indeed, for a person who is relaxing for the night. It suggested rather the tension of some wild creature gathered for a desperate leap.

About half an hour later, Miss Wright tapped very gently at the door, opened it and looked in. It was her nightly custom to look in on her niece before she herself retired. Constance was so obviously asleep that the good woman closed the door very softly and went away on tip-toe.

The girl then opened her eyes and stared into the darkness for fifteen interminable minutes; after which she flung back the cover, with sudden violence, and sat up. She turned on the shaded reading lamp and climbed out of bed so cautiously that not a spring creaked. Her bare feet were silent as a cat's. She darted across the room and began delving in her trunk with swift, nervous hands. Throwing things right and left she unearthed an old black dress. It was of silk, with a short skirt, and a low bodice which she made still lower by tucking it in around her bosom; a broad red sash was improvised by the quick, deft tearing and folding of a silk petticoat which matched red stockings and slippers; a mask made by snipping eye-holes in a black scarf; an artificial red rose. . . . All was ready.

UPON his arrival at the ball Selwyn felt lost and lonely. The only costume that he had been able to rent was a domino, much too large for him, and despite his mask he felt uncomfortably ridiculous in it. He felt as though he were out in his pajamas, and this reminded him of a sensation he had experienced in dreams upon finding himself suddenly in public insufficiently dressed.

As he wandered about many of the ladies gave him arch smiles and glances, while the gentlemen sometimes glared at him and pulled their whiskers. Selwyn was as much alarmed by the one attention as by the other. He did not understand that in Latin-America it is not unusual for ladies to flirt in public and for their escorts to simulate hot indignation.

A good deal of confetti was thrown; and most of the ladies carried little rubber squirt guns filled with perfume, which they playfully sprayed into the faces of the admiring gallants. The first lady whom he asked to dance, squirted a lot of perfume right into his eye, and then ran away, perhaps expecting him to follow. But he stood mopping his face, too surprised to accept the challenge.

At the back of the hall under a gallery was a bar and a row of tables where drinks were served. Thither Selwyn repaired and fortified himself with one of the long yellow drinks which he had found so comforting before.

After this, and when the floor was [Turn to page 69]

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"Hide me somewhere among
these rocks--and go on alone"

THE PLAINS of ABRAHAM

By James Oliver Curwood

*Out of the land of the Forbidden Valley, rich in the lore of
love and adventure, comes this story of ancient
conquest by one whose pen is stilled*

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

IN a single night Jeems Bulain has turned from a happy lad into a resolute youth intent only on revenge. In that night marauding Mohawks destroyed his home in the province of Quebec and murdered his mother and father. Jeems has hastened to Tonteur Manor to enlist under Seigneur Tonteur against the English and their Indians--only to discover that these same Mohawks have been there before him and that Tonteur Manor has been burned to the ground. What has become of Toinette Tonteur?--she who, despising him for his mother's English blood, has referred to him as "the little English beast." Jeems has loved Toinette despite her apparent hatred of him, but now it seems that love and hate alike are ended--for surely she has perished.

HIDDEN against the scarlet-topped sumac Jeems stood for many minutes gazing upon the scene of ruin in the valley. Below the thin veil of smoke through which he surveyed the bottomland there was no sign of life and no movement except the turning of the wheel at the top of the mill.

He was vaguely conscious of the whine of the mill-wheel as he went down into the valley. It became less a thing of iron and wood that was crying in its hunger

for oil and more a voice which demanded his attention. It seemed to him that suddenly he caught what it was saying . . . "the little English beast!" . . . "the little English beast" . . . repeating those words until they became a rhythm without a break in their monotony except when a capful of wind set the wheel going faster. It was as if a thought in his brain had been stolen from him. And what it expressed was true. He was the English beast, coming as Madam Tonteur had predicted. Toinette had been right. Friends with white skins, who were of his blood, had sent their hatchet-killers to prove it. And like a lone ghost he was left to see it all.

With stubborn fortitude he faced the gehenna through which he knew he must pass before he could turn south to find his vengeance with Dieskau. Toinette belonged to him now as much as his mother, and it was for her he began to search.

As he advanced he could see there had been an alarm and a little fighting. There was old Jean de Lauxon, the curé, doubled up like a jack-knife, half dressed and with a battered old flintlock under him. He was bald, without

a hair that an enemy might take, so he had been left un mutilated. He had fired the gun and was running for the fortified church when a bullet had caught him between his thin shoulder-

blades. Jeems stood over him long enough to make note of these things. He saw several more dark blotches on the ground quite near to where the thick oaken door to the church had been. There were Juchereau and Louis Hebert, both well along in years, and not far from them were their wives. The simple-minded Raudot was a fifth.

Between this group and the smouldering pile that had been the Manor a lone figure lay on the ground. Jeems went to it slowly. The smoke-scented air suffocated him as if it were a fragile weave which lacked the gift of life. This oppression was heaviest when he saw that the sprawled out form was Tonteur. Unlike the others, the baron was fully dressed. He undoubtedly had been armed when he rushed forth from the house, but nothing was left in his hands but the clods of earth which he had seized in a final agony. A cry broke from Jeems. Until now he had not realized how deeply Tonteur had found a place in his affections or how necessary he had been. He crossed his hands upon his breast and loosened the earth from his fingers.

He looked at Tonteur again, strengthening himself to go a little farther and find Toinette. Jeems scanned the earth beyond and where the smoke lay in a white shroud he saw a small, slim figure which he knew was Toinette. Another young body might have lain in the same way, its slenderness crumpled in the same manner, a naked arm revealed dimly under its winding sheet of smoke. But he knew this was Toinette. The dizzying haze waved before his eyes again and he put out his hand to hold it back. Toinette. Only a few steps from him. Dead, like his mother.

Odd went ahead of him half way to the still form and stopped. He sensed something Jeems could not see or feel through the smoke-mist which undulated before their eyes. Warning of impending danger confronted the dog and he tried to pass it to his master. In that moment a shot came from the mill and a flash of pain darted through Jeems' arm. He was flung backward and caught himself to hear echoes of the explosion beating against the forested hills, and the wheel at the top of the mill screaming at him.

He answered the shot by dropping his bow and dashing toward the mill. Odd was a leap ahead of him when they reached its broken-down door and the dog stopped as he faced the shadows that lay within the stone walls. Jeems went on. Death might easily have met him at the threshold, but nothing moved in the vault-like chamber he had entered, and there was no sound in it except that of his own breath and his racing heart. Odd came in and sniffed the grain-scented, musty air. Then he went to the flight of narrow steps which led to the tower room and told Jeems that what they sought was there. Jeems ran up, his hatchet raised to strike.

He must have been an unforgettable and terrifying object as he appeared above the floor into the light which forced its way through the dusty glass of three round windows over his head. There must even have been a little of the monster about him. Char and smoke and the stain of earth had disfigured him. His face appeared to be painted for slaughter and a greenish fire glittered in the eyes that were seeking for an enemy. Blood dripped to the oaken planks from his wounded arm. He was a Frankenstein ready to kill.

If the hatchet had found a brain it would have been Toinette's. She faced him as he came, holding the empty musket which she had fired through a slit in the wall, as if she still possessed faith in its power to defend her. Expecting a savage, she recognized Jeems. The musket fell from her hands to the floor with a dull crash and she drew back as if retreating from one whose presence she dreaded more than that of a Mohawk, until her form pressed against the piled-up bags of grain and she was like one at bay. The cry for vengeance which was on Jeems' lips broke in a sobbing breath when he saw her. He spoke her name and Toinette made no response. Odd's toe-nails clicked on the wooden floor as he went to her. This did not take her eyes from Jeems. They were twin fires flaming at him through a twilight gloom. The dog touched her hand with his warm tongue and she snatched it indignantly away.

She seemed to grow taller against the gray dusk of the wall of grain. "You—English—beast!"

It was not the mill-wheel this time, but Toinette's voice, filled with the madness and passion which blazed from her eyes.

"You English beast!" it repeated. "You killed my father—you killed all those out there—you and your mother's breed—and now you come—for me!"

With a sudden movement she picked up the musket and struck at him. If it had been loaded she would have killed him. She continued to strike but Jeems was conscious only of the words which came from her brokenly as she spent her strength on him. He had come with the English Indians to destroy her people! He and his mother had plotted it and they were alive while everyone

who belonged to her was dead! The barrel of the gun struck him across the eyes. It fell against his wounded arm. It bruised his body. Sobbingly she kept repeating that she wanted to kill him, and cried out wildly for the power with which to accomplish the act as he stood before her like a man of stone. An English beast—her people's murderer—a fiend more terrible than the painted savages.

She struck until the weight of the musket exhausted her and she dropped it. Then she snatched weakly at the hatchet in Jeems' hands and his fingers relaxed about the helve. With a cry of triumph she raised it, but before the blow could descend she sank in a crumpled heap upon the floor. Even then, as Jeems knelt beside her, her almost unconscious lips were whispering their denunciation.

He supported her head in his unwounded arm and for a moment it lay against his breast. Her eyes were closed. Her lips were still. And Jeems, sick from her blows, remembered his mother's God and breathed a prayer of gratitude because of her deliverance.

Then he bent and kissed the mouth that had cursed him.

TOINETTE was alone when she awoke from the unconsciousness which had come to ease the anguish of her mind and body. She sat up expecting to see Jeems. But he was gone. She was no longer where she had fallen at her enemy's feet. Jeems had made a resting place for her of empty bags and must have carried her to it.



*The Mohawks paused
at the edge of the open*

She shivered when she looked at the musket and the stain of blood on the floor. She had tried to kill him. And he had gone away, leaving her alive!

As had happened to Jeems, something was burned out of her now. It had gone in the sea of darkness which had swept over her, and she rose with an unemotional calmness as if the tower-room with its dust and cobwebs and

store of ripened grain had become her cloister. Passion had worn itself away.

She went to the head of the stair and looked down. The son of the English woman had left no sign except the drip of blood that made a trail on the steps and out the door. Exultation possessed her as she thought how nearly she had brought to the Bulains the same shadow of death which they and their kind had brought to her. The thrill was gone in a moment. The red drops painted brightly by the sun fascinated her. Jeems Bulain—out there with her dead! The boy her mother had tried to make her regard with bitterness and dislike from childhood—a man grown into an English monster! She struggled to bring back her power to hate and her desire to kill but the effort she made was futile. She followed the crimson stains, hearing nothing but the mill-wheel over her head.

She stood in the doorway and all about her was the haze of smoke, soft and still in the air. In the distance, obscured by the fog which ran from the smouldering ruins, she saw a form bent grotesquely under a burden. Behind it was a smaller object and she knew the two were Jeems and his dog.

She watched until they were blotted from her vision and minutes passed before she followed where they had gone.

Jeems must have seen her for he reappeared with the dog like a were-wolf at his heels. He had found a coal somewhere and did not look so savage though his face was disfigured and bleeding where she had struck him with the iron barrel of the musket. He was breathing deeply but his face was as dispassionate as it had been in the tower-room. She tried to speak when he stopped before her. Accusation and a bit of ferocity remained in her soul but they were impotent in the silence between them. His eyes, meeting hers steadily from under the lurid brand of her blow, seemed less like a murderer's and held more the gaze of one who regarded her with a cold and terrible pity. He was not the boy her mother had trained her to hate. He was not even Jeems Bulain.

But his voice was the same. "I am sorry, Toinette." Jeems scarcely knew he spoke the words. They rang back through the years as if a ghost had come to life.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

He turned in the direction from which he had come and held out his hand, not for her to take, but as a voice. She understood what his burden had been. Tears? Such trivial things could not exist in the aftermath of the holocaust that had consumed them!

A stray undercurrent of wind flung back her hair in a lacy mantle of jet silk. Pride, defying grief, raised her chin a little as she obeyed.

Jeems and followed him and the dog. The spirit of Tonteur came to walk with her. It shone in her widening eyes and in her parted lips as she looked ahead. She knew to what she was going. And when she came to the place which Jeems had prepared she was like a white angel who had appeared on this earth to gaze for a

moment or two upon the dead.

With a tool he had found Jeems had dug a grave. It was shallow and made less unbecomingly with a bed of golden grass. Tonteur did not seem unhappy as he lay upon it. The top of his head was covered so Toinette could not see. She knelt and prayed, and Jeems drew back feeling that to kneel with her, with the marks of her hatred on his face and body, would be sacrilege.

He waited, scanning the horizons that were thinning of their smoke. Death had passed and death might return over its own blackened trail, Toinette, beside her father, made him think of that. It seemed a long time before she rose to face him. She was not crying. Her eyes were blue stars in a countenance as pale as marble. The sun shone on her and gave an unearthly radiance

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In the stump-field was a shovel and they bore it back with them. Under his mother's tree he planned to dig

to her hair. Her beauty held him stricken just as his own
terribleness forced from her a gasp of protest when he
drew off the coat borrowed from one of the dead men
and spread it over Tonteur. But she did not speak. Only
the mill-wheel continued its virulent plaint as the loose
earth fell on the baron. Toinette looked steadily toward
the sky and when Jeems was done she accompanied him
back to the mill. She watched him while he went to the
ditch where the dead Mohawk lay, and she watched him
go for his bow, where he saw that the form he had
thought was Toinette was the wife of Peter the Younger.

He came back and spoke to her a second time. The
lips she had broken with the musket barrel were swollen
and the brand across his forehead was turning a dark
and angry color. The cloth he had twisted about his
wounded arm was red. Sickness and pain were forcing
their way into his eyes.

"I must take you away," he said. "There is not time
to care for the others. If they come back—"

"They will not harm you," she said. "Not Daniel
James Bulain. Is it not true?"

Jeems made no answer.

"And they will not harm your father or your mother
or anything that belongs to the Bulains, but will reward
them for their loyalty to murder and outrage. Is not
that also true?"

Still Jeems did not answer but stood listening for
sound to come out of the distance.

"Your father and mother are waiting for you," she
said. "Go, and leave me here. I prefer to wait for the
return of your Indian friends. And I am not sorry be-
cause I tried to kill you!"

He moved away from her to where Hebert and Juche-
reau and the simple-minded Raudot lay on the ground.
This time it was the idiot's coat he took, a fine coat
made by the idiot's mother. The boy had loved flowers
and on the lapel of the coat was a faded geranium bloom.
Jeems tucked it between the dead lad's fingers.

Then he went back to Toinette and said, "We had bet-
ter go." After that he added, "I am sorry but I must
go to my mother and father first."

He staggered as he set out and Tonteur Hill dipped
and wobbled before his eyes. There was an ache like a
splinter twisting in his head and as she followed him
Toinette could see the effect of her unresisted blows
with the iron gun-barrel. For she did follow, out of the
smoke fumes into the clearer air of the meadows and
across them to the worn path that led to the Indian
trail and the home of Catherine Bulain.

They entered the stillness of the Big Forest, and Odd,
who had traveled between them, dropped back to Toin-
ette's side and thrust his muzzle against her hand. She
did not snatch it away from him now.

They came to the slope and Jeems forgot that Toin-
ette was behind him. He walked straight down like a
tall, thin ghost—and the girl stopped and stood alone,
staring at the place where his home should have been,
a cry wringing itself at last from her lips.

Jeems did not hear. He saw nothing but the clump
of rose-bushes and the place where his mother lay. He
went to her first, oblivious of other presence. He knelt
beside her calmly for a little while. He touched her face
gently with his hand, and then went to his father. Odd
trailed at his heels. In the stump-field was a shovel and
they found it and bore it back with them together.
Under his mother's big tree he planned to dig.

When he returned his mother was not alone. Toinette
was there, on the ground, with the English woman's head
in her lap. Her eyes blazed up at Jeems and something
like defiance was in them, something that was possessive
and challenging and which hid whatever pity she might
have had for him, or pleading for his forgiveness. Her
hands were pressing the cold face of the woman she had
wanted to hate and she continued to look at Jeems, so
hard, so terribly, so understandingly that she seemed
almost to be waiting for him to punish her with a blow.

Then she bowed her head over his mother and the
shining veil of her hair covered death.

Under the big tree he began to dig.

IT was late afternoon when they left the valley. Toin-
ette's hand lay in Jeems' as they went.

They were like a young god and goddess ready to face
the hazards of a savage world with a strength wrought out
of fire. The sickness had left Jeems. His wounded arm was
cared for by fingers as gentle as his mother's had been.
Hot tears from Toinette's dark lashes caressing his flesh
had cured his physical pain. Words spoken in a voice he
had never heard from her lips, entreating his forgiveness
for years of misunderstanding, were like the peace of the
day itself about his heart. Out of ruin she had raised his
soul to splendid heights of courage and resolution.

They cut through the heart of a new clearing where
many shag-toothed stumps were piled ready for Winter
use in the cabin fireplace. In a place where fresh dirt
was scattered about were tools used yesterday—axes
and shovels and hickory prying-poles and the big double-
bladed grub-hoe which Hepsibah had made at Tonteur's
forge. On a stump was one of Hepsibah's pipes made of
half a corn-cob. Near this stump, looking at them slyly,
was the gopher who had once lived under it.

Jeems stopped and looked about, his throat almost
tensing for the old familiar call to Hepsibah. Many times
he had made the woods and the lower lands echo with
that cry and had heard his uncle answer it. But now the
stillness warned him. Like a friend it was whispering
the sacredness of another trust. His eyes turned to the
lovely head near his shoulder. In a moment Toinette
raised her eyes to meet his and even with his mother
they had not been so deep and gentle.

"They must have caught my uncle out there," he
said, keeping his voice steady and gazing over the forest-
tops of Forbidden Valley. "He set the signal fire for us
and then was killed. I would [Turn to page 55]



"I'm not pretending to adore as she does—I'm not such a fool."

THE FOX WOMAN

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

STANLEY'S main interest is in her son Ames. She desires to regulate his existence and in order to strengthen her position she has maneuvered an engagement between him and a girl of her own choice, Telva. But Fate seems to be working against her in bringing on the scene Carol—a girl very different from Telva, and one to whom Ames is really attracted. Stanley and her protégé are very much concerned as to the outcome of the struggle between themselves and this new person who seems likely to prove an obstacle in the way of their achieving their end.

WHAT'S the big wow?" asked Telva petulantly. Surprising Stanley off guard was pleasing to neither. Telva realized that the former's good temper was more enduring if she was dressed for her part. It was displeasing to Stanley not alone from natural vanity, but because catching her unawares gave one an inkling that this reddish-faced, untidy little person could do other things than tremble and weep. Stanley's was the correct idea regarding the rôle she had elected: if one does a thing at all do it thoroughly!

"I'm so sorry that I didn't know you were coming," she began, irritated by the fact that her cambric smock was spotted and her hair stringy.

"The big—what—now?" readjusting her personalities as much as was possible. "My dear girl, do forget that I exist for half a moment," scurrying into her clothes room and wrapping herself in a plum colored mandarin coat, her hair hastily banished under a lace cap. "I had to take a sort of domestic inventory; Ames would be distressed if he suspected. He loathes my doing anything of the sort—sit here—now explain the term 'big wow,'" with a longing look at her dressing table with its nearby yet useless toilet accessories.

"Ames and Carol are the big wow. Better than a state lottery to know who is right and who is wrong," Telva's face was more Japanese than ever. Her small eyes glit-

tered like cut jet as she watched Stanley for a hint of having known about the "big wow." "It is not the pleasantest thing in the world, if it is true. I'm liberal, I grant and I've had my moments—certainly I have never begrudged nor questioned Ames as to this. But we are engaged. I believe you're fond of me—or of my engagement, if you prefer to put it that way—"

Stanley's fluttery little gesture of reassurance was ignored.

"I'm not pretending to adore as she does—I'm not such a fool. Since you have no idea about the 'big wow' may I have the honor to inform you, dear Stanley-in-law, that your son has developed a great flare for Carol regardless of how obedient he has been to date? I conclude that Carol is more a super-girl than innocent fool. I have it quite straight," Telva's lips were a thin, red line and scarcely seemed to move, "that she has chucked her job and all the rest on the plums she has picked for herself and is going to New York with Ames—don't swoon—interesting things are still to be told," as Stanley first grew very red and then sank back in a chair.

"Explain," commanded Stanley in a thick voice. "And remember that I am with you."

"Thanks so much. Not that it matters but I'm relieved that you aren't going to ask me to go to New York with Ames until we marry." A curious chuckle interrupted yet emphasized Tel-

va's words—it betrayed her anger. She was planning as she talked just as Stanley was beginning to plan. "I got the news from Blair Britton who is oiling up his flintlock to take your son's heartblood. Blair is keen for Carol; all told, she has quite a following. The north woods must

be quite a place!"

"This sounds like Blair's nonsense. Where is Ames—where is this girl? The rumor must be stopped."

"Blair heard it from Carol," Telva resumed. "Then Sam told me that Carol resigned because of going to New York. He said she was no longer the poised lady which Dalefield's chamber of commerce has come to recognize but an agitated human, eager to lose everything for the sake of a man who is a coward." In spite of herself Telva was fair. "Sam was dashed when she left him; he liked her in the business. After a few questions she made no pretense but what she would see much of Ames. I sought out Blair because he usually knows what Ames is doing whether Ames knows it or not. Then—" pausing to enjoy the suspense.

"Yes—" Stanley's face was a crimson knot of unbecoming angry wrinkles.

"I found Blair about to kill Ames. Lovely! Only he knows he is not a good shot and hates messes." Without warning Telva gave way to hysteria.

Stanley ran for spirits of ammonia. "Tell me the rest," she insisted, longing to administer a vigorous shake.

How was she to be rid of her while she conferred with Blair? If there was truth in the story and Blair had turned against Ames to "save"

Carol, his tongue would be anything but flattering regarding her own self. It was





"She wanted a son . . . fooled her by adopting your boy."

Stanley's turn to be in danger.

During the next half hour Telva returned to report to Stanley that she could not unearth Blair—he had left the office in characteristic hermit-like silence. They must wait for Ames.

"Ames will come home; I will soon enough straighten it out—" Stanley had had time in which to use her powder puff. Silvery stockings and slippers set off the plum colored robe and a bandeau compensated for the lack of a curl. She was ready for any one of the three!

Without warning Telva decided to leave the stage to Stanley. The latter's gratitude was not without misgivings. It was unlike Telva to withdraw from the scene of action which so vitally concerned herself.

"I'm dog tired," she explained. "I won't wait for Ames—I leave him in competent hands. I want to be alone—to think," she was as mysterious as she was unconvincing.

Stanley hesitated as to whether to let her go. Perhaps Telva might serve as a sort of Greek chorus in repeating commands and reproaches.

"Do stay, my dear. This is merely a mistake. It is like Blair to flare into action on the slightest provocation—sublimating his histrionic ability." But Telva dashed off into the rainy night leaving Stanley with a feeling of impatient relief.

It was late before Ames came in. As he entered her room—wisely she had gone to bed—she knew that it was no stupid mistake.

"My dear," she began in a low, broken voice, "I am beside myself with worry. Little Telva has been here and gone away; the child is heartbroken. She says that you have actually—"

"Have you seen the evening papers?" interrupted Ames.

"My dear, I've seen nothing since Telva told me that—"

"The Princess Valja came to Dalefield today—run to cover as it were. Carol was her refuge. She would have run to Carol if it had meant an underground railway to Texas, I believe. Carol

was her last stand—bestly selfish and unfair. She has been spending enormous sums in New York. Due to the drug habit she exceeded every limit. She was so involved that it meant she was more than done—she was in the shadow of the law. When she had to forego morphine due to no funds the inevitable followed. From a generous derelict she became a defeated fiend—she knew that the world was massed against her; she was liable for defrauding the mails due to some wildcat publishing scheme, heaven only knows its ramifications. So she ran to Carol. She said but two sentences, 'So he has made you suffer'—meaning me. She had warned Carol when we first met. The other: 'I can laugh no more!' She had insisted that when one could no longer laugh one had no reason to live. Without consideration or skill," Ames spoke with a cruel precision that Stanley had never suspected him of being capable, "she stabbed herself in the chest and died in Carol's arms. The worst of it is that Carol is unfairly involved. As Valja's former secretary she is the prey of the press and the district attorney. She will be put on the rack about something over which she had no control. Valja's possessions are reduced to a shabby traveling bag—and an old dog, Wonk. Yet Carol will be grilled and spied upon to see if she is concealing the crown jewels. Creditors will persecute her if they cannot prosecute her until they are satisfied that she is as poor as she is blameless. There's the funeral to be gotten through and the publicity to die away, the tragedy to fade from her memory—Mia, won't you go to her and stand by?"

"I?" Stanley sat upright and threw a tulle scarf about her shoulders. "Stand by this girl who your future wife tells me has offered herself to you—some vulgar free love thing—"

"Telva would express it in that way," Ames' smile was not contagious. "I presume she told you that Blair is on my trail with nothing short of a noose should I accept Carol's love and that up to a few hours ago I would have been knave enough to do so regardless of a dozen

Blairs. But Telva has not been able to tell you how frightened Carol is—not because of her offer to me but because she finds how life can grip one unexpectedly. Apparently she is more numb than stubborn . . . at least that impressed me when she refused to listen to why I had changed my mind. In an instant it came to me that no matter how a man and woman may wish to live with each other because of true love they must not do so unless they are man and wife. A clumsy arrangement, I grant you, but one which cannot be foregone at this stage of the game. Society and our own selves would turn against us in time. No love nor sacrifice could be great enough to prevent it—unless it was the sacrifice of separation. I have been cheap, Mia—your son, think of it! But it is because you have loved me so dearly." He sank down beside her bed, his rumpled head buried in his flushed hands, the veins of which stood out prominently. Stanley felt as if an hysterical stranger had broken into her room. With an effort she recalled herself and listened as he went on:

"Blair has gone to help her out of the publicity mire and then convince her that she is worse than a lost soul to care for me—a fool. Already Mr. Grundy has frowned upon her in the shape of Sam Russel who hurried to inform the world that Miss Clive had resigned from his offices and was in no way connected with his investment house. It would never do for middle-class, climbing Sam to have stood by a poor and beautiful girl who had decided that the man she loved was so weak that she must be his crutch, to say nothing of being hurled into a slavish tragedy with coroners and police reporters battering at her door. Truly Sam is doomed to become an esteemed citizen!"

He lifted his head to look at Stanley, wincing at her agitation. But it was due to the sudden walking of a ghost, absurd as it might seem. The ghost of Donna Lovell—there was the same fearless suffering in this boy's voice, the same hurt yet courageous expression in his eyes. He was not beaten, he was not going to wince—he was going to be free. Already, Carol's victory was won.

Sensing something of this, Stanley sank back gracefully and let the ends of the tulle caress his hot, trembling hands. This reckless, fascinating enemy, Carol, had brought about the disaster to Stanley's [Turn to page 71]





That thrilling day I found the stake high above the Yukon bank.

A WOMAN'S STORY of The GOLD RUSH

By Josephine De Mott Robinson

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON went with her husband to join the gold rush to Alaska in the turbulent days of '98. For over a year they prospected for gold enduring all the hardships and endless adventures of frontier life. They saw white men become like animals in their avariciousness. They learned to know the strange, silent, northern Indians. Finally they found themselves penniless with no way of returning home.

Mrs. Robinson made an appeal to officials and they had the good luck to get a job taking the government census.

DECEMBER 24th. Our new partners have turned out very well. One is W. G. Pine Coffin, of Devonshire, England, a charming gentleman, evidently in search of adventure and hoping for gold. The other is W. B. Moore, the son of a West Virginia lawyer. We don't know much



about them, or they about us, but Alaska demands only one O. K. to qualify as a partner, he must be a good musher. And they are that and so are we.

We call one man Pine for short and the other Buck.

Here it is Christmas eve again—and still Alaska.

December 25th. Mrs. Hatch, the wife of the doctor at Rampart, invited me to a Christmas party. It suddenly dawned on me that I might need some things to wear other than overalls and Pine's cut-down shirt. Not even hairpins. When I asked her what to wear and she said, "Oh, just a skirt and a light waist," I told her I hadn't any and I hadn't even hairpins. I felt badly, but she found a waist and skirt for me and promised me all the hairpins I needed.

The men cleared out and gave me the cabin to dress in. Everything was fine till it came to my hair. I couldn't seem to fix it. And there was no mirror, only a little piece a few inches big, and it wouldn't stay put so I could see how I looked. Pine then stuck his head in the door to see if I were going to spend all night getting ready and I begged him to hold the mirror. He did, but he said it was a lot of nonsense, and I said bitterly I hoped he didn't think that I wasn't used to dressing my hair just because he had never seen it done right. Pine was still wiggling the mirror fragment, and I was fussing with the hair when Charley came in just in time to prevent a quarrel.

Of course had I been strictly honest I might have admitted that what made me mad was I couldn't fix the darn hair. But it was fun to act foolishly feminine for once.

The dinner was glorious—a regular outside meal. Turkey, and real silver knives and forks and spoons. I had a wonderful time. But won't I ever see the home again—and give my dog his Christmas bone, or get packages in red ribbons, or hear the church bells, or anything except live in a dirty cabin and learn how never to cry or expect anything except beans and howling dogs?

January 2nd. We have just been lounging around all week buying stuff for our first census taking trip.

New Year came in with a bang.

Last night we were all invited to the ball and the cakewalk. There is only one place in Rampart to hold a dance and that is in the warehouse. Unfortunately there was a dead man in ahead of us, waiting there until the ground thawed enough to get him buried. So we put him outside while the dance was held, and some of the men promised to see he was put back again afterwards.

I was ready to go home long before the ball was over and I did. The dead man out in the snow looked peacefully still in his burlap bag.

January 17th. Very cold. We must wait for a break to start.

January 19th. This morning we really started. It is a little warmer.

A strange dog joined us a few miles out—not in much condition. He wanted to stay, so we harnessed him up, and now we have four dogs for each team—or will have till some one claims him.

January 22nd. Each evening we spend scanning the maps the government gave us, and whenever one of the party has the strength he goes out to get the lay of the land and the mountains and compares them with the maps.

Very soon we expect to find an Indian settlement called Mento, and get fish from the Indians there. The Indians always have plenty of fish. I really think were it not for that reassurance we should have tripped it back light with all the dogs and brought more grub from town. It would still be a fairly simple matter.

The food is going faster than we thought, for our progress is very slow. Not at any meal do we really satisfy our hunger any more, and talking about things to eat has got to be continual.

January 30th. Our maps are beginning to confuse me. Where we expect to find mountains or creeks we don't, and unexpected ones cross our trail. Surely government maps must be correct.

Last night Charley suggested the possibility of going back. But none of us would listen to him, for going back means giving up the contract; it means we have no money. So we are going on.

The dogs are still howling, though they have been fed, but I don't dare give them any more.

February 5th. Late today we ran into some Indians—a sorry looking lot with a couple of thin dogs, with misery in their eyes. We traded with them for a ham of moose and went on. I almost gave the dogs a bite from our grub, but every eye of my own dogs was riveted on me as if they were reading my thoughts, so I didn't.

I wonder why we took this work anyway. I wish I had hired out as a grub woman on some boat and Charley could have polished brass, and we could have got home that way.

Each night Pine—oh, he looks so thin—goes out to survey the next day's travel. He has a wonderful head for maps. This miserable thing we were given as a guide is proving utterly worthless. Each day's travel now is as Pine thinks best.

February 10th. Today we reached Mento. But oh, what a Mento—two cabins and not one Indian!

Yes, one Indian, named Holly, came up. He told us the rest had gone to hunt—"no eat here, all go." This was alarming news, the Indians gone because the food was scarce from the very place where we expected it! What can those people at Rampart have been thinking?

We were in one of the two desolate cabins, and the Indian seemed angry about our being there, and seemed to be demanding rental. Charley saw it was a perfect holdup but I concocted a scheme. We would unpack the bag with the prize jewelry and decorate Charley with it as if he

were a great chief. So we covered his chest with gems and turned the grub box up and sat him on it. I made tea, with the Indian muttering on one side of the cabin and Charley muttering at the other. I was to put some in each cup and then we were all to parade in front of Charley, and salaam holding up the tea. When he gave permission we were to drink it. When Holly was sufficiently impressed Charley was to ask him where the steamboat was and the Tanana river and the mountains. So we bowed before Charley with our cups of tea. I urged Pine to talk "God talk" for Holly, since nearly every Indian knows the name of God and prayer. Pine was to deliver a prayer in which the word God should occur at nearly every other word. He was stuttering around for words, poor boy, and kept using the word Almighty instead of God. I kept muttering to him to pray better, and muttering to Charley who was on the verge of tearing off his decorations. I said Amen loudly and then saw the Indian. We were all so intent on impressing Holly that we forgot to watch him. When we raised our heads after the Amen we saw he had got up and was over at the stove, pouring himself a second cup of tea!

I was mortified and Charley was wild.

He kicked the grub box from under him and told us to get out of the way. He jerked out the hot sauce bottle and the red pepper and the whiskey and the Jamaica ginger, put some of all of it in a cup, and gave it to the Indian without a word, and meantime fell to eating flap-jacks as soon as I got them ready. He took him outside

and talked to him. I guess being a congressman is better than a voodoo woman even up here.

Under the drink Holly proved enlightening and told us the distance to Tortillo, but when we asked him if there were Indians there he said, "I dunno."

February 12th. I guess our map was made by some one who imagined what a river ought to be, or perhaps some one who had a lot of Indian hootch and saw mountains where there weren't any. None of the mountains correspond with the map. We are camping tonight as best we can with wolves howling outside and thoughts of fear inside.

We can't go back now. We don't know just where Tortillo is but it would be easier to find than go back all the way we have come—we haven't nearly enough food left.

February 13th. More Indians today, but utterly unable to speak English. We put them down on our census lists as best we could.

All I wished as they disappeared was that we could go with them—they seem to be sure of themselves anyway. All the Indians seem to be hunting—queer because this time of year they are mostly in their Winter cabins.

February 14th. The scenery just forces itself on you here even if your stomach is trying to get attention first.

We are traveling very short at each eating period—less and less is handed out, by me, who am in charge of this. And we have decided to taboo all mention of food, or even the very subject of eating. [Turn to page 62]



But I begged them to stop thinking about food and just drink lots and lots of tea

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

The Play of the Month



Mr. Pickwick comforts Jingle in the debtors' prison

Pickwick

DRAMATIZED BY

COSMO HAMILTON AND FRANK C. REILLY

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

I CAN remember once, a few years ago, on that delightful ship the *Biancamano*, out of Genoa, I was recuperating from an illness in France before I sailed; and despite the perfect voyage, I seemed to be coming all too slowly out of my fatigue and low, despairing spirits. Then suddenly the thought came that all these years I had been meaning to read *The Pickwick Papers*: why, then, not read them now? I went to the library and found the book. I can remember how I read, how the world sweetened and grew gay, the people on board walked in a warm, full light of humanity and humor, life seemed good, food and drink good things, and the ways of the human beings around me lovable and touching.

There must be thousands of readers who have had something like that out of *The Pickwick Papers*. The mood of its fantasy and breadth of feeling took hold of them, the gallery of the characters walked out into the moments of their day, and the world seemed dilated and exuberant and precious. The eternal child in them was made happy, the adult enriched. Such people would go most critically to see *Pickwick* put on the stage, but they need not fear the Empire Theater.

The Pickwick Papers began to appear first in March, 1836. Up to that time their author had been a reporter, and the moderately successful writer of the *Sketches by Boz*. There were to be twenty numbers of the papers. They began. Of the first, four hundred were printed; by the time the fifteenth number appeared the publisher had to issue more than forty thousand. And now that decades have passed and the substance of Dickens sifted at the hands of posterity, *The Pickwick Papers* remain that one out of all his works that seems most likely to be immortal.

Dickens began the papers with but little plan at first. The author was improvising. He started with the intention of writing for the small public that might know the humors of Goswell Street, but before he knew it he was throwing into his book all the wide and riotous knowledge that he had of English popular life. Mr. Pickwick and his friends set out for Rochester; they are seeking whimsical adventure and those odd bits from human society and habits that might delight and regale their curious palates. Then more characters begin to appear, stories arrive, narratives that stay in the history till the end or are dropped from sight, characters and personages that show themselves for a brief hour or go on to the last chapter. The book deepens as it goes, in its range, in its satire, in every way. It is farce, it is burlesque, it is sentimental realism, written as only Dickens could have written it.

The entertainment that Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly have fashioned from *The Pickwick Papers* has followed wisely this same drifting, casual humor and variety. It is not a play at all, and has sensibly refrained from trying to force the [Turn to page 70]



Marcel Vivert and Alice Terry in this month's film

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

The Garden of Allah

DIRECTED BY REX INGRAM

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FOR those whose aesthetic senses are apt to be irritated and chafed, *The Garden of Allah* may be recommended as a marvelously soothing ointment. It makes no direct appeal to the dramatic nerve centers (if there are such things); it never reaches the risibilities. Its values are all visual—and in that respect it is an exceptionally fine picture.

It is, of course, an adaptation of Robert Hichens' famous story of a young Trappist monk who broke his sacred vows and went forth to find life and love in the center of the Sahara desert. Rex Ingram has had the good sense to treat this rather grim subject with the utmost delicacy, giving it a strange, nebulous quality of mysticism; *The Garden of Allah* is spiritual, rather than material, and this is as it should be.

Mr. Ingram is one director who has never been bitten by the Hollywood bug. Indeed, his fear of contagion from that frequently fatal insect has caused him to set up his own studio in Southern France, some seven thousand miles from the Citadel of the Cinema in Southern California. Along the Riviera and the north coast of Africa, he finds just as much sunlight, and considerably fewer oppressive conventions and traditions.

Thus, the backgrounds in *The Garden of Allah* are convincingly authentic—for Mr. Ingram has taken his cameras and his characters to the very scenes described in the novel. We see the Trappist monastery at Staouéli, where Robert Hichens first felt the provocative tickle of inspiration; we see the opulent garden from which his story derives its name; we see the Desert of Sahara itself, in person, not a moving picture.

Furthermore, almost all of the characters are impersonated by actual people, as opposed to ac-

tual actors. The taint of grease-paint, and consequently of artificiality, is evident only on two or three of the principal players, who are compelled to carry the burden of the ponderous plot.

The others in the large cast are mostly native Africans—men and women with remarkably expressive countenances and blessed with a sublime unconsciousness of their obligations as actors. One of them, whose name is Ben Sadour, gives a performance of extraordinary power and intensity—and I doubt very much that he had any more idea of the part that he was playing than did the wild animals who appeared in *Chang*.

The Garden of Allah, then, depends largely on real people and real backgrounds—and, paradoxically enough, they assume a weird unreality on the screen; Mr. Ingram has contrived to represent them as figures and scenes in a fantastic drama enacted in a crystal ball.

The desert, I have been told, has a strange, occult influence on men. It causes them to see things, to sense things that have no physical being in this or any other world; it concocts mirages which are enticing, alluring—and which are always just beyond the rim of the horizon.

It is that queer, disembodied spirit that Rex Ingram has reflected in *The Garden of Allah*. It is hard to define; it must have been much, much harder to achieve.

I doubt that *The Garden of Allah* will be widely popular. It possesses few of the elements of so-called "sure-fire box-office appeal" which make for great financial success; it is far too fragile, too tenuous, to be characterized as a "knockout." But everyone with an appetite for sheer beauty will find it remarkably pleasant to the taste.

Mr. Ingram has been a courageous, progressive factor in the movies, and it is hoped that lack of encouragement from the box-office will not blight his future.

Also recommended: *Sunrise*, *The Jazz Singer*, *The Student Prince*, *Wings*, *The Patent Leather Kid*, *Underworld*, *The King of Kings*, *Seventh Heaven*, *The Way of All Flesh* and *Service for Ladies*.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Over the Boat-Side

By MATHILDE EIKER

REVIEWED BY
LAWRENCE STALLINGS



Mathilde Eiker

A GREAT many novels by women come to a close with the heroine resting on the publisher's doorstep with her new-born manuscript, after an exciting chase through the literary kennels of New York City. She meets, in the course of the story, many members of the Algonquin troupe. As a rule, long before the story ends she has formed an intellectual friendship with Heywood Brown, while Alexander Woollcott sits by the ingle licking his paws.

Therefore it is with an apologetic air that this reviewer says timidly that *Over the Boat-Side* is a novel that does, at one time in its ramblings, include just such a picture. Heywood Brown saves the heroine's play by writing a ringing review of it, which forces Woollcott (or is it Mr. Gabriel of the *Sun*?) to dash forth enviously and follow copy.

Having admitted that *Over the Boat-Side* contains just such Edna-Ferberations of the great, one may petulantly note that *Over the Boat-Side* is a very fine story of a literary lady, and that Miss Mathilde Eiker who wrote it is our first choice for an heirress to the gentle of Miss Willa Cather of *A Lost Lady*.

Eltin Henderson is the heroine that Brown rescues from Cain's theatrical warehouse. Eltin is the girl

whose heart and soul and brain were as a precious chain, which her lover, as Robert Browning put it, chose "to fling over the boat-side, ring by ring." Eltin, of a small town family, secretly marries a young architect who deserts her to wed the daughter of his employer. And Eltin, cured of love, sets out to callous her soul against further bruises. In the end, after the recognition as a dramatist mentioned in earlier paragraphs, Eltin finds she has no soul left to be flung over the boat-side.

Miss Eiker has a style worth the following. She is scrupulously neat about her small town and Eltin's early chances at matrimony. The Henderson family, father, son and two daughters, are treated with a shrewdness and a hard-bitten realism that spares nothing. Once, however, Eltin falls in love, *Over the Boat-Side* turns into a story of love and broaches a passion that is remarkable for its absorption in the fancies of a woman's heart no less than for its cool, incisive analysis of that heart. The Browning phrase was never before associated with such a merciless delineation of love. The lover, a Reverdy Smith, is a Byronic young gentleman. Naturally, the Browning lady is his easy victim. The novel, for all its savagery, is primarily a love story and by contrast with other love stories of the modern woman it is a great one.

With the abandonment of the woman, *Over the Boat-Side* follows with exhaustive fidelity her effort to reach a point in experience where sentiment cannot again wreak havoc with Eltin's heart. There are few novels worth the contrast with this phase of Eltin Henderson's career. The device of the dramatic triumph at New York is handled with sophisticated ease, and Miss Eiker is downright cruel when the woman, now successfully turned against sentimental attacks, coolly and deliberately chooses from the list of eligibles the lover who had abandoned her, and marries him again.

But the woman is unmoved this time by her lover's enthusiasms. She has remarried him for the money and position he has achieved. After all, she reflects, most women were whirling dervishes, working themselves of their own accord into an ecstasy of emotion. It did not matter so much about the identity of the man.

Over the Boat-Side is a marvelous story of a woman's heart and soul and brain. The writing of it is beyond all cavil and the intensity of its unfolding story taxes a reader's patience. Miss Eiker seems obliged to enthrall her reader, an obligation virtually waived by most of her sex in the profession.

Over the Boat-Side by Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.50.



The best of the Ames revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan. Here are Lois Bennett, William Williams, and Fred Wright.



THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

The Mikado

PRODUCED BY WINTHROP AMES

REVIEWED BY
DEEMS TAYLOR

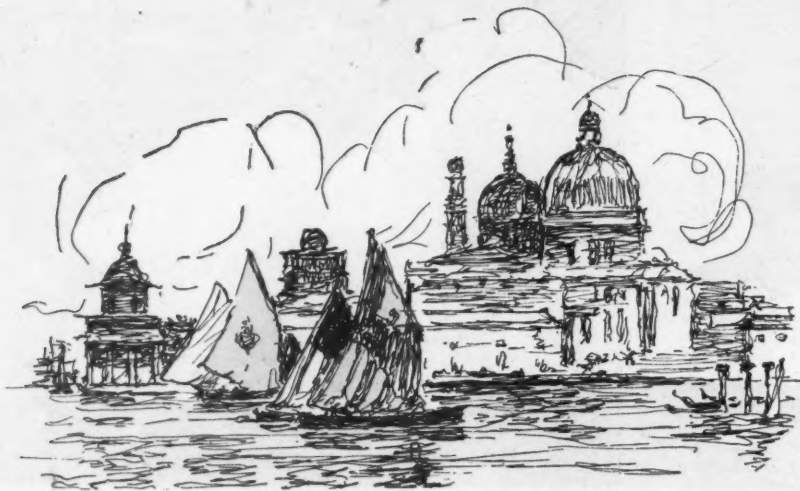
SOMETHING over a year and a half ago Winthrop Ames astonished and delighted New York with his revival of *Iolanthe*. He announced at the time that he hoped to maintain a permanent Gilbert and Sullivan opera company, to make successive productions of the Savoy masterpieces and present them in repertoire; but nobody believed him. The repertoire idea had been advanced many times before, invariably to be forgotten as soon as the producer hit upon some piece that was good for a long run.

Mr. Ames, however, kept his word. He followed the highly successful *Iolanthe* with a no less successful revival of *The Pirates of Penzance*, and gave alternating performances of both operettas. Now he has added a third to the list, a revival of *The Mikado* that opened last September with every indication of running just as long as its producer elects to let it run.

It is the best of the Ames revivals so far, and the best production of *The Mikado* that I ever saw. Indeed, I am quite sure that it is the best anyone has ever seen, except that if I said so, thousands of enraged Savoyards would rise up to prove me wrong. Still, even the most inveterate of them must admit that this *Mikado* has lovely and appropriate scenery and costumes by Raymond Sovey, an orchestra of exceptional size and quality, a cast that seems to know perfectly well what both authors were about, and a chorus that looks like a beauty pageant and sings as though it knew that looks aren't everything.

The lighting, the handling of the stage, the costumes, the dancing, all are distinguished by the polish and unobtrusive smooth perfection that make Winthrop Ames' productions such memorable contributions to modern stage craft. *The Mikado*, like the two productions that preceded it, profits enormously by the fact that the producer has paid it the compliment of taking it seriously as a play. Singing or speaking, the company has been trained to act this comedy, with the result that the book and the music are welded into one, and we can accept—and enjoy—the characters of *The Mikado* as real people, not merely a group of costumed entertainers.

The work of the company is eloquent testimony to the advantages of repertoire work. With one exception it is the same company that played *Iolanthe* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. Their long association enables the members to work together with such expertness, confidence and perfect give-and-take as are seldom encountered on the musical comedy stage.



RACIAL PROBLEMS IN THE PACIFIC

The Month's Interesting Event to Women

By Helen Taft Manning

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THE Institute of Pacific Relations was recently founded to study the problems of the great Pacific powers through frank, informal discussion of the underlying social and economic causes of friction. Unlike many organizations for discussing international affairs, the Institute is to see at first hand what it talks about, meeting one year in Honolulu, the next in the Orient itself. As it hopes to avoid wasting time in general expressions of good-will or defeating its object by malicious publicity such as that which helped wreck the Naval Armament Conference at Geneva, it does not allow newspaper reporters at its meetings. So while women were well represented at the session in Honolulu some months ago, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and the presidents of Radcliffe and Mt. Holyoke Colleges being among the delegates, it has not been easy for American women in general to learn much about the important discussions in which they took part.

Among a wide range of topics the greatest interest apparently centered on that most puzzling of international problems, the relations among different races brought together by that mysterious wandering of peoples which has been going on since the beginning of the world. Ray Lyman Wilbur, brother of the Secretary of the Navy, opened the conference by speaking of our special responsibilities in the Pacific and predicted that our feeling of racial superiority to Oriental peoples would decrease, and that we should eventually realize that other races might be different without being inferior.

The United States, Canada and Australia, however, have long since decided that it is incompatible with the maintenance of a decent standard of living to admit Chinese or Japanese workers within their boundaries. Yet what we are apt to forget is that we Anglo-Saxons have succeeded through our political and industrial power in occupying most of the unsettled or exploitable territory in the Orient itself. The Chinese or Japanese are in many ways better suited than Anglo-Saxons to develop the Malay Archipelago and northern Australia. But because the British or American flag happened to be raised in those regions before the Chinese or Japanese, we now forbid the latter peoples any advantages in these portions of their own hemisphere.

It was Mrs. Catt who had the courage to speak for the Japanese point of view. Japan is unquestionably overpopulated, with much of its soil unproductive. How can such an active and ambitious people be expected to

remain passively within their own boundaries when they see vast territories nearby held by Occidental nations which, while unable to develop them completely with their own resources, exclude Orientals by what must seem to them the accidental circumstance of prior occupation? "The danger of war between Japan and the United States cannot be removed," said Mrs. Catt, "unless we recognize that Japan is overpopulated and needs new fields for settlement."

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH *Spiritual Renewal*

BY

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D.



*Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver,
D. D.*

RABBI SILVER is one of the most brilliant of the younger Jewish preachers of America, both in eloquence and in achievement. He is the pastor of perhaps the largest Synagogue in the country, now worshipping in a new and magnificent Temple as the result of his labors. His new book, *Messianic Speculations in Israel*, is sure to attract attention, alike by its style and its thesis.

"As we grow older," says Dr. Silver, in a sermon difficult to review for its richness of thought, "two dangers confront us. The first is that with the gathering of years, our habits accumulate and begin to burden us. We halt. The past masters us. The second danger lies in disregarding our past, in letting the years depart without exacting a blessing from them. Both are dangers of dire import, as we see in pathology in which these perils become maladies. One man is monopolized by memory, another has lost his memory entirely."

"The human race," continues Dr. Silver, "often falls victim to one or the other of these maladies. It lives through whole epochs during which it is completely dominated

by its past, shackled by tradition. It makes no headway, as in the Middle Ages, when men preferred the abuses of the old rather than to create the new. One extreme led to another, and the Middle Ages were followed by movements in which people flung the past to the winds, disinheriting themselves as it were, and lead to disaster."

"Chesterton is right," Dr. Silver affirms, "when he declares that in history there is no revolution that is not a restoration, and that the men who do most with the future are those who keep their eyes fixed on the past. The Renaissance, as its name indicates, is a case in point."

"In other words, the seed of the future can only be fruitful when sown in the furrows of the past; the new must spring from the old and complete it. The new is not always the novel nor the old the antiquated. Every age has its false and cheap glitter of novelty, but there is nothing new in novelty. Our new music is a swifter rhythm of a hackneyed melody."

"The spiritual renewal that we need," Dr. Silver insists, "is not a new excitement, but a new exultation; not a stimulant but a satisfaction. We renew ourselves, not by indulging our appetites, but by improving our tastes. As we acquire keener perceptions, finer discriminations, sounder judgments, nobler purposes, deeper loyalties, do we gain in newness and freshness and freedom. By the grace of God there is a refuge from weariness in renewal, a sanctuary of eternal youth. It is possible for a man to remain young and free in the midst of crumbling age, and make his last heart beat a Song of Spring."

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

The Lion and the Bear

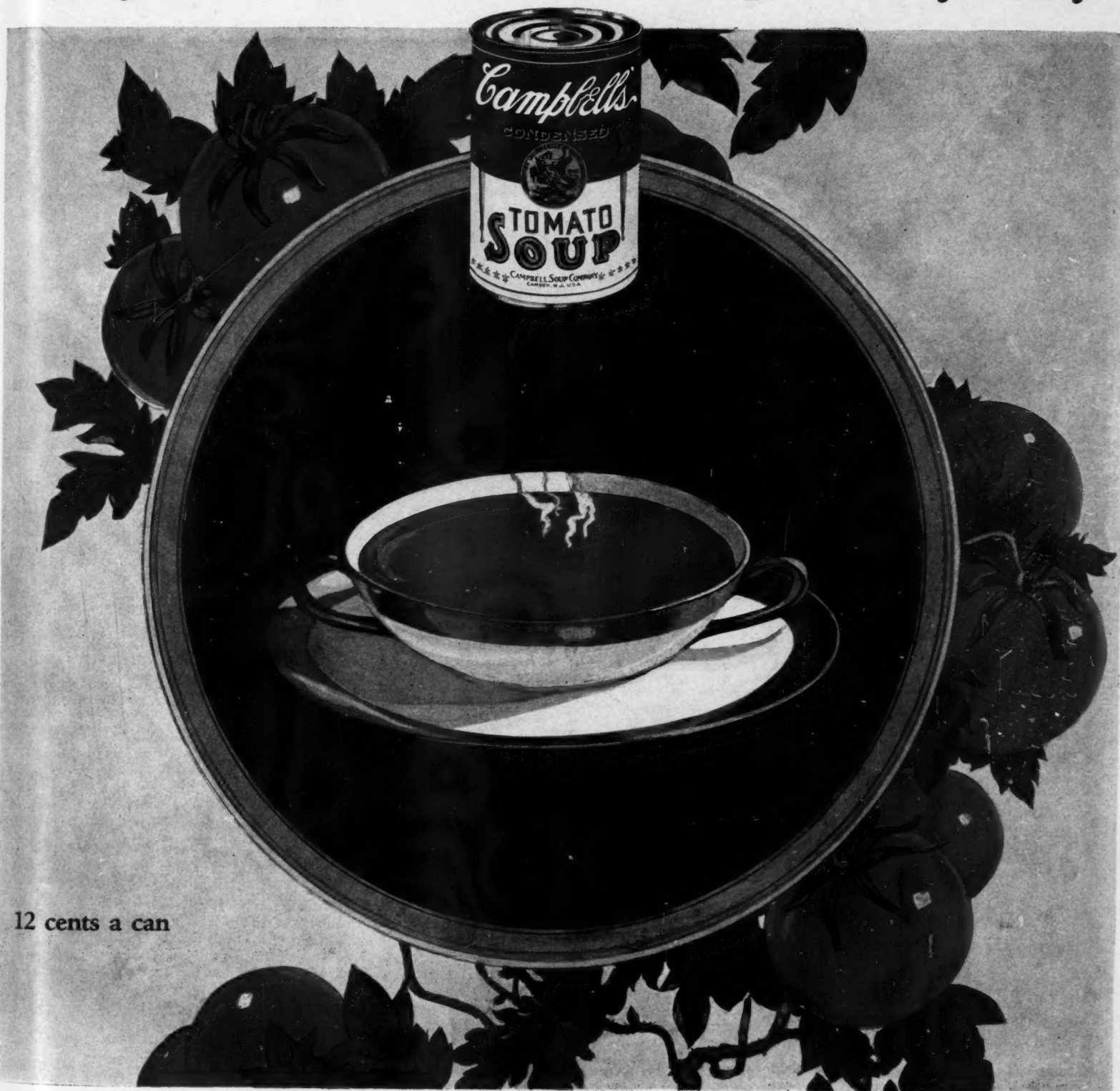
BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

(COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1927)

AFTER a truce of a short few years in which the Entente was formed in semi-coalition against the Triple Alliance, we find the British Lion again facing his old time enemy, the Russian Bear.

Had it not been for the warlike madness of Imperial Germany, Russia and England never could have been brought together as allies. Their thoughts, their institutions and interests are antagonistic. Until the World War Germany was England's traditional [Turn to page 70]

Why women serve soup every day!



12 cents a can

"JUST ANOTHER meal" or a really delightful time at the table? Which shall it be? The added touch of charm and attractiveness which gives sparkle and zest to all the food is so easy to accomplish. And so very important, for every reason.

Hot, tempting, invigorating soup! What brightness and good cheer it adds! How instantly the appetite responds to its deliciously blended flavors! What a splendidly healthful and wholesome way to stimulate both enjoyment and digestion!

Women are grateful for the daily helpfulness of soup. Keeping their table constantly attractive, day in and

day out, is no easy task. And soup is such a big aid. Its variety is practically endless. It is simple and easy to provide. Yet there it is, ready at hand all the time, to give its welcome "lift" in the woman's ever-present problems—and to benefit all the family.

So soup is a regularly established fixture in thousands and thousands of homes. Every year a new host of women "discover" the truth about soup and serve it daily, instead of only occasionally. Once a guest dish and a dish for special days, now a daily family standby. The great and growing popularity of Campbell's Tomato Soup shows how rapidly the custom is spreading.

This irresistible blend of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, golden country butter and appetizing seasoning is the best-known, best-liked, and oftenest served soup in the world. You simply add an equal quantity of water (milk or cream for Cream of Tomato Soup, according to directions on label) simmer a few minutes and serve!

See also the complete list of the 21 Campbell's kinds of soups which are printed on each label.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

They waken childhood memories!

BUCKWHEATS

with the true, old fashioned savor

Her famous recipe ready-mixed with choice buckwheat flour

SOME men have given up even hoping for them. Perhaps your husband hasn't tasted any real ones for years. Nowadays they're scarce—buckwheats with the old-time "tang."

Have you ever watched a man's face when he tastes a cake with that real buckwheat "kick"? Ever seen that little grin of pure delight? These winter mornings millions of women are seeing it. They are giving their husbands tender, golden brown buckwheats made with Aunt Jemima's famous recipe.

You get her own ingre-

dients, her own recipe slightly changed by experienced cooks, with just enough choice buckwheat flour added—all ready-mixed in the yellow package, Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. It makes those fragrant cakes with the special savor men long for. To give it to you, we select choice crops from those grain growing sections which yield buckwheat of the finest flavor.

No trouble to prepare

No overnight waiting for the batter to rise when you prepare these famous cakes. No chance to go wrong! It is all so easy! Just mix a cup of milk (or water) with every cup of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats (yellow package) and stir.

You will see that boyish look you like in your husband's face when he first tastes Aunt Jemima buckwheats with that old-fashioned taste. Plan now to test this celebrated recipe ready-mixed—Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats in the yellow package. Just mail coupon today for a free trial size package. Or get a full size package from your grocer.

And remember, too, the southern pancakes with that plantation flavor your family likes—the kind you make with the red package, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Your grocer has it.

FREE —a chance to test this famous recipe

Trial size package Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats free with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today.



Plantation pancakes with her own old-time flavor! Her own ingredients come ready-mixed in the red Aunt Jemima package



THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH
Dept. D-21, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats with recipe folder.

Name.....

Address.....



Just add milk (or water) and stir

words that thrilled her.

"Your name I know not, but you I know," he murmured. "I have sought you in many places. In places near and far, and love for you burned me like a desert sun as I traveled. Now, dear heart, my journey is at an end." And saying this he took the girl's hand with the grace of a dancing master and brought it to his lips.

"Old Terence Desmond, who was in great anger over the breaking of the china cup, grabbed hold of the arm of the young man and asked him a few sharp questions as to where he had known Eileen and what he meant by kissing her on the back of her hand and talking of love to her.

"Now what the young man replied to old Terence must have been a wonderful answer. Old Terence tried to tell it all at the public house that evening, but much of it he had forgotten. But what he remembered was thrilling. It was like a song, a rare rich song that even the cracked voice of old Desmond could not rob of its beauty. I heard him myself and I know."

My father paused and sat for a long time with his head bowed upon his chest. Possibly he was thinking then of poor Henry Dowson, and of how Henry was drawn into the little quick-lunch restaurant on Washington Street, Boston, without knowing what had brought him there. And he may have been thinking of all the people in the world to whom a great love has come with appalling suddenness.

Presently he resumed his story. "I wish that I could have heard the story from the stranger's own lips," he said sadly. "It must have been a fine and glowing tale. For old Terence couldn't kill the beauty of it. Splendid words it had in it. Words that had the effect of fine music on the listeners. Sweet singing words that were like green parrots when old Terence unloosed them from his lips.

"And of what breed is this strange man?" asked Shawn Moore when old Terence had finished.

"He is an American," answered the father of Eileen.

"And a sailorman is he?" asked Shawn.

"No sailorman, if you please!" snapped old Terence. "He is of the quality."

"Then why has he been wandering?" cried Shawn.

"To find his love," said old Desmond quietly. "To find the love that the blessed Lord has chosen for him."

"I take it then," said Shawn Moore, who was as persistent as a bill collector, "that you are going to let Eileen marry him?"

"Tomorrow, God willing," said the old man. "Never did I hear such a tale as he told me, and the face of him is the breath of life to my girl. Who am I that I should stop them?"

"And the stranger and Eileen of the Hills were married on the next day, and in all the countryside from Milltown to Kenmare there wasn't a handsomer couple. Beautiful indeed was Eileen Desmond, and strong and straight was her man. One glance at him would show the greatest fool in the world that he was of the quality. In the big book in the sacristy of the church he wrote his name, fine and bold. I saw it myself. James Randall Featherstone was the name he wrote in the book, and after that he put Charleston, South Carolina, United States of America. A thrilling name and a thrilling address it was to me then.

"To his face he was Mr. Featherstone, but behind his back he was Yankee Jim. Ay, Yankee Jim. For all Americans were Yankees to the Irish in those days, no matter whether they came from the northern states or the southern.

"Well, Yankee Jim remained at the Desmond farm and helped old Terence. A big money belt he wore always, and from it, from time to time, he tipped great golden eagles that made the eyes of the country people pop out of their heads. And he and Eileen were as happy as the days were long. If the folk of the countryside wished to tell each other how happy they were they would say, 'I'm as happy as Yankee Jim and his bride.'"

"Yankee Jim and Eileen of the Hills were married exactly one year when there came the great Fair of Tralee, and to it they went, the finest couple in the countryside. About the two of them, wrapping them around, was something colorful and bright and wonderful. Something that softened the hearts of hard old men, making them regret the lives they had spent piling pennies together instead of lovemaking. For, when all is said and done, the days that we spend making love are the days that we remember at the last.

"There came also to the great Fair of Tralee one of the greatest blackguards in Ireland. He was Captain Jack Considine, and he was the champion fencer of the country. And of England and Wales and Scotland too. And on parts of the Continent. He had been born a gentleman and had a commission in the Guards, but he thrashed his own colonel and they drummed him out. After that he went swashbuckling through Europe, fighting any man that would fight him. Fists or swords or pistols, for the choice of weapons didn't matter to him.

"A giant of a man was he, the upper part of his body covered completely with black hair so that he looked like a big orang-outang. A wild brute who loved fight. Nothing delighted him more than a fair. He would stand on a platform before a tent, stripped to the waist, a foil in his hand, and as he tossed the foil into the air and caught it without looking at it, he would bellow out challenges and insults to the men who would be standing round staring at him. Terrible insults.

"Yankee Jim and Eileen walked before the tent where Black Considine was bawling out his challenges, and the eye of the big hairy man fell upon the girl. And no wonder it did, because in the whole fair there wasn't a one, girl or woman, who could compare with Eileen in beauty. Black Considine stopped in his talk, his big mouth open, and his bad green eyes fixed on the girl bride.

"Leaning over the edge of the platform Black Considine spoke to Eileen. 'And won't your handsome sweetheart try a

BRIDE OF THE CENTURIES

[Continued from page 14]

turn with me, mavourneen?" said he, ogling her as he spoke. "It's a bright young jacksnape he is, a bit thin in the flank to my thinking, but a bright cub for all that. Now here's what I'll do. If he beats me I'll give him my championship sword that I won at the great tourney in Paris, and if I beat him all I ask is a kiss from your scarlet lips."

"For just the fraction of a minute Yankee Jim stood and stared at Black Jack Considine, and if murder ever flamed in the eyes of a man it flamed in the eyes of the American. Ay, red murder that comes from blazing hate. He dropped the arm of Eileen and stepped to the edge of the platform. 'Take that back and apologize!' he hissed. 'This lady is my wife.'"

"Yankee Jim put one hand on the edge of the platform on which Black Considine was standing, and although it was as high as his chin he leaped clean onto it. A great leap. The black eyes of him were blazing, and his face was white, but he was as cool as could be. And the crowd that had been grinning at the humor of Black Considine became quiet as mice for they felt that murder was in the air.

"Yankee Jim tore off his coat and his vest and the white silk shirt, and when the people saw his chest and arms there was a little cry of wonder from them all. White and clean-skinned was he, and the muscles of his body were like ropes of fine steel. They rippled beneath his skin as he moved, rippled like startled snakes that were hiding beneath a tissue of satin. A strange picture he made beside the hairy brute who baited him.

"People came running from every part of the fairground as the fight began. Black Considine, who had learned all that he knew from a French swordsman, fought in the French style, but Yankee Jim, and this I was told later, was of a different school, standing on guard like the Italians, his legs further apart and the left shoulder nearly hidden so that he exposed a small mark to the blade of the other.

"Never such a fight was seen in Ireland. Never. A big man was Black Jack Considine, six feet three inches in his stockinged feet and yet so light that he could skip across a pan of dough and leave only the marks of his toes. Wonderful it was to see him move, the weight of him being enormous.

"Black Considine flung himself at Yankee Jim like the torrent of the Blackwater in flood time. And from his big throat came a Gaelic yell that was fashioned to frighten people that the wild Irish didn't like. High in the air he leaped and he struck at the American with all the strength of his body. But Yankee Jim parried the blow and surprised Black Considine by the way he did it. Ay, surprised him greatly. For the big fellow discovered at that moment that he was standing toe to toe with a swordsman.

"Great men were they both!" cried my father, as the memory of the fight roused him. "Great fighting men that Ireland and America had produced. The one a giant with an arm of steel and a love of battle, the other a man that the blessed Lord must have loved to make. Slim and straight and beautiful was James Randall Featherstone, as beautiful as men must have been in the days when the world was young.

"I saw it, saw it with my own two eyes, but the hits and thrusts I cannot describe as a swordsman would describe them. For I knew nothing of the game at the time, being but a small gossoon. But this I do know, no man in the fairground of Tralee ever saw such a fight."

My father stopped for a moment to get his breath, and into the silence crept the soft sounds of the New England night that had been blotted out by his words of magic. The cries of sleepy birds in the elms, the stamping of horses in the stalls. A great storyteller was my father. We saw it all as he spoke, for he had the great art of making his listeners visualize the things he told of.

"Rules were thrown to the winds!" shouted my father. "The blade of Black Considine was ripped from his hand by a cunning twist of the wrist with which Yankee Jim met an attack. The big hairy man snatched another sword from the stand, a heavy cavalry sword that had no button on it, but the hooting of the crowd made him pause. The American put up his hand to stop the boo-hoing of the mob, then he too picked up a heavy blade that was brother to the one chosen by Black Considine and at it they went again. And the little gurgles that came from the mouths of the watchers sounded like the devil's service before a murder.

"Two policemen tried to climb the platform to put a stop to the business, but the crowd grabbed their legs and pulled them back to the ground. 'Leave them alone!' shouted the people. 'Sure it's just a little difference that is being settled, so why stop them?'"

"The moment that Black Considine waited for came at last. He drove Yankee Jim to the end of the platform with the greatest storm of blows that were ever levelled at a man. Yelling like a madman he cut and slashed with the other parrying for all he was worth. Back and back went the American before the terrible onslaught, and as Yankee Jim faltered Black Jack took a side glance at Eileen of the Hills. A quick grinning look at her such as a big tomcat would take at a little mouse. Out of his bad green eyes he shot her a look which said 'Wait, acushla, your handsome man is going to get the finishing stroke.'"

"And it was then that James Randall Featherstone did something that made people who were watching the fight talk about it for many and many a day. Over the peat fires of the long Winter evenings they told and retold the story of that day at the great Fair of Tralee. It's the story of Featherstone's Slash. A great story it was to me, for the old men who knew how to handle shillelahs and foils would leap in the air and show how it was done. And that was fun to watch them.

"There was a traveled man at the fair who said that it was a secret cut that a great Italian swordsman had invented, but of the truth of this I know nothing. All I do know, and this I saw with my own eyes, is that the blade of Yankee

Jim flashed in a circle before Black Considine, then, with it stiff before him, the American leaped into the air, bringing the sword down with a tremendous whack on the head of the hairy man. A great stroke. Considine's sword dropped from his hand, his legs started to bend outward, and down he came with a crash on the planks of the platform.

"Five hundred Irishmen fought to help Yankee Jim from the platform, for the Irish love a brave man, and the hearts of all were with the American. And Eileen of the Hills flung her arms about the bare body of her husband and kissed him and kissed him again, the tears running down her pretty cheeks. And not only she cried, but a lot of the women and men who had watched the fight. Not a word did Featherstone say. Not a word of brag or bluster."

After a little pause my father went on. "Now one would think that the fight would have settled everything and that Black Jack Considine would have taken himself out of the sight of Yankee Jim and his bride. But it was just the opposite. A madness seemed to have come over the big hairy brute, for his pride was hurt at receiving a thrashing from a man who was smaller and lighter than himself. Fourteen stitches they put in his great head, and when he was well again he was like a snake with its tail chopped off.

"On every occasion he thrust himself under the eyes of Eileen. It became so bad that she couldn't leave her own house, for the big brute was always skulking round the little roads trying to meet her. And it worried the soul out of her, she having begged her husband never to fight with him again. 'For if he killed you, sweetheart, I would die,' she would say to her husband. 'And he is waiting to murder you. I know. I dreamed that I saw you lying dead beside him.'"

"Then I'll wager he was dead too," said Yankee Jim.

"Great was the fear that was upon the heart of Eileen. Great indeed. And fear was bad for Eileen of the Hills during those days. For the fairy fox had scratched for the second time at the door of the Desmond farm and a little Featherstone was waiting for the day that he could see Ireland for the first time. Yankee Jim had not one whit of fear in his make up, and, therefore, he could not understand that his wife was terrified at the thought of a meeting between him and Black Jack Considine. Little he thought of the big bully at all. It was of his bride that he thought always, and he teased her with his lovemaking as she made the little shirts for the newcomer, shirts so small that one would never think a baby could get into them.

"The child, a boy, was born on a night in early Autumn, and an hour after the little fellow saw Ireland Eileen of the Hills passed to her reward. Ay, an hour after his birth. The doctor came out and told Yankee Jim, told him softly, and for a long time the husband did not speak. 'What do you think killed her?' he asked, and his voice was hard. 'Tell the truth! If the good Lord called you before him tonight and asked the same question what would you answer?'"

"I would say that fear killed her," said the doctor. 'Fear for you. It crept into her system and destroyed her vitality.'"

"Yankee Jim, without a word, turned and walked into the room where old Terence Desmond was sitting. Very quietly he took off the big money belt that he carried and he handed this to the old man. 'If I come back all will be well,' he said, 'but if I do not come back use the money in this for the child. There is an address in the belt, and more money will come from that address when this is finished. And now good-by for an hour. I have some work to do.'"

"Captain John Considine was staying at Hogan's public house, and there went Yankee Jim. He asked for Considine, and when the big bully came into the bar the two spoke for a minute and then went outside. And that was the last that was ever seen of James Randall Featherstone of Charleston, and Captain John Considine, one time of the Irish Guards.

"Never were they seen again," said my father slowly. "And none knew what happened to them. Guesses in plenty the folk of the countryside made, and I'll wager that they're still guessing at this minute, for the Irish love mystery, and mystery there was aplenty in the disappearance of the two men. People thought that they went out on the lake to settle the matter and that they choked each other to death in the water, and some thought that they walked up into the mountains and while fighting tumbled into a crevice to their death.

"A brave fighting man was James Randall Featherstone of Charleston. Ay, a brave man. He had come far to seek a woman that the soul within him pictured, and when she died there was nothing left for him to do but to go with her. For a wise woman told my uncle, Brian O'Mahoney, that the great lovers are those that have loved in other lives and who have many things in common before they came into this world."

MY father told this story on a Wednesday evening, and on the following Saturday morning Doctor Wardle passed our gate on his way back from the Dowson farm. My father hailed him, and the Doctor pulled up. Leaning forward from his old buggy he spoke as my father came towards him.

"Henry has gone," he said quietly, then, after a little pause, he added: "And Mary."

"Mary?" cried my father. "Mary? What do you mean?"

"She died half an hour after Henry," said Doctor Wardle.

"When Henry was brought home I told her that he couldn't live and she said she would die with him. I thought she was a little hysterical, but—well, she's dead. Slipped away softly as if Henry had taken the very desire for life with him."

My father could not speak. He stood staring at Doctor Wardle, and, after a time, the old doctor shook the reins and drove slowly on.



A cool shower will make your skin come out alive



Over-dry, over-heated rooms endanger the skin texture of the indoor girl



The value of cream is in quality not quantity

SMOOTH SKINS IN ROUGH WEATHER

Just the right care will keep June blooming in your cheeks in the midst of January snows and blows

WE take our skins too much for granted. Instead of thinking of the skin as a living, working organism, which acts as a barometer of our general health and has certain definite duties to perform in maintaining that health, we look upon it as an inert covering, a sort of lifeless mask, which we can cover up with powder and rouge.

In order to keep it lovely and give it that smooth, cared-for look to which we all aspire, we really ought to know something about its structure. There are two main layers, the epidermis, or top skin, and the corium, or "true skin" beneath. "The true skin," of fine fibers interlocking with parts of the epidermis, is so constructed as to give elasticity. When the skin is massaged inexpertly, this part is stretched beyond its capacity and causes the formation of lines and wrinkles. Because the oil glands, sweat glands, hair sacs and nerve endings are imbedded in the corium, it might well be termed the "working layer."

In Winter the skin is called upon to serve faithfully its purpose of regulating body temperature. When cold or hot air strikes the surface, the nerve endings telegraph the change to the heart. And what extremes of temperature we encounter! It may be zero or below outside the door, but when we step inside a room the thermometer is apt to be wavering way up in the scale. This shock puts the skin to work, for the blood, in spite of changes, must remain at the same temperature. Heat causes a flow of blood to the skin, where it is normalized through radiation and often perspiration. Cold, on the other hand, causes the blood vessels to contract, active perspiration is stopped, and the heat is retained in the body. Yet even in cold weather, when the temperature is normal, action of the sweat glands goes on, though we may not notice it. This is called insensible perspiration.

Sharp winds, snowy and sleety days, bring roughness and chapping to the unprotected or sensitive skin. Day care should consist of keeping the skin well dried after washing, and protecting it, in extreme weather, by a light film of protective cream. Night care of roughened and raw skins in-

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCall's Beauty Editor

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY EDINGER



Early and daily does it

volves the use of nourishing medicinal creams which supplement the natural oils.

I have a notion that the cold blasts of Winter do less damage to our complexions than the overhot steam-heated houses in which we live. If you have ever allowed a piece of furniture to stay next a hot radiator for any length of time you have doubtless seen—to your horror—how the veneer begins to peel and the finish to crack. Of course, one

never stays immovable close to a radiator one's self, for days at a time, but it is evident what damage these powerful blasts of heat can accomplish! Dry heat is just as bad for the skin as for furniture; it dries up the natural oils and causes the surface to break and peel. We used to warn the out-of-doors girl about chapping her skin, but the indoors girl these days is exposed to quite as much damage of skin texture.

Cleansing the skin in Winter becomes a real task which should never be shirked. Heavy cloth and fur collars collect dust. They should be brushed and aired daily and dry-cleaned and aired as often as possible. Infections may be carried by their contact, if the surface of the skin is broken. Supplement the daily warm bath with a generous cream-cleansing of the neck and shoulders. If your skin is too oily for the use of any pure fatty cream, use cleansing packs occasionally, which remove the dirt and help to correct the oily condition. During the day swab off the surface dirt with a piece of cotton or cleansing tissue dipped in a good lotion.

One of the commonest ills of Winter is the sluggish skin. For those who can take them, cool showers in the morning help to tone up the circulation and start the skin activity. Brisk exercise for a few minutes will do wonders. For local sallowness, outdoor exercise with deep breathing, more sleep, glasses of water during the day, and a good face and neck massage at night will show excellent results. If these things don't help, you probably have some internal lazy condition. See your doctor.

The tag-end of Winter is the time when we must give special attention to the skin. If you note blemishes, don't let them go without attention. Eruptions caused by blackheads should be carefully treated. The big salons have good treatments for these conditions, and daily care will often eradicate them. If the skin persists in showing blemishes in spite of this it is best to see a skin doctor. Don't fuss unnecessarily with the face. Infections of certain parts may cause serious or even fatal cases of poisoning.

[Turn to page 68]



1 Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.



2 With a clean soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then finish with a dash of cold water or a small piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.



3 And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.

"You can have a clear, radiant skin—always"

say specialists

YOU have always known, of course, that skin cleanliness was necessary for skin beauty. And all of us have been brought up to believe that either soap or cream had to be used to achieve this cleanliness.

But, in recent years, so many interesting new things have been learned about the skin and its care. Today, we know that, in order to keep the pores as well as the surface of the skin scrupulously clean, we must use soap as well as cream. Yes, both!

And from this new understanding of skin care was developed the new Complete Woodbury Facial—in which, for the first time, the use of soap and creams is combined in one treatment. And, most important, these creams are prepared especially for use with the soap—Woodbury Creams for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

JUST three steps, but, followed faithfully, this new Complete Woodbury Facial will keep your skin fresh-looking, fine-textured, glowing.

First, Woodbury's Cold Cream to cleanse the pores—softening and loosening the dust and dirt particles that find lodgment there. Then Woodbury's Facial Soap. Its bland, creamy lather dissolving away every vestige of the soiled cream—preventing

Almost invariably women ask:—

"What shall I do to keep my skin fresh-looking, fine-textured, glowing?"

And almost invariably specialists answer:—

"Cleanliness is most important. You must keep the pores as well as the surface of your skin scrupulously clean . . . for that is the basis of a clear, radiant complexion."



The new Complete Woodbury Facial is the natural way to keep the skin exquisitely clean. Just three simple steps. Follow them faithfully and you will see an immediate improvement in your skin . . . the result of absolute cleanliness. A complexion each day a little fresher, clearer, more radiantly beautiful.

blackheads, enlarged pores, coarsened skin. Finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream to tone up the skin—giving it just the right amount of natural moisture. How simple it really is—this natural way to care for the skin.



YOUR drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury Facial. Or, write today for a trial set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial. It contains enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band to hold your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Woodbury Facial every day for a week . . . you will be delighted with the improvement in the texture of your

skin. After that, use the Complete Facial once or twice a week, keeping your skin clear and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap, as directed in the booklet around every cake. Send now for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

Just mail the coupon for your generous trial set

The Andrew Jergens Company
1501 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, a Tressette, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1501 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



ILLUSTRATED BY
O. F. HOWARD



*Enjoying yourself
—and letting him
see your enjoyment,
is not only good
manners but more
fun*

The POST BOX

Have the so-called new dances brought with them new dancing manners? America's foremost etiquette authority gives her answer here

BY EMILY PRICE POST Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

SINCE December and January are, of course, given over to the social side of life and more especially to débutantes, it is to be expected that the mail freshly piling in the Post Box is greatly concerned with dances and parties, various and assorted. So without quoting any of the letters, I shall say as much as space allows about the coming-out party of a débutante, and thus telescope the subject matter of the majority of mothers who have written me.

First of all, DON'T bring your daughter out by giving her a dreary tea WITHOUT dancing, and including chiefly your and your own mother's friends. Thirty, even twenty years ago, as you are perfectly accurate in remembering, every young girl was "brought out in society" at just such an entertainment. She received every dowager of her grandmother's acquaintance and every food-pursuing social drone of her grandfather's age, while her own young friends sat in small groups timorously interspersed among the numerous and stalwart dowagers, and B. A.'s (Bachelors Antique).

Today, however, the up-to-date débutante not only refuses the protection of an ever-present mamma, but demands amusement in her own taste. And her own taste is for dancing on each and every party occasion. The mother of a débutante, therefore, who does not include music for dancing in her party program is looked upon exactly as would any hostess be, were she to invite people to dine and provide nothing to eat.

Therefore if you want your daughter's "coming-out" to be a success, music and space enough in your own house, or club, or tea room, or hotel, for the young people who are to be invited, to dance, is the first requirement.

At a formal coming-out party, everyone on your entire visiting list should be invited. It is not necessary to give a ball, nor even to give an actual dance. A tea at which the

young people can dance when they want to is the utmost that is necessary or looked for.

In this case, the invitation is the regulation:

Mrs. John James Gayset
Miss Alice Gayset
will be at home
on Saturday the fifth of December
from four until six o'clock
34 Maple Avenue

Dancing

This word in the lower left corner is to assure the attendance of young dancing men and girls who never think of going to "nothing but a tea."

As this type of invitation does not require an answer, you as hostess must make the best calculation you can as to how many are likely to come. In New York you might count on about a quarter of the older people invited, and three-quarters or even more of the youngest dancing men and all of the débutantes. In other cities, especially if you are "prominent" socially, fifty or even a higher percent of your own acquaintances will perhaps be present. Of course the more general the invitation, the fewer in proportion will come.

The collation is the next question. The higher the proportion of older people likely to accept, the greater the amount of food to be provided. Contrary to reputation, it is not the young people who view the dining table with greatest interest. Young people rarely do more than nibble a small sandwich or cake, or help themselves to a caramel or peppermint or two, though they devastate the punch-bowl filled with lemonade, fruit cup or whatever the "punch" may be, between dancings.

The débutante receives with her mother, of course. The mother stands nearest the door and her daughter beside her. (Otherwise there is no "receiving line"). The mother greets the arriving guests and presents her daughter to them.

"How do you do, Mrs. Neighbor? My daughter Alice." Mrs. Neighbor says something pleasant; Alice answers "Thank you."

When a friend of daughter's appears, daughter says "Mother, this is Tom Crew," or "John Trackmeet." (She does not say "Mr." unless she calls him that herself.) Her mother probably knows Alice's girl friends. If she doesn't, Alice introduces them; always by their first names, if she calls them so herself.

As to Menu: *Nothing* is ever served at an afternoon tea in the way of food that cannot come under the head of beverage, bread or cake, or confectionery.

Do NOT put pickles on the table! Pickles belong with cold meats and at picnics but NOT at fashionable entertainments. For supper at a dance, hot dishes and salads and ices are often included but not necessarily unless the "dance" is a "ball." By the way, do not say "mints." They are "plain, or chocolate peppermints." They and fancy chocolates, of course, are the favorite fillings for candy dishes. In New York no supper table is complete without chocolates, caramels and marrons glacés. The favorite hot dish in New York's most fashionable society, at the moment, is scrambled eggs and thin sausages.

The above details are in answer to the composite questions in more than fifty letters. For the rest of the space allotted to me, I have saved the following from a débutante herself:

"Dear Mrs. Post:

"I am scared to death to write to you [Turn to page 68]

The Beautiful Henriette

THE KING OF BELGIUM'S SISTER

TO have been born a royal princess and a golden haired beauty of statuesque mold has never been enough for the Duchesse de Vendôme.

She has refused to rest content with these gifts of the gods. Patroness of the Arts, she has likewise kept her vivid mind abreast of the important political movements of her time.

Her salon is one of the most influential in Europe. Here artists and writers discuss with aristocrats and rulers the leading questions of the hour. Generals, statesmen and ambassadors bring to her elegant drawing rooms the brilliance of uniforms and decorations. And the presence of beautiful women casts a special glamour over all.

Such association has only intensified the Duchesse de Vendôme's conviction—that beauty and refinement play a high role in the drama of modern life.

The Glamour that Every Gathering Gains

SHE says: "When one's salon is the scene of frequent notable gatherings, one is conscious that a special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth, is kept fresh with the

"A special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth!" declares this royal princess of Belgium, who as the DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME maintains one of the most brilliant salons in Europe.

letting it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off the cream—and the dirt. Repeat the process.

If your skin is dry, leave some of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

For an exquisite radiance and finish apply Pond's Vanishing Cream, lightly, after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out, especially for the evening. This delicate cream adds a glowing finish to your skin, takes your powder naturally, and gives unfailing protection from cold, winds, dust and soot.

Two Delightful New Preparations by Pond's

AND now two delightful new preparations by Pond's are offered you! You can buy them in any store. Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Cleansing Tissues add the final requirements for perfect skin care. The Freshener, with its delicate fragrance, is the most delightful thing that ever touched your cheeks! It will bring the tingle of new life to your skin, will refresh, tone and firm it. It has a special ingredient, too, which heals and removes all danger of harshening. See how it wakens your skin in the morning, brings your whole face to life! And use it, too, after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream—to remove every lingering trace of oil and dirt the Cream has brought to the surface.



Her Royal Highness, THE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME, born Princess Henriette of Belgium

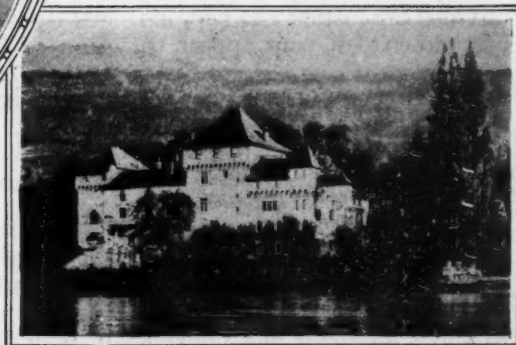
dew of exquisite care. Fortunate are we," she adds, voicing the experience of women the world over, "who know Pond's Two Creams, and their accomplishments in achieving a perfect skin."

For your own skin apply these Creams daily as follows:

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and several times during the day apply this light cleansing cream



These Two fragrant Creams lend a special enchantment to beauty. Every normal skin needs them.



Of the five imposing homes maintained by the Duchesse de Vendôme, the Chateau de Tourronde on Lake Geneva is unique in its surroundings and terraced gardens.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues—also new—are softer than fine old linen. They remove cold cream with indescribable gentleness—will not roll into ineffectual balls, but absorb every trace of oil and moisture.

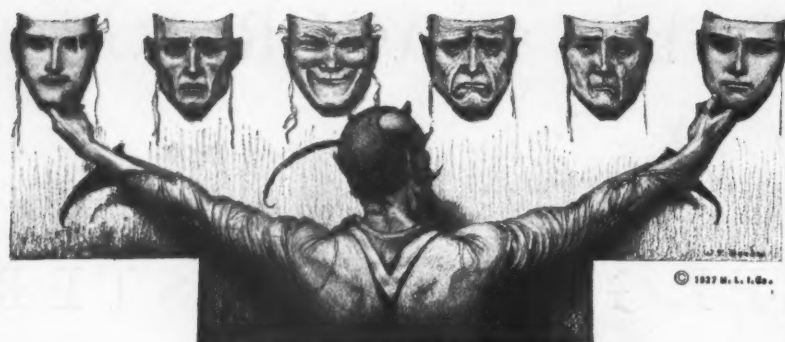
Try these exquisite new products. Send for the offer below.

New! 14¢ Offer: Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14¢) for tubes of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. A, 111 Hudson Street, New York

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

THE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME, sister of the King of the Belgians, is a royal princess by birth and wife of a Prince of the famous Maison de France. In her salon men with the air of race and women whose beauty is the mark of aristocracy, mingle with those who have won distinction in the field of arts and letters. The illustration above is taken from a portrait of Her Highness which hangs in the dining hall of her Riviera home, Chateau de St. Michel at Cannes. The portrait photograph (center) reflects the wide apart blue eyes, fair skin and hair characteristic of her family, the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.



The Great Imitator

HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark and adds two out of every thirteen deaths to his score.

Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the cruelest of all foes to health and happiness—just so long will many lives be wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily robbing them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may mask as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a form of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. There is practically no organic disease which it does not simulate.

It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results. Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its ulcers leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, ab-

dominal organs—and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity—a life-long tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hoodwinked by quacks, charlatans and worse—insidious blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has progressed beyond the first stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help chronic sufferers.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it to those dependent upon them. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge wide-spread knowledge and frank instruction.

It is estimated that more than 12,000,000 persons in the United States have or at some time have had syphilis.

From 5% to 40% of all the cases in the general hospitals of this country are found to be suffering—directly or indirectly—from this disease. The variance in the figures depends upon the character and location of the hospital.

According to Government statistics, the deaths of 200,000 Americans, each year, are directly caused by syphilis and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths

charged to other causes are actually due to this disease.

Hospital and clinic records show that early infant mortality can be reduced one-half by pre-natal treatment of syphilitic infection.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free of charge, its booklet, "The Great Imitator." You are urged to send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

GOOD GRACIOUS, HENRIETTA

[Continued from page 15]

lonely if I—"

"But apart from Helen do you want to go yourself?" asked Nerissa.

"Oh, yes."

So Henrietta went to Seaholme. She wrote the day after she arrived:

"Dear Mother and Sisters,
I arrived yesterday quite safely. The weather is so fine. Helen looks very well. There is a tennis court rigged up at the back and this afternoon the two boys from next door are coming over to have a game.

Your loving daughter and sister
Henrietta."

Her next letter read:

"Dear Mother and Sisters,
I am sorry to have to tell you that Bob and Helen have fallen out. I do not know why. It is very awkward but Harry says it has to make no difference between us two. Can I stay longer than a month? Harry says it would be delightful and Helen has asked me. Her quarrel with Bob has stopped tennis for a while so Harry and I go for walks. The weather is still fine. I am not getting on very much with my jumper. I don't think it is a good pattern.

Your loving daughter and sister
Henrietta."

"So Harry and I go for walks, do we?" observed Jane. "I wonder who the dickens is Harry!"

"I wonder," said Mother thoughtfully. Of course there might be nothing in the boy's attentions. He was probably a harmless creature and Henrietta regarded him as a pleasant companion. After all she was a steady girl and not a bit lovesick. But when Henrietta's subsequent letters contained more of Harry and less and less of anyone or anything else Mother decided to write to Miss Black who had lived at Seaholme for twelve years. She was accurate, definite, fond of gossip, and of a kindly disposition, and she would quite understand Mother's anxiety. So Mother made a clean breast of it. She wrote to Miss Black, in a long and chatty letter, that she was rather worried about Henrietta's friendship with a boy she knew nothing about. She gave Miss Black his name and address and asked if she knew him, or anything concerning him.

Miss Black's reply was rather long in coming—but it was distinctly satisfying. "I know the Smiths well," she wrote. "They are a very nice family. Harry is the eldest. He is also the nicest. He is nothing much to look at, and to those who don't know him he is painfully shy. But he is hardworking and a great plodder.

Mother felt relieved. "There may be nothing in it," she said to herself, "but in case there is it's so nice to know he's so suitable."

For there was no doubt about it—Mother was clear-sighted even with her own children—Harry Smith was eminently suitable for Henrietta.

"Thank goodness," thought Mother, "he still has his way to make. That will mean a long engagement."

But Henrietta's next letter did away with that hope altogether.

"Dearest, dearest Mother," she wrote, "Harry wants me to be engaged to him. I said I would but I would write to you first. May I? If you say 'yes' he's going to come to ask you. I'll tell you all about him when I come home.

Your loving daughter
Henrietta."

"Well!" ejaculated Mother limply. "My stars!" murmured Jane. "I suppose it's Harry Smith."

"What a dreadful name!" remarked Alison despondently.

"What are you going to say?" "I must see him first," said Mother looking dignified. She felt rather shaky. She wished she had wings that she could stretch them out and enclose her children safely. She went with slow footsteps to her diary and turned to Henrietta's portion.

Henrietta came home smiling shyly and looking very happy.

"Well, my dear," said Mother, "what a lot has happened in your holiday."

"Yes," said Henrietta, her kind eyes shining. "He's—I'll tell you all about him—" she paused looking at her interested and listening sisters, "He's—he's—"

"There's no need for you to tell us about him," said Mother sensing her embarrassment. "I had a letter from Miss Black and she knows him quite well."

"You never told us, Mother," said Nerissa rather indignantly, "Who is he? What's he like?"

Henrietta blushed. "Leave her alone," said Mother. "She wants a cup of tea."

"Yes, I'm dying for some tea," said Henrietta looking obviously relieved. When Jane went away to put the kettle on, Nerissa went upstairs to finish her letter to Jerome. Alison looked for her book feeling she wasn't wanted, just at that moment, and Henrietta whispered to her Mother "Don't let the girls rag me."

"Certainly not, dear," said Mother tenderly and flushed a little, "you're quite decided then?"

"Oh yes, he's so good—and—and kind."

"Have you met his people?"

He wants me to meet them all as soon as everything's all right with you."

"If you love him, child, he's likely to make you happy. Everything of course is all right with me."

"Can he come on Sunday then?" "By all means."

Mother couldn't sleep for a long time that night. She wanted a quiet ordinary man for Henrietta but she didn't want a ridiculous one. Miss Black as old age approached, might have developed peculiar ideas about young men. What did she mean exactly by painfully shy and by nothing much to look at?

In the morning Mother felt better. After all goodness and kindness were not negligible things and Henrietta was more fitted for tender affection than for violent passion. Dear Henrietta. Perhaps everything was for the best. For she would stand little chance of a proposal while her picturesque little sisters were about.

Mother took them aside when she knew that Henrietta was unpacking. "I want you to be very nice on Sunday night," she said, "Harry Smith is very shy and Henrietta is sensitive about it."

On Sunday when the bell rang Henrietta went to the door. She came into the drawing room, blushing and shy and said lamely, "Here he is!"

Harry Smith laughed. He had a rich, eager ringing laugh and it woke the Bradleys from the temporary stupefaction into which they had fallen.

For Harry Smith was tall, lean, square-jawed and smiling and in his gestures there was that curious mixture of imperiousness and sweetness that women love.

"Septima Black must be mad," said Mother to herself.

She went forward to meet him and he said something amusing and delightful. Mother didn't hear what it was, she was too dazed, but the girls all laughed.

The evening passed like a dream. There was no need for the girls to make small talk. Harry Smith was interesting and vivid in speech and he kept them all enthralled by his adventurous conversation.

As soon as he went the girls surrounded Henrietta.

"What does it all mean? Why didn't you tell us?"

"Tell you, what?"

"That he's—that he's—well, that he's what he is."

"What is the matter with Septima," asked Mother weakly. "She told me he was insignificant and painfully shy."

"She can't know him," said Jane.

"She said she did. She said he goes to the same church and—"

"But he never went to church at Seaholme," said Henrietta. "He's never been there before."

"Before what?"

"This holiday."

"Holiday? Doesn't he live at Seaholme?"

"Oh no, they only took the house for two months."

"What is the name of the people they took it from?" [Turn to page 53]

DON'T LET YOUR FEET BETRAY YOUR AGE !



*Step into foot health...
and freedom in beautiful
Arch Preserver Shoes!*

WHAT good does it do you to have a young face and youthful clothes and a young mind if your feet hurt so that you have to hobble around like an old woman?

Don't condemn yourself to clumsy "common sense" shoes for the rest of your life. They spoil your appearance, and how can they help you when they have the same unscientific *sagging-arch* construction that caused your trouble in the first place?

Just slip your feet into a pair of Paris-inspired Arch Preserver Shoes. Notice how they flatter your feet — how they caress the high smooth curve of your arch and instep — how they give the final touch of chic to your smartest costumes.

These shoes are so good-looking that you would be glad to wear them for their style alone. But at once you realize a support, a buoyancy, that your feet never have known. For Arch Preserver Shoes are different in every important detail of construction from any shoes you ever have worn!

The Arch Preserver Shoe prevents strain on your foot arches

by a concealed built-in steel arch bridge of patented size and shape, that supports the long

arch of the foot; and a specially modeled sole that supports the metatarsal arch. A flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching or derangement of sensitive foot nerves, muscles and blood-vessels, thereby eliminating one of the greatest causes of foot aches, leg pains, nervous fatigue and lassitude. And heel-to-ball measurements insure an absolutely exact fit.

Yet your feet are as free in Arch Preserver Shoes as if they were unclad. For Arch Preserver Shoes bend with the foot at the ball, the only place the foot bends!

These foot comforts are exclusive to Arch Preserver Shoes. Their basic principles are fully protected by patents. Don't buy any more footwear until you have tried on Arch Preserver Shoes. Immediately you will understand how they can restore your foot youth, yet permit you to wear the smartest styles.

The girls and misses in your family may also have Arch Preserver Shoes and prevent the many foot troubles which start in childhood.

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The Selby
Shoe Co.



The Reva

The Rosita

Every woman
should read
this booklet



"A New World of Foot Youth." — It points the way to foot happiness in smart shoes—how to get it back if lost; how to retain it if your feet are still free from aches and fatigue. Send coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Co., 710 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

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THE
**ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE**

Supports where support is needed — bends where the foot bends



Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. It is your guarantee. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. Made for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

If your dealer does not show the styles illustrated, he has others equally as attractive.



Photographs by G. W. Haring

A savory meat pie never goes begging. Remember Dicken's veal-and-ham masterpieces?

WHAT YOU CAN DO *with* LEFT-OVERS

Skill, plus a little ingenuity, transforms the fragments that remain from Yesterday's roast into a delectable dish for Today's dinner

OFTEN homemakers ask me, "Why do the reliable cook books pay so little attention to the preparation of left-over foods?"

Perhaps it is because the problem of using up left-overs is an individual one varying with each family. Or possibly because it is difficult to give recipes which will use just the amount of beef or lamb or potato you happen to have left. But whatever the answer is, I agree that it is a problem to be confronted each morning, when you go to the refrigerator, with an array of foods much too good to throw away yet not tempting enough, or in sufficient quantity to serve "as is."

Since exact recipes for the use of left-overs are impossible, we must fall back on general rules which can be followed no matter how much food is left. If you have only half as much beef, for instance, as that given here in the rules for "Croquettes" use only half of the other ingredients. Or sometimes you can substitute something else to make up the full amount. For example, if you have just a few scraps of chicken left on the carcass—not enough to slice or cream on toast—pick them off, buy a little piece of veal to go with them and put both chicken and veal through the food chopper. Season the mixture well, moisten with left-over chicken gravy and, behold! you have chicken croquettes, as delicious as anyone could wish, for only a few cents and a very little time. Or when you have beefsteak left, instead of grinding it to make hamburger steak or meat balls of which the family is apt to tire easily, buy an additional piece of fresh beef off the round, cook it partly and, with the end of steak, make a juicy beefsteak pie with a rich pastry or baking powder biscuit crust.

Next to the proper seasoning and flavoring of made-over dishes, garnishing and the manner of serving are important. You are fortunate if you have a variety of casseroles and baking-dishes at your disposal, because a great many made-over dishes lend themselves to this kind of cookery. If you have individual ones so much the better, both because they are easy to handle and because they are attractive to serve. Whatever you do, be sure to brown the contents in the oven, or under the broiler flame to a warm golden shade and before serving garnish with a bit of parsley or a strip of pimiento for color.

To answer the almost daily question of "What shall I do with this or that?"—I am listing here some of the meats you are likely to find in your refrigerator, and am giving you a few answers in each list.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER BEEF

Beef-and-Mushroom Croquettes: (May use roast beef,

Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory Kitchen

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE

beefsteak, round steak, pot roast or stew meat.) To $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups beef which has been put through the food chopper add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sautéed mushrooms; also $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs and enough thick sauce, made from beef or mushroom stock, to make a soft mixture but one that can be handled when cool. Season to taste, cool and shape into croquettes. Fry in deep, hot fat.

Beefsteak Pie: (May use meat from end or sirloin of steak. For additional meat buy from round or rump.) Cut cooked meat into 1 inch pieces. To 3 cups meat, allow 1 cup cooked carrots, diced, 2 cups boiled potatoes, cut in pieces and 6 small onions, parboiled. Make a stock from meat bones or use water in which vegetables were cooked. Add meat and vegetables, season to taste and thicken to medium consistency. Turn into a baking-dish and cover with a rather rich pastry rolled to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness. Bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly heated and crust well browned (about 30 to 40 minutes).

Beef Hash: (May use roast beef, beefsteak or corned beef.) Put meat through food chopper or chop it fine in a wooden bowl. Add an equal quantity cold boiled potatoes, chopped. Season with salt, pepper and a little Worcestershire sauce. Moisten with milk or milk and water. Turn into a hot frying-pan in which a little butter has been melted. Mix well, spread out evenly in pan and allow to brown. To serve, fold over like an omelet and garnish with parsley.

Mexican Beef: Slice left-over roast beef or beefsteak very thin. Make a sauce by cooking onion, thinly sliced, in 2 tablespoons butter until brown. Add 1 chopped green pepper and cook 5 minutes longer. Add 2 cups stewed or canned tomatoes, a few drops of Worcestershire and simmer for 10 minutes. Reheat beef in sauce, and season to taste.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER LAMB

Lamb Croquettes en Surprise: To 2 cups ground-up lamb add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and enough thick white sauce to make of consistency to handle. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Shape in small nests, fill hollow with creamed peas and cover nest with meat mixture to form croquette. Roll in egg and crumbs

and fry in deep fat.
Curried Lamb With Rice: (Use roast leg, loin or shoulder). Slice lamb from bone. Make a stock

by cooking lamb bones with salt, pepper, slice of onion and a carrot for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Strain and to 1 cup stock add 2 tablespoons flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon curry powder mixed to a smooth paste in a little cold water. Cook until thickened and season to taste. Reheat lamb in this sauce and serve with a border of boiled rice.

Shepherd's Pie: Cut cold lamb into small pieces and add to left-over gravy. If there is no gravy, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water to each cup cut-up meat, simmer for 15 minutes, season to taste and thicken slightly. Into the bottom of a greased casserole put a layer of hot mashed potato, then put in the lamb and cover with more mashed potato. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until potato is brown. (Individual ramekins or custard cups may be used if preferred.)

Barbecued Lamb: (May use roast leg, loin or shoulder.) Slice lamb thin and reheat in sauce made as follows: Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar. Cook until slightly thickened. Season with salt and paprika and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currant jelly beaten until smooth.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER CHICKEN OR TURKEY

Souffle: To $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely chopped chicken or turkey add 1 cup very thick white sauce (made in the proportion of 4 tablespoons flour to 1 cup milk) to which has been added 3 well-beaten egg yolks. Season to taste with salt, pepper, paprika and a little minced parsley and allow mixture to cool. Fold in stiffly beaten white of 3 eggs and pour into a buttered casserole or baking-dish. Place dish in a shallow pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for about one hour. Serve at once. (Other left-over meat such as lamb, beef or veal may be used. Previously cooked fish also makes a delicious souffle).

Savory Chicken: To 2 cups chicken, chopped with liver and giblets, add 1 cup gravy, chicken stock, or canned chicken broth. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled rice and 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper. Season to taste, and cook slowly for 10 or 15 minutes. Thicken if necessary and serve with crisp hot toast points. Garnish with parsley.

Chicken Loaf: (May use chicken or turkey or part veal.) Chop fine the chicken (or veal) or put it through a food chopper. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs and one well-beaten egg to each 2 cups ground meat, season with salt, pepper, a very little onion. Mix well and put into a greased bread pan or square baking dish. Brush top with egg and dot with bits of butter. Place in shallow pan of hot water. [Turn to page 61]

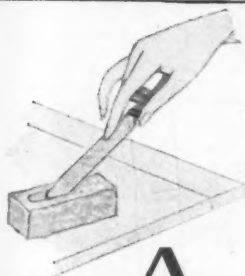


Russian Rice Croquettes

Add 1 cup rice to 1 cup boiling water and 2 teaspoons salt. Steam until rice has absorbed water. Add 1 cup milk and continue steaming until rice is soft. Remove from stove, add 2 egg yolks well beaten and 1 tablespoon melted butter. When cool, shape into balls, squares and other forms, making a small nest in the top of each. Dip in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat (370° F.) until brown. Drain on brown paper. Fill each nest with currant jelly, orange marmalade or other sweet.

(NOTE: Macaroni, spaghetti, corn meal, farina and similar foods may be cooked the same way.)

Square and oblong croquettes are easily shaped with spatula or knife. Round ones are best made with spoon or hands.



A special method of cooking that makes everyday foods so good

A tempting way to serve old favorites

How pleasant it is to serve them in some new way—these everyday foods you use so often! To surprise your family with extra goodness in rice, macaroni, spaghetti, corn meal, and other foods like these, so popular in American homes. Many women are discovering how good they can be when cooked in deep fat, provided the fat has been chosen carefully and is just right to make them crisp and enticing.

For years, many good cooks noted for their delicate and appetizing dishes have relied on one certain fat in all their frying and their baking—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat,

"Silverleaf" invariably adds just that tempting goodness everybody craves.

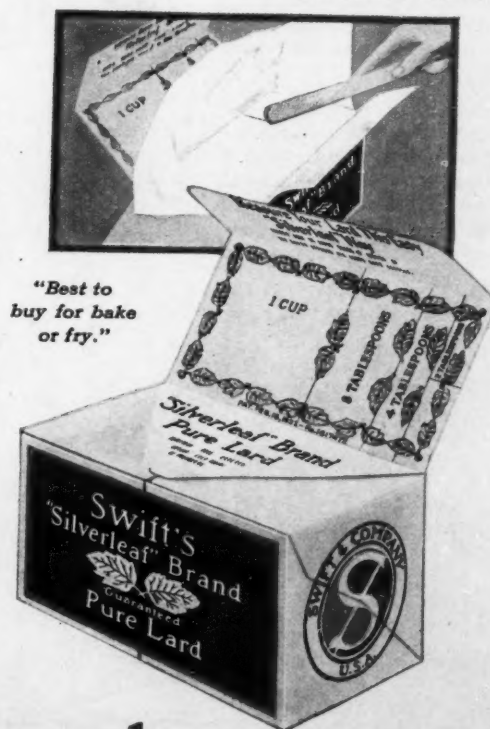
Because it is pure, "Silverleaf" heats with unusual evenness and fries thoroughly to the very center underneath a crust of golden brown. And in baking, because of its remarkable creamy smoothness—just the right consistency to mix well with other ingredients—"Silverleaf" gives special lightness and tenderness.

Housewives also prefer "Silverleaf" because of its exclusive self-measuring carton—no need to pack measuring cup or spoon. It saves time and trouble!

To make certain of special delicacy in all your frying and all your baking, always ask for "Silverleaf" by name. In the one and two pound self-measuring carton. Also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Score the print as indicated on "Silverleaf's" carton and cut the exact amount needed.



"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard



North

"You can wash any of these woolen stockings well if you use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. They are pure. I know this from my own experience and also from what customers say."

—NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE



Winter sports at Wisconsin University

IN THE NORTH, FINE WOOLENS
—AND IN THE SMARTEST SHOPS

"You'll have no trouble w

While Northern shops are selling bright-hued woolen stockings, soft homespun scarfs and fuzzy caps and gloves for winter sports, the Southern shops display the cheerful silks of summer . . .

But though temperatures may be 60 degrees apart, North and South agree: colors must be gay and fabrics must be fine—and both fabrics and colors need one special kind of care.

When salespeople in the nicest stores everywhere both North and South were asked about washing these charming things, they said: "Of course, you can wash them beautifully—if you use *Ivory*."

They quoted tests made in their own shops, experiences of customers, advice from the manu-

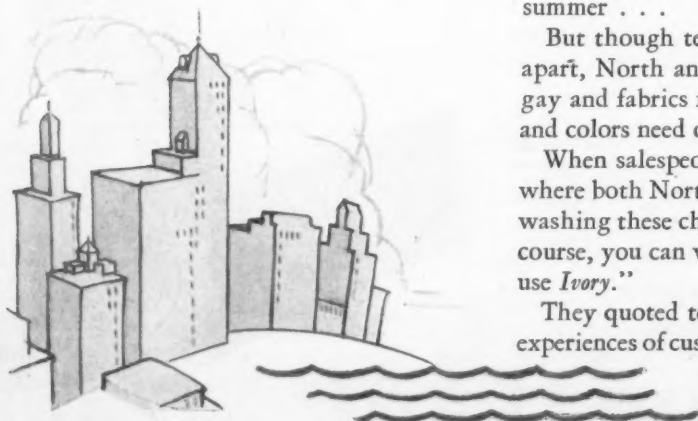
facturers—with one conclusion: "Ivory is the best and safest soap to use . . ."

In one of New York's finest department stores, where they were showing imported woolen hose in exciting geometric patterns the saleswoman said:

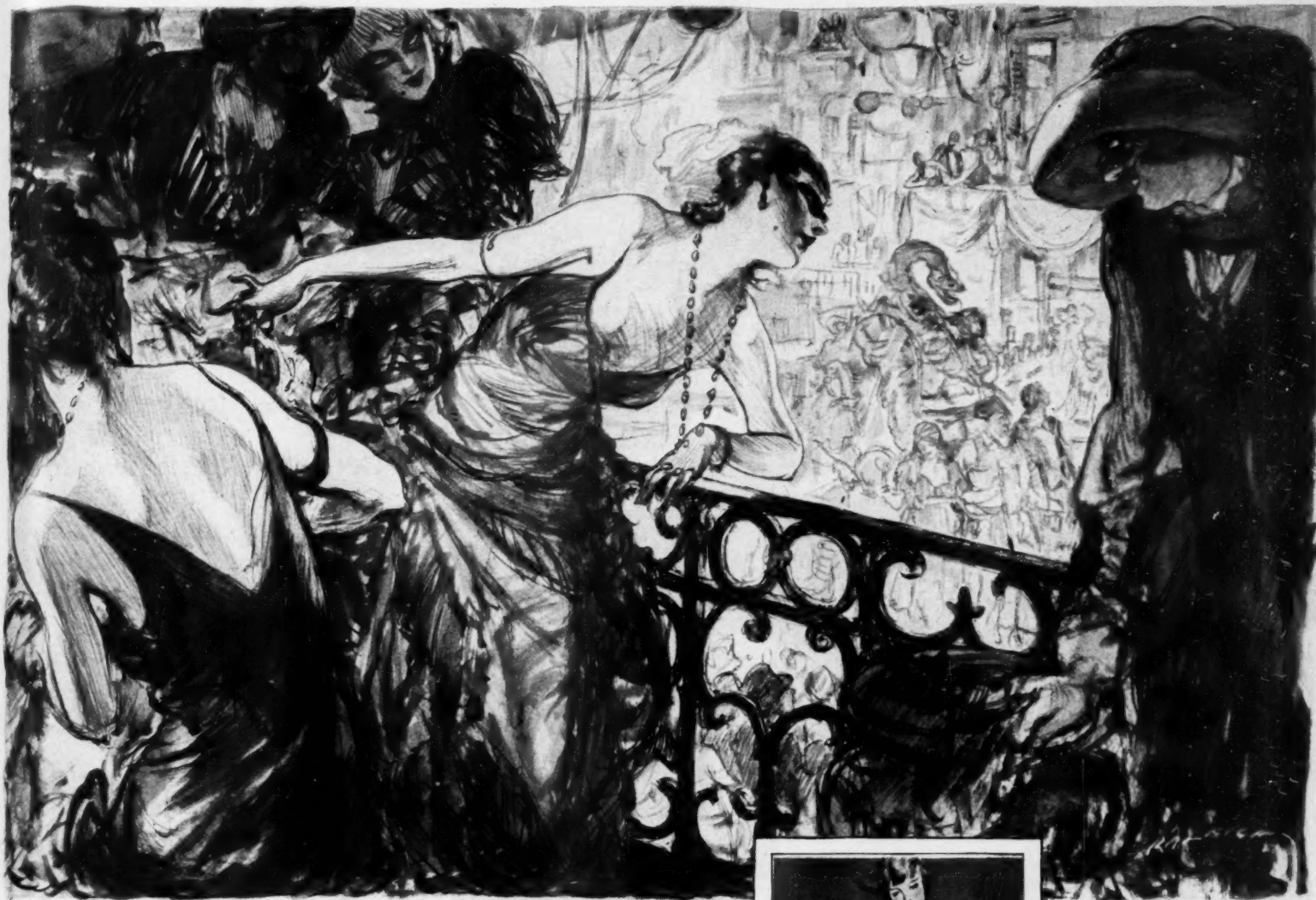
"You can wash any of these stockings well if you wash them carefully and use the right soap. Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes is best. Ivory is pure. I know this from my own experience and from what certain of our customers have told us."

"I myself washed one pair of very nice stockings with another good soap, and though I left them in the water only a short time they had become very badly streaked. Another pair of

the same Soap a with th And "It de whethe keep th sell us And They're shaving bound t Wash should handled in the s



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE-IVORY IS KIND TO



Mardi Gras Festivities at New Orleans

IN THE SOUTH, GAY SILKS . . .
EVERYWHERE SALESPEOPLE SAY:

washing these, if . . ."

the same kind of stockings I washed with Ivory Soap and I never had the least bit of trouble with them."

And in a silk shop in Richmond, Virginia: "It depends on the way silks are washed whether they run and fade—or whether they keep their colors. All the manufacturers who sell us silks recommend Ivory Soap."

And in Washington: "Use Ivory Flakes. They're much the best. They're simply fine shavings of Ivory Soap, so you know they are bound to be purer and safer. . . ."

Washing methods are important—"water should always be lukewarm, silks should be handled quickly, woollens washed and rinsed in the same temperature. But first of all, the

soap should be Ivory." This was the advice from shops everywhere. "Ivory is pure. You use it on your face, so you know it is extra-safe for fine things," said the salespeople.

Of course, millions of women have discovered this for themselves. They guard the beauty and bloom of their complexions with Ivory and they use Ivory to protect their treasures of silk and wool and rayon and chiffon—because—whatever is safe in pure water alone is safe in Ivory.

Free—A little book, *Thisledown Treasures—their selection and care*, answers such questions as: Can it be washed? Will it shrink? Will it fade? How can I whiten yellowed silk and wool? How can I cleanse sweaters, georgettes, etc.? It is yours free if you will send a post card to Dept. 14-AF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



South

"For fine silks, use Ivory by all means. Ivory is so pure and safe that department heads in this shop have always impressed upon the salespeople that it should be recommended above any other soap for washing silks."—NEW ORLEANS SHOP

In the Southern cities of Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Dallas, Memphis, New Orleans, salespeople all say: "Ivory is safe." In fact, by far the greatest number advise Ivory exclusively for all kinds of fine silks.



TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES



WHEN YOU SHORTEN IT WITH SNOWDRIFT

You mix cake more quickly when you shorten it with Snowdrift.

Snowdrift spoons out easily because it's *creamy*. It's easy to measure because it's *creamy*. It's ready to mix because it's *creamy*. No need to cream it . . . just add the sugar.

Notice how quickly Snowdrift and sugar blend. A few quick stirs of the spoon and you have that smooth, creamy mixture that is the foundation for delicious cakes. And Snowdrift cakes *are* delicious.

You'll like Snowdrift as soon as you open the can. It's so fresh and sweet and dainty. And it's very, very good-to-eat.

Like butter fresh from the churn, Snowdrift comes to you unsalted. So if your recipe doesn't call for it add a pinch of salt when you make your favorite cake with Snowdrift.

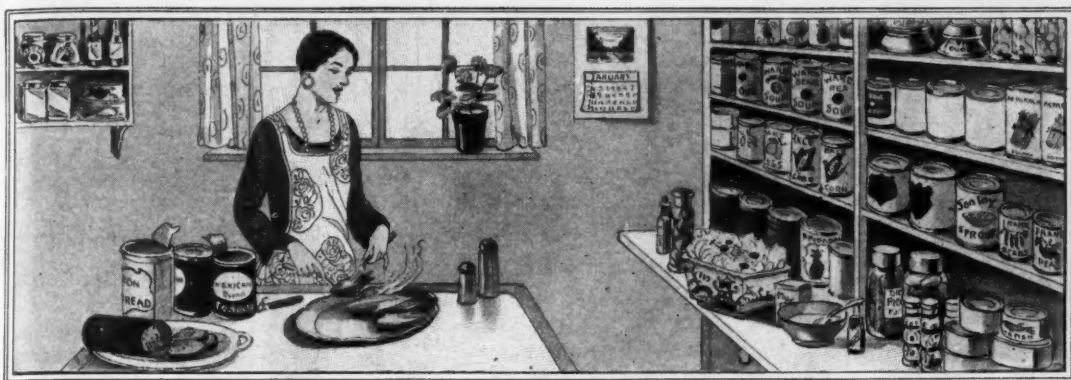
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In the well stocked kitchen are cans of varying sizes and degrees

MEET the VEGETABLE CAN!

Sizes in cans!
Buy them to measure and save
not only left-overs, but
pennies too

By RUETTA DAY BLINKS, Assistant Professor, Foods and Nutrition Department, Iowa State College, AND THIRZA HULL

IT is a simple process to step to the phone and order your canned vegetables from your grocer. Simple, if you know what to ask for and how to ask for it. But most housewives say, "Send me a can of corn," without any further designation as to kind or variety.

I have a friend who orders according to her grocer's language. She has learned through experience that there are certain points to observe when she buys vegetables. She calls it her buying A B C's. "A" is the size of the can and what it holds in ounces and cups. "B" is what the label means. If you know how to read it, it will tell you everything you want to know about the contents of the can. "C" is the system by which canned vegetables are graded. It sounds simple, and it will be even simpler with a little explanation:

The letter "A" is interpreted in this table for you.

	Ounces	Cups	Serves
No. 1	11	1 1/3	3
No. 2	20	2 1/2	5
No. 2 1/2	28	3 1/2	7
No. 3	33	4	8
No. 5	3 lbs. 8 oz.	7	14
No. 10	6 lbs. 10 oz.	13	26

The No. 2 can is the one most commonly used for vegetables. A few years ago it was just right for serving the average family, but lately we find the No. 1 can appearing on the market to take its place. Spinach, beans, peas, corn and tomatoes come in these "apartment house" size cans. No. 3 is giving way to No. 2 1/2. No. 5 is less often seen than any of the other sizes and No. 10 is gaining in popularity with the increase in institutional and tea-room work.

According to law, a label must state the name of the product, net weight, measure or count of the contents, name of the manufacturer and the place of manufacture. Also there is usually the brand name and design of the firm that is putting it on the market. This is to establish trade names or brands that the purchaser will readily identify and be a guarantee of quality grades.

Once the woman has learned that goods of a certain brand are of a quality she

likes it is well to continue buying that brand. If she knows the brand that she wants and the size can that she wants she has made long strides toward better buying.

The labels should say some place on them that the contents are either Fancy, Extra Standard or Choice, and Standard. This is the grading the canner follows but he does not put it on his cans so the housewife must judge quality for herself.

HOW CANNED VEGETABLES ARE GRADED

Fancy

Quality—Only prime material of uniform quality

Color—Must be uniform and good

Form—Uniform and very tender

Size—Uniform

Liquor—Clear or only slightly turbid

Extra Standard or Choice

Quality—Must be from sound material of good stock

Color—Must be practically free from under-colored parts

Liquor—May be somewhat turbid

Standard

Quality—May be field run of good stock

Color—May be slight discoloration

Form—There may be some breaking due to processing

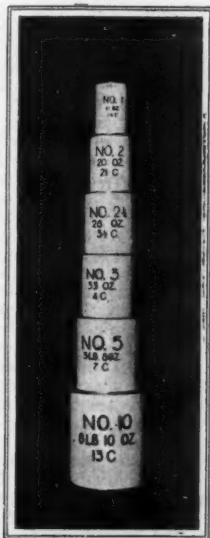
Size—Need not be uniform

Liquor—May be somewhat turbid

If the housewife can visualize the difference in these grades she can doubtless also visualize the fact that there must be a difference in price. The argument against using commercially canned vegetables in place of home canned vegetables is that the commercially canned is much more expensive. This statement becomes a fallacy when a housewife suits quality to use, and buys intelligently. Soups, stews, fritters are just as good when made from the less expensive grades.

Some of our vegetables are very delicate and perishable and must be packed with care. Such a vegetable is asparagus. It is graded by hand into eleven grades according to size and packed in three styles as stalks, tips, and soupcuts. For a delectable, palate-appealing salad, buy white asparagus tips. They are so tender that they almost break when you remove them from the can. The stalks and soupcuts are suitable for creamed dishes and soups.

Corn, peas and tomatoes are canned in the greatest quantities. The fact that peas come in six sizes offers many opportunities for the grocer and the housewife to misunderstand each other. Peas are graded according to size. No. 1 is the smallest and passes through a screen of eighteen sixty-fourths of an inch. The screens range in size up to No. 6, which is twenty-eight sixty-fourths of an inch. These correspond to the old designations—petits pois, extra sifted, sifted, early June, marrowfat, and telephone. These names are still commonly seen on the labels but [Turn to page 68]



Cans, like shoes, are numbered to size



How to beat a Cold

NO matter what soothing measures you employ to ease a cold, there is always one simple basic thing to do—clear the system of the poisons of congestion by taking one or two heaping teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water.

Don't stay "stuffed up." At the first sneeze take Sal Hepatica which clears out intestinal wastes and poisons promptly—usually within half an hour—and so prevents a cold from getting a start—from dragging on for days and days!

You may take Sal Hepatica at any time but for the most prompt action it should be taken half an hour before any meal, preferably before breakfast. Its use helps to keep the body in perfect condition to battle the germs of not only colds and grippe, but many more of the minor ills of life.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, effervescent, pleasant to take and gentle in its action. By releasing the natural secretion of water in the intestines, Sal Hepatica washes away the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica has the same health-giving salines for which the waters of the European Spas have long been noted and, like them, Sal Hepatica is effective in the treatment of stomach derangements, headaches, rheumatism, auto-intoxication and in many other troubles arising from faulty elimination.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, bubbling drink. It has been the largest selling saline preparation for over thirty years.

Keep well this winter—take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

Send for our booklet that tells you more fully how to avoid colds and other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
 Dept. F18, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



Midwinter meals are real spring treats— with Asparagus



Asparagus with Melted Butter

Variety—delicacy—freshness! Aren't these the things you are seeking, to give zest to your January meals?

You get them all in California Canned Asparagus. Serve it in soups, in salads, in main course dishes or simply with melted butter—it always supplies the touch of spring that makes the whole meal more refreshing and appetizing.

And you will welcome its convenience and economy. California Canned Asparagus is ready to serve—no advance preparation is necessary. There's no trimming, no waste, and its cost is surprisingly moderate—less now than for many years.

Take advantage of this wonderful food—give it a regular place in your menus. Its matchless flavor, and its healthful variety will give springtime freshness to your midwinter meals.

CALIFORNIA CANNED *Asparagus*



Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 529
431 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book
"Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Canned sea foods are safe, and contain varying amounts of iodine

Are canned foods safe? *From America's greatest Health* *Authorities comes the statement:* **YOU CAN SAFELY EAT CANNED FOODS**

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS *School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN

MANY faddists who have no scientific training yet wield some of the language of science, air their views in the public print. One class of these writers draws the line at canned foodstuffs. Yet, although many millions of cans of foods are eaten annually very few cases of illness are due to canned foods. It is obviously unfair to place a ban on canned foods when no ill effects are perceptible by those who eat them.

In some homes it is customary to cook vegetables for hours. In considering which are safer—home-cooked foods or canned foods—we should weigh carefully this overcooking of vegetables. We should consider also the extent to which we rely on canned foods for certain food principles. We have scientific evidence that overcooking may cause loss of valuable qualities in certain foods. Both vitamin A and vitamin C, the vitamin which prevents scurvy, may be destroyed when vegetables are cooked too long.

The fact that a certain vitamin may be lost from a food does not, however, mean that we should bar that food from our diet. Today we do not disparage any particular food-stuff because it is deficient in one or more food principles; we point out, instead, the combinations in which different foods should be used so that what is lacking or deficient in one is provided by another. Also, we consider carefully any treatment which affects the nutritive value of other prominent articles in the diet. For instance, the milling of cereals in the preparation of flour and meal alters the quality of bread, one of our principal foodstuffs, and so compels us to obtain from other foods in our diet the qualities which wheat flour lacks.

The canner of commercial goods has not yet concerned himself with preserving the vitamins in food. Recent research shows that keeping fresh fruits or vegetables—quickly prepared for packing in cans—immersed in salted water for a few hours before they are heated will cause the oxygen which is dissolved in all plant juices to disappear. After this is accomplished, the heat treatment necessary in processing does not destroy even vitamin C, the most easily damaged of all the vitamins. So far as we are aware, however, this principle has not been widely

utilized. The process has been used only experimentally. It is valuable knowledge and may later be applied commercially to certain fruits and vegetables. When it is applied, canned goods will not lose even vitamin C.

It is a great blessing for us to be able to eat at any season of the year food products which have been grown in almost any part of the world. The size of the canning industry is a safeguard to the consumer and guarantees the wholesomeness of what she buys. Anyone who criticizes canned foods on the theory that they have been robbed of some of their vitamins should remember that these products may, and doubtless often do, provide one substance of unique significance to dwellers in certain parts of the country. This substance is iodine. This is especially true of canned fish, oysters and other marine products. Health officials and the entire medical profession agree that lack of iodine is the cause of simple goitre. It is still a debatable question as to the best way in which to provide this element in those areas of the United States where there is a marked deficiency of it in the soil and water and hence in the plant and animal products derived from such soils. But there is no doubt that, insofar as iodine can be obtained as a constituent of foods, it is better to depend on it in that form than as medicine. We should have every day a little of the foods that contain very small amounts of iodine. The tendency is to take too large amounts of it when it is obtained in other ways; for instance, many people use iodized salts too freely.

Canned sea foods are safe as compared with the several so-called fresh animal products which we are accustomed to purchase in the market, especially "made-up" products, such as fresh sausage. Under modern inspection, as supervised by agents of city health departments, these made-up foods are cleaner and safer than they have ever been before in the history of the race; but the point we desire to stress is that we regard canned sea foods as exceptionally free from dangerous contamination. This applies not only to fish but to oysters, crabs and lobsters as well.

Rarely is anyone made ill by these canned marine foods.

We are often asked about the value of canned milks in comparison with fresh milk. Canned milks are of two kinds, evaporated and condensed. The latter contains more than forty percent of sugar, added largely as a preservative. Both kinds are safe foods for adults. Canned, powdered and dried milks are especially valuable for supplying milk in places far from points of production. Large numbers of people in mining camps, lumber camps and other remote places could hardly have a satisfactory milk supply if it were not for these products. For household use, many women like to keep on hand a few cans of evaporated or condensed milk or milk powder. For most purposes in which milk is used in cookery, these milks serve well.

Most pediatricians assert that canned milk should not be relied on exclusively in feeding infants but that they should be used only as the physician directs. A few child-specialists demand certified raw milk; most accept the view that grade A milk pasteurized is satisfactory. We take the stand that infants are safeguarded by being fed fresh, pasteurized milk, properly modified and supplemented with fruit juice and cod-liver oil.

Last year a bulletin was issued by the United States Department of Agriculture describing the medicine chest of "Mrs. Never Well" and that of "Mrs. Ever Well." On the shelves of the former were "iron tonics and blood purifiers," "headache cures," "cathartics," "anti-cids," "anti-fats," and "cough cures." Opposite these was a contrasting set of shelves showing the "cures" of Mrs. Ever Well. These consisted of fruits, vegetables, whole cereals which were especially valuable in place of drugs and medicines. Opposite "iron tonics and blood purifiers" there were spinach, Swiss chard, raisins and prunes. Among the laxative foods were bran, figs, oatmeal, spinach, apples, rhubarb, prunes, tomatoes and apricots. Milk, celery, carrots, turnips, beets and string beans were labelled anti-acid foods.

In considering the above list of foods which can take the place of medicines within limits, there is not one which could not be used in the canned state and be properly labelled as it was.

"Listerine, madam, -quickly"

Even children know that at the first sign of throat irritation, the use of Listerine as a gargle will often ward off colds—or worse.

Sore throat is a natural warning that should always be heeded. It is Nature's way of telling you that disease germs are fighting for the upper hand, and that prompt measures are necessary.

Listerine, as you know, has been the standard family first aid in these matters for more than a half century.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria that lodge in the oral cavity. Time and time again, it has nipped a serious complication in the bud.

Honestly, now, isn't it worth while to

take this pleasant morning-and-night precaution every day during the cold weather, when so many people are laid up? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat



**In the THROAT
and nose more than
50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.
Watch your throat!

ITS NAME ALONE
The name Listerine
Tooth Paste is a guaran-
tee that it is the best paste
that scientific knowl-
edge could achieve.
Large tube—25c

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



He must have time to pull his universe apart

A GOOD CHILD JUST A LITTLE SPOILED

How? and by whom? "Most often by Mother who loves him too much to let him alone," says Dr. Watson, continuing here his arresting series on the new psychology of child training

ONCE at the close of a lecture before parents, a dear old lady got up and said, "Thank God, that my children are grown—and that I had a chance to enjoy them before I met you."

Doesn't she express here the weakness in our modern way of bringing up children? We have children to enjoy them. We need to express our love in some way. The honeymoon period doesn't last forever with all husbands and wives and we eke it out in a way we think is harmless by loving our children to death. Isn't this especially true of mothers today? No matter how much she may love her husband, he is away all day; her heart is full of love which she must express in some way. She expresses it by showering love and kisses upon her children—and thinks the world should laud her for it. *And it does.*

Not long ago I went riding with two boys, aged four and two, their mother, grandmother and nurse. In the course of the two-hour ride, one of the children was kissed thirty-two times—four by his mother, eight by the nurse and twenty times by the grandmother. The other child was almost equally smothered in love.

But there are not many mothers like that, you say—mothers are getting modern, they do not kiss and fondle their children nearly so much as they used to. Unfortunately this is not true. I once let slip in a lecture some of my ideas on the dangers lurking in the mother's kiss. Immediately, thousands of newspapers wrote scathing editorials on "Don't kiss the baby." Hundreds of letters poured in. Judging from them, kissing the baby to death is just about as popular a sport as it ever was, except for a very small part of our population.

Is it just the hard heartedness of the behaviorist—his lack of sentiment—that makes him object to kissing? Not at all. There are serious rocks ahead for the overly kissed

ILLUSTRATED BY
LOUISE RUMELY

child. Before I name them I want to explain how love grows up.

In my first article, I pointed out that laboratory studies showed that we can bring out a love response in a newborn child by just one stimulus—by *stroking its skin*. This means that there is no "instinctive" love of the child for the parents, nor for any other person or object. It means that all affection, be it parental, child for parent or love between the sexes, is built up with such bricks and mortar. A great many parents who have much too much sentiment in their make-up, feel

that when the behaviorist announces this he is robbing them of all the sacredness and sweetness in the child-parent relationship. Parents feel that it is just natural that they should love their children in this tangible way and that they should be similarly loved by the child in return. Some of the most tortured moments come when parents have had to be away from their nine-months-old babies for a stretch of three weeks. When they part from it, the child gurgles, coos, holds out its arms and shows every evidence of deepest parental love. Three weeks later when they return the child turns to the attendant who has in the interim fondled and petted it and put the bottle to the sensitive lips. The infant child loves whoever strokes and feeds it.

It is true that parents have got away from rocking their children to sleep. You find the cradle with rockers on it now only in exhibits of early American furniture. You will

say that we have made progress in this respect at any rate. This is true. Dr. Holt's book on the care of the infant can take credit for this education. But it is doubtful if mothers would have given it up if home economics had not demanded it. Mothers found that if they started training the infant at birth, it would



Keep her busy doing things, instead of not doing things

BY JOHN B. WATSON

learn to go to sleep without rocking. This gave the mother more time for household duties, gossiping, bridge and shopping. Dr. Holt suggested it; the economic value of the system was easy to recognize.

But it doesn't take much time to pet and kiss the baby. You can do it when you pick him up from the crib after a nap, when you put him to bed, and especially after his bath. What more delectable to the mother than to kiss her chubby baby from head to foot

after the bath! And it takes so little time! To come back to the mechanics of love and affection. Loves grow up in children just like fears. *Loves* are home-made, built in. In other words loves are *conditioned*. You have everything at hand all day long for setting up conditioned love responses. The touch of the skin takes the place of the steel bar, the sight of the mother's face takes the place of the rabbit in the experiments with fear. The child sees the mother's face when she pets it. Soon, the mere sight of the mother's face calls out the

love response. The touch of the skin is no longer necessary to call it out. A conditioned love reaction has been formed. Even if she pats the child in the dark, the sound of her voice as she croons soon comes to call out a love response. This is the psychological explanation of the child's joyous reactions to the sound of the mother's voice. So with her footsteps, the sight of the mother's clothes, of her photograph. All too soon the child gets shot through with too many of these love reactions. In addition the child gets honeycombed with love responses for the nurse, for the father and for any other constant attendant who fondles it. Love reactions soon dominate the child. It requires no instance, no "intelligence," no "reasoning" on the child's part for such responses to grow up.

To understand the end results of too much coddling, let us examine some of our own adult behavior. Nearly all of us have suffered from over-coddling in our infancy. How does it show? It shows as *invalidism*. As adults we have too many aches and pains. I rarely ask anybody with whom I am constantly thrown how he feels or how he slept last night, that, almost invariably, if I am a person he doesn't have to keep up a front around, I get the answer, "Not very good." If I give him a chance, he expatiates along one of the following lines—"My digestion is poor; I have a constant headache; my muscles ache like fire; I am all tired out; I don't feel young any more; my liver is bad; I have a bad taste in my mouth"—and so on through the whole gamut of ills. Now these people have nothing wrong with them that the doctors can locate—and now with the wonderful technique physicians have developed, the doctor can usually find out if anything is wrong. The individual who was not taught in his youth by his mother to be dependent, is one who comes to adult life too busy with his work to note the tiny mishaps that occur in his bodily makeup. When we are deeply engaged in our work, we never note them. Can you imagine an aviator flying in a fog or making a landing in a difficult field wondering whether his luncheon is going to digest?

We note these ills when our routine of work no longer thrills us. We have been taught from [Turn to page 66]



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The RED GINGHAM FAIRY PLANS A HOLIDAY DINNER

Another Barbara Ann story

BY ERICK BERRY AND MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ERICK BERRY

IT was four o'clock. The house kept growing darker and darker. Long shadows began to creep out of the walls and corners and make dark stains on the rug. Barbara-Ann sat in a stiff-backed chair, so tall that the floor was too far away for her feet to touch. She had a bag of green peas on her lap, and she was very busily cracking the stiff green pods and dropping the slippery little balls into a cooking dish. And who do you suppose was sitting opposite her? You've guessed correctly. It was none other than the Red Gingham Fairy, herself.

Mumsie had been away for two days, Aunt Caroline was ill and Barbara-Ann and Daddy had been keeping what Daddy called Bachelor Hall—whatever that was. And now Mumsie was coming home. "I'll be home at six o'clock," she had said over the long distance telephone. Daddy got in about six, too, so Barbara-Ann thought, wouldn't it be gorgeous to surprise them with a dinner, all smoking hot on the table.

Barbara-Ann had never tried a Real Dinner, and as she thought about it, she wished that the Red Gingham Fairy were there, and no sooner had she wished it than her little friend, starch wings and all, appeared to help with a holiday meal.

When all of the green pods in the bag of peas had been shelled, the fairy started to tell Barbara-Ann what she thought they should have for dinner.

"With bouillon we will start our meal.
(That French name only means clear soup).
And that, too, from the can we'll steal,
To feed our little family group.

Lamb chops will please your Mumsie, since
They're light and easy to digest.
Though poorly done they make one wince,
Cooked properly, they're of the best.

And baked potatoes, flaky white
Inside, their skins done to a turn
Are easy enough for a cook
Like you to cook, who's much to learn.



"Let's start with bouillon," the fairy said

The green peas you've so nicely shelled
A tasty vegetable make.
(That middle word, you know is spelled
With four whole sounds, make no mistake).

We'll slice tomatoes. They are good
As salads merely as they are.
Now in the ice box, I think, stood
Some apple-sauce in that big jar.

So for dessert I guess we'll use
An apple-whip. It's easy, dear,
And I've known no one yet refuse
To eat it gladly. Have no fear.

First, the potatoes we must scrub.
Almost an hour they bake. Be quick.
I'll sit here on your wash tub,
Although it's harder than a brick.

Next time a cushion I will bring.
I hate to sit. To fly is fine.
But I am getting old. Next Spring

I'll be eight-hundred ninety-nine.

Slice the tomatoes and the bread.
The bouillon heat. Be quicker, please.
The place to sleep you know's in bed.
Now, now, I only meant to tease.

Your peas in boiling water drop,
Water to cover them's enough.
Cook about twenty minutes. Stop
Them cooking then, or they'll be tough.

I spy a broiler. We'll use that.
Wipe with a damp cloth every chop.
I'm glad to see they've not much fat.
Place in the broiler, flame on top.

Every ten seconds you must turn
Them till they're puffy and quite brown.
Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Don't burn
Your hand or I'll come tumbling down.

Dot them with bits of butter. So.
Then in the oven keep them warm.
We'll leave them there and then we'll know
Those frisky chops are safe from harm.

Now the dessert we'll quickly make.
In Winter apples are in season.
They're cheaper far than pies and cakes,
Which is a perfectly good reason.

Two whites of eggs, a spoon or two
Of powdered sugar with the sauce
You beat and beat with
much ado,
(Too little makes the
apples cross).

Ah me, how fluffy it does
look!
With lady fingers line the
bowl
You serve it in. Now, little
cook,
The dessert is ready, bless
my soul."

Of course, the fairy had stopped every once in a while to catch her breath which had a way of running away from her. This gave Barbara-Ann time to set the table, and do all sorts of little things, such as getting the butter balls ready and filling the glasses with pure cold water.

"Coffee?" the fairy suggested. Barbara-Ann of course didn't drink coffee. No good little ten-year-old does, but Mumsie and Daddy always had it after dinner. It would be wonderful if she could complete the dinner so that Mumsie wouldn't have to step into the kitchen at all.

The Red Gingham Fairy immediately broke into verse again:

Take this old-fashioned coffee pot,
Enamelled and so spotless clean.
You'll grind your coffee, will you not?
It's better ground from the fresh bean.

A tablespoon of coffee goes
Into the pot for each who drinks.
That is the stipulated dose...
Try less, and you invite the Jinx!

A cup of boiling water pour
For every spoon you've measured now,
Counting each person, as before,
So much, no less, you must allow.

Then bring it gently to a boil.
Remove it when the bubbles come,
One minute more and it will spoil
And for your pains you'll have black scum.

Now keep it warm, but let it set
Four minutes, then you add a dash
Of water, cold, you see, my pet,
That makes it settle in a flash."

Now that the last meal in the day was over, Barbara-Ann felt a little sorry. Perhaps she would never see the fairy again. For the Red Gingham Fairy, she knew, would not be interested in ordinary children's games. She looked like such a very busy work-a-day sort of person. "Won't you please stay to dinner?" Barbara-Ann asked. "do want Mother and Daddy to know you." The Red Gingham Fairy shook her head. "I'm afraid what you have to eat would scarcely do for me.

"I shall make me a meal of nectar and honey
That's prepared by the clover, the sweet pea and rose.
I shall drink of the dew beneath an old oak tree,
For pure sweetness the like of which no mortal knows.

I'll nibble a toad-stool and munch on a thistle,
While before me a host of gay fairies will dance,
The music supplied by a merry gnome's whistle
Or a bumble bee's beautiful buzzing, perchance.

So good-by, little playmate. We may meet again.
If you need me sometime just wish for me real hard.
I shall come though you call me from far away Spain
Or it may be you'll find me in some neighbor's yard."

As the fairy finished, the door bell rang, and the little girl heard the sound of a departing taxi as she scampered down the hall to open the door to Mumsie.

"Mumsie, Mumsie!" cried Barbara-Ann, flinging wide the door and reaching up for Mumsie's kiss, "I've got a holiday dinner all ready for you. Isn't that glorious!"
"Wonderful child!" laughed Mumsie, "And here's Daddy just behind me, all ready to enjoy it too."



The fluffy dessert was made in a jiffy

GOOD GRACIOUS, HENRIETTA

[Continued from page 40]

"Smith."
"Great Heavens. So that's how it is."
"Then who is your Harry Smith?" inquired Nerissa.

"You said you knew," grumbled Henrietta.

"Who is he?"

"He's—the aviator."

"Not—NOT—Sir Harry Smith?"

"Yes."

"GOOD GRACIOUS HENRIETTA!" ejaculated her sisters together.

"Henrietta," murmured Mother faintly. "I knew you'd rag me," said Henrietta disconsolately.

"Henrietta," murmured Mother again, more faintly than before.

"You'll be Lady Smith," laughed Alison delightedly.

"Oh, do shut up," grumbled Henrietta. "Why on earth didn't you tell us?"

asked Nerissa recovering from her surprise. "I'm only Henrietta so I knew you'd rag, besides Mother said you knew."

"Henrietta!" murmured Mother again. It was all she could say.

"Oh!" a low moan came from Jane. "What is it?"

"We gave him supper!"

"Well?" demanded Henrietta. "Instead of dinner! He'll think we're heathens."

"Oh don't be silly."

"Thank Heavens it's Sunday," said Nerissa fervently, "Lots of people do have supper on Sundays."

"He'll have to come again and we'll have dinner and dress."

"Oh, do shut up," said Henrietta despairingly. "He is awfully homely. He's just like us—"

Nerissa ignored her.

"When shall he come, Mother?"

"What about Wednesday?" said Mother anxiously.

When Wednesday came, the atmosphere in the Bradley household was one of intense excitement. Only Henrietta was calm and she surveyed her mother's preparations with a surprise that verged on disapproval.

"What's it all for?" she kept inquiring. "Why can't we all be natural?" Then she added disappointedly—she was too kind to be impatient or angry, "I knew it would be like this."

Millicent gave the drawing room and dining room a thorough cleaning but Mother dusted them all over again. At half past six Nerissa, Jane, and Alison sailed into the drawing room and arranged themselves in suitable attitudes. Mother's heart rose with pride as she looked at them.

Nerissa, in green, was like a naiad, slim, remote, and beautiful, and the pride of her cool dewy lips was matched by the fire of her passionate eyes.

Jane's hair was insolently drawn back to disclose, triumphantly, the perfection of her handsome features which needed neither curls nor partings to embellish them. She wore that light, vivid, difficult blue, which only a faultless complexion can master, and her strong young back was entirely straight.

Alison looked picturesque as usual though her cream frock was simply made and was without adornment.

"Beautiful, sweet things," thought Mother.

Just then Henrietta came into the room. She wore pink and looked very nice. That was all she looked—very nice.

A tiny pucker creased Mother's forehead. Henrietta, beside Helen who was so plain, would have looked quite pretty, but would Harry Smith admire her as much when he saw her amongst her lovely sisters? Mother doubted it and looked with disquietude at Henrietta's happy face.

With Miss Black's Harry Smith, looks would make little difference. But Sir Harry Smith the aviator was a very different being.

"How do you do, Lady Smith?" said Alison chuckling.

"I can't realize it," said Nerissa slowly. "There's the bell," Mother was agitated.

He entered the room eagerly but without hurry. His face was bouyant and his merry eyes danced. He suggested infinite vigor. Henrietta gave him a beautiful smile. The other girls regarded him closely and with wonder. Alison immediately dis-

carded Richard Coeur de Lion who was her secret hero, and put Sir Harry Smith in his place.

Dinner went off splendidly. After dinner they went back to the drawing room and Millicent looking thrilled and nervous brought in coffee.

Nerissa went to the piano. Jane sang. Alison crouched on a low stool near them, her great eyes dreamy. Henrietta sat firmly on her chair.

Harry Smith went over to Mother and sank in a chair beside her.

"Well?" he said smiling at her with his bright soft, compelling eyes. "Have we your consent?"

"I suppose," said Mother reluctantly, "that I shall have to relinquish her. But—" she added with a charming little gesture—"I'm sure she'll be safe in your hands."

Sir Harry grew suddenly grave and gazed across the room at Henrietta. She was looking at the piano and her profile faced them. It wasn't clean cut and symmetrical like Jane's; her attitude hadn't the indolent grace of Nerissa's; she hadn't the mysterious expression of Alison. She was just Henrietta, kindly and nice.

Sir Harry turned from her to the three other girls at the piano and studied them for a long moment. Mother began to feel nervous. He was comparing them already. And Henrietta looked so unconscious and so contented. Was he going to bring sorrow and dissention into her happy, guarded family?

Sir Harry interrupted her agitated thoughts. Her voice was slow and surprised, his eyes were glad and tender.

"What I can't get over is this," he said. "I haven't only the darling of the family but the beauty as well. Hasn't Henrietta a glorious face?"

Mother gave an infinitesimal gasp of amazement and Sir Harry went on, "You so rarely find grace and charm and looks altogether and sweetness and goodness and cleverness as well—as you do in Henrietta."

Mother compelled herself to smile easily. She prepared to speak but Sir Harry went on, "Look at her profile. Isn't it wonderful. D'you notice—"

Mother leant confidentially toward him and whispered with a deprecating smile, "She was always the same, Sir Harry. It isn't a case of late development. She was a beauty in her babyhood. When she was a little girl women used to turn and look at her in the street and since she's a big girl—" Mother paused significantly.

"Men turn to look at her," he concluded grimly and then became inarticulate with jealous love.

He gazed again at Henrietta. She had the rapt still look of a young mother; her compassionate eyes were shining softly; her small maternal useful hands were folded in her lap.

"You won't take her from me too soon will you?" asked Mother, thinking of the steady young man she had pictured, whose financial affairs would have made a long engagement a necessity.

"What do you call soon?" he inquired. "We thought of three months."

"What about her trousseau? Henrietta will be very particular about that."

"She can get it in Paris," said Sir Harry.

"Three months! and Nerissa isn't getting married for a year or more and she's the eldest."

"Does that make any difference?"

"Well," Mother paused.

"Of course it doesn't. There's no need for us to wait, Mrs. Bradley. I'm ridiculously well off. I've a topping flat in town and a house in the country. But I'll get my lawyer to tell you of my money matters. What concerns me is the wedding day. Henrietta!" he called her name softly.

She came over to him and stood beside him. He put his arm around her waist and leaned his head against her shoulder.

"Persuade your mother to let us get married in three months," he said.

"But your trousseau, dear?" said Mother.

"That doesn't matter," said Henrietta calmly.

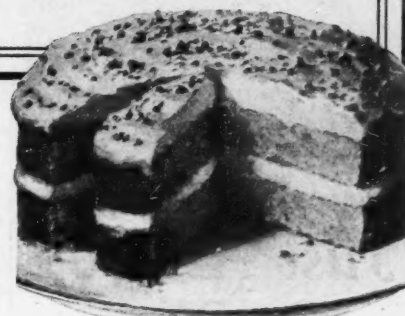
This story is one of the "Only Mother" series, further installments of which will be published in succeeding issues of McCall's Magazine.

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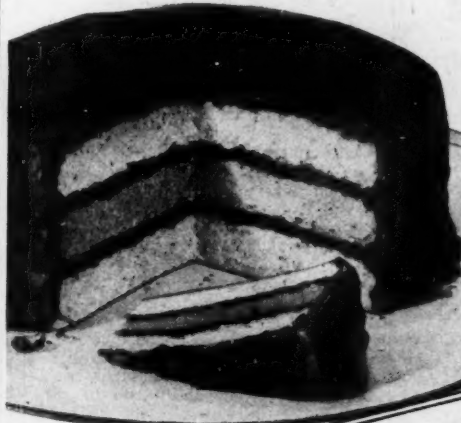
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"I didn't want to come; my wife made me."

*Age is no respecter of persons, but
for all that there are several
good reasons*

WHY WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN MEN

BY HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

WHEN I first found it out, that is when I first heard that women live longer than men,

I was conscious of a sudden flush of satisfaction. As a working woman I have had to recognize the fact that in most of life's enterprises as arranged at present, men have the better of it, and I welcomed a distinct advantage of my sex.

Then I began to brag a little about my longer lease of life and I was met with open skepticism. My friends repeated to me the old story of the New England farmer who wore out three wives and asked for a fourth. I was invited to visit the cemeteries in New England and to study the tombstones there. I've seen the tombstones, and I've listened to that moldy old story as long as I intend to. I've got the figures!

Having been presented with this extra life portion I wanted to find out two things. *Why* do I have a better chance to go on living than a man; and how much better is my chance? The most recent life tables sent out by the Bureau of the Census give me the following:

Expectation of Life—			
Men		Women	
55.33	At Birth	57.52	
43.35	" 22 years	44.21	
35.63	" 32 years	36.77	
28.02	" 42 years	29.11	

20.53	" 52 years	21.43
13.85	" 62 years	14.50

in countries where the women are not protected, that is where they not only bear and rear families but earn a large share of the living, this favorable mortality still is theirs. Yet I wanted a reply to my question. I decided to present it to Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, because Dr. Fisk ought to be better qualified to give a reply than any man living. The Life Extension Institute has up to this date, examined a half million people, two hundred thousand of whom are women. "Do you know why my chances of living are greater than that of a man of corresponding age and physique?" I asked Dr. Fisk.

"No, not from a scientific standpoint," he replied. "But, in view of the large number of men and women we have examined I might be permitted a speculative theory. We find women in general more given to consider health than are men. We find them much less reckless. They have, in cases where they are mothers, or older sisters, a constant urge to think of the health of the people they are responsible for. And although a wife should not be held responsible for her husband, since he is an adult and presumably capable of caring for himself, you know as well as I do that the [Turn to page 65]



Don't worry about getting old

Just why women are living longer than men is a question far more difficult to answer. To tell the truth nobody knows. There has been advanced a theory that women are more protected than men, but

are responsible for. And although a wife should not be held responsible for her husband, since he is an adult and presumably capable of caring for himself, you know as well as I do that the [Turn to page 65]

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 25]

go and find him if it were not for you." "I will go with you," answered Toinette.

But Jeems turned west and did not look back at his home or betray the choking in his breast. Their one hope, he explained, was to swing in this direction out of the path of stragglers, then eastward again toward Lussan's. He told her not to be frightened at the noise the leaves made. They would soon be out of them and would come to hidden trails which he knew. Tomorrow or the day following he would have her safely at the next seigneurie and there she would find means to be taken to her friends in Quebec. He would then join Dieskau to fight the English. The important thing was to reach Lussan's tonight. The Indians would not go near there, for they believed all abandoned places to be inhabited by ghosts and evil spirits. While he talked of these matters he wanted to ask her questions. How had she got into the mill-tower room—unhurt? Where was her mother? But he set his lips tightly, knowing that he must heal her wounds a little if he could.

In the deeper woods where the Big Forest began was greater stillness, more gloom, endless and mysterious aisles of twilight all about them. He still held her hand as darkness gathered closer.

"Does your arm hurt, Jeems?"

"No. I had forgotten it."

"And your face—where I struck you?"

"I had forgotten that, too."

Something touched his shoulder lightly. He could not tell what it was for they were in a pool of darkness. But whatever it might have been, a falling leaf, a twig, even shadow itself—it filled him with a strange exaltation.

Twice in the next hour Odd halted and gave a growl which warned of danger in the air. Jeems strained his eyes to see and his ears to hear—and once more, when they had stopped to listen, he felt the gentle touch against his shoulder.

They struck a deer-run and followed it into a plain between two lines of hills where a devastating fire had passed some years before. Here they traveled through a young growth of bushes and trees reaching scarcely above their heads, with the light of the stars falling on them. It stirred a soft radiance in Toinette's smooth hair and illumined Jeems' face until the wounds made by her hands were plainly revealed. They climbed the northernmost hill after a time and at the top of it stopped again to rest.

And then Jeems knew what had touched his shoulder in the darkness—Toinette's cheek pressing against it for a moment as lightly as a feather. He felt her trembling. When she looked at him her eyes rested on the brand of the musket-barrel which lay in a red stripe across his forehead.

The stars seemed bigger and clearer when at last they came to the half mile of abandoned road which ended in Lussan's clearing. It was the road down which Jeems had watched Tonteur and Paul Tache and a proud little princess ride to the sale years before. Now the princess walked unsteadily at his side. She was white and fragile in the starlight and her strength was gone. Her dress was torn by brush and briars and the thin soles of her shoes were almost worn from her feet. They came to the old tree where he had concealed himself while they passed and something made him tell her about it. He was sorry, for in a moment a sob answered him. She caught herself and struggled bravely as they entered the clearing, with the ruin of the house ahead of them.

A warmth crept through their blood and with it a relaxation of nerves and eyes and brain. Here was sanctuary. Rest. Peace. They sensed these things without speaking as they approached the building. The door was open. Starlight splashed like the golden glow of candles on the floor. They entered and stood silent as if listening anxiously for the voices of sleeping ones whom their entrance might arouse.

They were a little apart, and Toinette looked like a broken flower ready to fall. "Wait for me here," said Jeems. "I'm going for an armful of grass."

One of Tonteur's farmers had cut the hay in Lussan's abandoned meadow where

Jeems had seen a stack the previous day, and he hurried to this, returning with all he could carry. He made a bed in a corner of the room and Toinette sank upon it. He covered her with his father's coat which he had brought from the valley and went outside to watch and guard with Odd.

He could hear her sobbing as tears came at last to give her comfort. He fought back a thickening in his throat and a hot flame in his eyes as the boy in him called out for his mother. He, too, wanted this easement for his grief. But he stood—a man. Odd watched tirelessly and sleeplessly with his master.

After a long time there was silence in the old house and Jeems knew that Toinette was asleep. He went in quietly and replaced the coat about her. Her face was white and lovely and wet lashes glistened on her cheeks. Timidly his fingers pressed the silken braid of her hair. He brushed a wisp of hay from her forehead. Unconsciously his lips moved. Hope and faith and prayer seemed to stir in the room as he dared to raise the soft braid to his lips, and then he returned to his place outside with something like a glory enshrined with his sorrow.

He sat on the ground with the house at his back and his bow and sheaf of arrows and the English hatchet within reach of his hands. Slowly and irresistibly the stillness brought the desire to close his eyes and sleep and he rose to his feet in a struggle to keep awake. Odd's teeth clicked and his eyes gleamed with undimmed vigilance.

For hours they watched together and marked every changing shadow. They skirted the edges of the open, advancing a step at a time and with as little noise as the owl-wings that now and then floated about them. They scanned Lussan's meadow and Jeems climbed a tall tree to see if he could discover a glow of fire. At intervals he returned to the house and looked in at Toinette. It was after midnight when he sat down again and soon the stars seemed to be laughing at him and to be drawing nearer as if they had beaten him in a game. They closed his eyes. Odd rested his heavy jaws between his forepaws and gave a deep sigh. Exhaustion—then sleep. Even the bat, grown tired, went to its retreat in the barn. The stars receded and the world began to take on a deeper gloom. Out of this came an animal scream as a late-hunting owl swooped down and killed the rabbit in the clearing. Odd heard it and whined but it did not awaken Jeems.

He was at home, in the valley. The apple trees were about him and the sun was shining and he was with his mother. They were seated under a tree resting from their labor of picking up cider apples. Quite unexpectedly a black cloud shut out the sun and everything was obliterated in darkness.

With an effort Jeems roused himself from his dream. He saw Odd at his feet. It was Lussan's place. Day had come and the sun was rising. He sensed these things first, in a flash of wakefulness, and then felt a weight against him and the softness of his mother's hair on his cheek. Only it was Toinette and not his mother. She must have come to him before the dawn broke. Her head was resting on his shoulder and his arms were about her as they had been about his mother. His movement had not awakened her but now a slow tightening of his arms brought a tremor to her lashes and a deeper breath to her lips. He kissed her cheek, and her eyes opened. He kissed her again and the act did not seem to disturb her any more than it amazed or shocked him. There was a responsive greeting in her eyes.

Then she sat up straight beside him and faced the rising sun.

For a little while they did not speak. They heard a boastful bluejay screaming half a mile away. In Lussan's old meadow crows were gathering. A woodpecker drumming at a hollow stub made the sound of a man with a hammer.

That they belonged to each other was a truth which pressed itself on them without effort or confusion. Toinette, looking at Jeems, was not ashamed that she had come to him in the [Turn to page 56]



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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 55]

night nor that her act had proclaimed what pride and false prejudice had so long hidden from him in her heart. Her eyes glowed with a light which shone softly out of fathomless depths of pain and grief. She wanted him to know how completely the folly of her pride was gone and how glad she was that he stood beside her. It was another world now. A vast mystery ahead of them. Gently her fingertips touched the scar which lay across his forehead and her lips brushed his shoulder. Then she was looking with him toward the east and the Richelieu—and what lay beyond.

From the moment they had risen to their feet Odd had been giving the warning. He stood as rigid as carved wood in the white-coated grass with his muzzle leveled like a gun toward Lussan's meadow. Suddenly there rose shrilly above other sounds a wild and raucous crying of a bluejay and then a cawing of alarm among the crows. Black wings flashed over the treetops and Odd's gaunt body quivered as he watched them disappear. A second and a third bluejay joined the first and their tumult came to an end when a piercing bird-call terminated sharply in a single screeching note.

"That was an arrow," said Jeems, beginning to string his bow. "I have more than once had to kill a noisy bluejay when creeping up on game."

He drew Toinette back into the shelter of the house and called Odd after them. A few minutes later—swiftly moving, somber horrors in a world of glistening white—they saw the Mohawks coming out of the edge of Lussan's meadow.

THE spectacle of death marching back over its trail brought no terror to Jeems. To fight for Toinette now, to rush forth from the house with a battle-cry on his lips and to be cut to pieces in her defense was not a prospect which dismayed him, but which, instead, inspired in him a fearless exaltation. It was Toinette who saved him from whatever folly was brewing itself in his brain as he stood with a long hunting-arrow fitted to his bow. With a breathless cry she drew him away from the broken door, and there, safe for a moment from the savages who were entering the clearing, she flung her arms about his shoulders. For in these tragic seconds a look had come into Jeems' face like that which had frightened her in the tower-room of the mill, a look hard and vengeful with the desire to kill.

"Jeems, dear, we must hide," she pleaded. "We must hide!" The futility of trying to conceal themselves when their footprints were clearly left upon the frosty ground did not occur to him at once. "I know of a place," she was saying. "We must hurry to it!"

She ran ahead of him and he followed her into another room where a rickety stair was falling into ruin. A bit of sun splashed on the floor and through the paneless window which admitted it they caught a glimpse of the Mohawks. The red killers had paused at the edge of the open. They stood motionless, like stone men, listening and watchful. Toinette did not allow Jeems to pause and the steps made complaint as they trod upon them. Jeems looked down from the top and saw the marks of their feet in the dust below. Their fate was certain if the Mohawks came this far, but with only the narrow stair for their enemies to ascend he was determined, in this event, that each of his twenty arrows should find a home.

Toinette preceded him into the room above. She went directly to a panel-like board which held a wooden peg and in a moment they were peering into the musty gloom of a huge black hole under the roof, which the Lussans had used as a garret. Mice scampered about as the first light of years impaled the darkness.

"Madam Lussan brought me to this room after your fight with Paul," she whispered. "I flung my spoiled clothes far back in there!" Even with the savages so near, pathos and memory were in the tremble of her voice.

Jeems went to the window and Toinette came close to his side. No eyes could see them as they looked through the rectangular slit shadowed under the eaves. A dozen warriors stood revealed outside the

bordering thicket and twelve pairs of eyes were fixed upon the abandoned house in a tense and suspicious scrutiny. Yet not a hand among the silent savages had moved to hatchet, bow or gun.

This fact drew a hopeful whisper from Jeems. "They see the place is deserted and unless they find some sign of us they won't come nearer," he said. "Look, Toinette! There is a white man among them with a prisoner's collar around his neck!"

His words were cut short by a sudden movement among the watchers as if a command had stirred them to life again. The man in the lead, with three eagle feathers in his tuft, stalked alone into the clearing, a tall and sinister figure burdened only with his weapons and a warrior's diminutive traveling pack—a giant who was red and black and yellow in his war-paint, and at whose belt hung a bundle of scalps in which the sun played and danced with changing lights as he moved. These horrid objects, one of which was a woman's with hair so long that it could not escape the eyes of those who were in the house, wrenched a shuddering cry from Toinette, yet even then she thanked God it was as fair in color as the day itself and not the gleamy cloud of darkness which might have been Catherine's. Faintness swept over her and she closed her eyes that she might shut from her vision the grisly trophies of a warrior's success. When she opened them again two-score warriors in single file were following in the footsteps of the leader and passed within a hundred feet of what once had been Lussan's home. A little more to the right and the presence of other things than emptiness and ghosts must surely have been discovered by the Indians, for from their window Toinette and Jeems could see the telltale imprints of their shoes in the white frost dangerously close to the thin straight line of their enemies.

Not until the trees on the other side of the clearing had swallowed the last of the Mohawks did Toinette's straining eyes turn to Jeems. It was he who spoke. "I swear there was a white man—a free white man—in that painted crowd and long hair was hanging from his belt," he said.

"I saw his blonde head and lighter skin but thought my eyes were lying to me," replied Toinette.

"An Englishman," said Jeems. "A murderer for money such as my Uncle Hepsibah told me about."

"And yet—he might be French." They stood looking into each other's eyes, she of the aristocracy of Old France and he of the New World's freedom, and her hands rose slowly to his face as his bow and arrow fell to the floor. For the first time she raised her mouth to his.

"Kiss me, Jeems—and pray a little with me in gratitude for the mercy God has shown us!"

The thrill of her lips lay for a moment against his. "I am sorry for everything in the world," she said.

Some of the softness and beauty of boyhood returned into his face as she drew herself from his arms and he descended the creaking stair ahead of her.

They did not go out at once but stood near the lower door listening and watching for something to move, while Odd kept his eyes on the forested walls of the clearing. "They are gone," Jeems said. "But there may be stragglers behind and it is safer not to show ourselves too soon."

It was easier for them to talk after this, speaking of death and ruin as though they had been made less terrible by the passing of time. So quite calmly, as if looking back on a distant thing, Toinette told Jeems of the tragedy at Tontour Manor. Her mother, he learned, had left for Quebec two days preceding the coming of the Indians. Toinette could not remember in vivid detail all that had happened, it had been so sudden and overwhelming, like a stream of fire engulfing a black night. Peter Lubeck was with Dieskau, and Heloise, his young wife, had come to stay with her. Both were asleep when the savages attacked in the early morning and she was of the opinion that most of the killing was over before they were fairly awake—and before any guns were fired. Then came [Turn to page 58]



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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 56]

shots and her father's voice roaring through the big house. They were out of their bed when the seigneur came in and told them to dress and keep to their room. She did not know what had happened until she looked out of her window and then she saw what seemed to be hundreds of savages running about. She rushed after her father but he was gone. When she returned to her room Heloise had disappeared and she did not see her again. She could hear screaming and terrible cries and, dressing hurriedly, as her father had commanded, she disobeyed him by going down stairs, calling for him and for Heloise. The front part of the house was filled with flame and smoke and when she turned to the servants' quarters she was cut off by fire and there was no response to her cries. It was then she thought of the mill which she had often heard her father say was impregnable against either fire or guns. She descended into the cellar and went from it through a short underground passage to an outdoor *caveau* made of sod and stones, in which they kept fruit and vegetables during the winter. She hid herself in this earthy place and then dared to raise the surface door a little. The worst must have been over for she could see only a few Indians about and everything was on fire. There was yelling in the distance where the savages were attacking the farmers' homes. When she ascended from the *caveau* she stumbled over the body of old Babin, the miller, who had fallen with a musket in his hands. She took the musket and went to the mill and after that she did not see an Indian about the seigneurie.

Jeems produced apples and a pair of purple-topped turnips from the provision pouch which he wore at his belt and they ate these as they waited. Until the juice of the fruit was in his mouth Jeems did not realize how long he had gone without food. He urged Toinette to eat and without apparent desire she made a breakfast of her apple.

Meanwhile he told her what they must do. Their trail led first through the old garden and past the barn and then a few miles westward before they could safely turn to the north and east again. They would be forced to spend a night in the woods but he was sure he could make a comfortable place for her. He was anxious about her light shoes which were beginning to fall apart and sometime during the day would reinforce them with moccasin-hoods made from his leggings. Toinette was not disturbed by thought of physical discomfort. With a new light in her eyes she listened to Jeems. It was pleasant to have him planning for her in this confident and masterful way.

JEEMS walked ahead instead of at her side when they began their journey. At the end of the tangled path they came to the thicket of briars and bushes which had grown up about the barn during the last six years and Jeems wondered if Toinette were thinking of another day in that same place. He carried an arrow fixed to the string of his bow and suddenly a twig caught it and it slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. He was stooping to recover it when a terrified scream from Toinette brought him erect.

Not more than eight or ten paces from them stood a painted and half naked savage whose intention had been to make his way toward the abandoned house. He was an appalling figure and during the few seconds in which they faced each other Jeems recognized in him the white-skinned scalp-hunter he and Toinette had seen with the Mohawks. At this discovery there shot through him a flash of relief, but a second glance showed him a fiend more dangerous than an Indian, one of the merciless butchers who hunted human hair for the price his own people had set upon it. A blue-eyed Indian! His war-lock was light and his eyes were small and blue. He carried a gun, a knife and a hatchet, and at his belt was a woman's hair and with it another scalp that must have been taken from the head of a child.

So quickly did Jeems see these things that the echoes of Toinette's scream had scarcely died away before their meaning pressed itself upon him. The savage possessed a moment of advantage and as Jeems made a movement to whip an arrow from his quiver, the scalp-hunter swung his gun to fire. Seeing the hopelessness of his position, Jeems sprang forward and hurled his useless bow at his enemy. This and the impact of his body came at an instant when the other let the hammer of his flintlock fall and with the explosion of the gun the lead from his barrel flew wild. The scalp-hunter had seen only a boy and a girl and a vision of easy victims had leapt to his mind. Now he found upon him an antagonist of unexpected strength and ferocity.

In the first few seconds of the fray neither had a chance to draw knife or tomahawk, and with all the pent-up madness of his body and brain Jeems struck at his enemy and clutched his slippery throat as they crashed to earth together. In the struggle which ensued the bushes broke under their bodies and so swiftly did they change positions, choking and gouging as each endeavored to keep his adversary from gaining a deadly weapon, that for a space Toinette's horror-filled eyes could scarcely tell who was one and who the other; and Odd, snarling white-fanged at their heels, was unable to become a partner in the conflict. Then with a powerful effort the scalp-hunter freed himself and sprang to his feet, drawing his tomahawk in the act. As he prepared to use this weapon Odd vaulted for his throat and the blunt head of the hatchet met him in midair, striking with such force upon his head that he fell a limp and inert mass to the ground.

A cry of triumph came from the bleeding lips of the Frankenstein who saw victory within his reach, for he now regarded the youth, who was on his feet with a hatchet in his hand, as an insignificant obstacle between himself and the pallid-faced loveliness of the girl whom chance had so fortunately placed in his way.

Toinette had possessed herself of the empty gun and stood at Jeems' side, prepared to fight.

Jeems was so near that his arm pressed against her and he gave a sideways thrust which sent her headlong among the bushes. In this same movement he hurled his hatchet at

the scalp-hunter who was slowly advancing. As the other dodged to avoid the hurtling missile Jeems snatched one of his scattered arrows from the ground and ran to his bow. Toinette saw what happened then. She saw the slim, beautiful figure of Jeems drawn as tensely as his weapon in the pathway. She saw the painted monster descending upon him. She heard the musical twang of the bow-string and saw a silvery flash—a flash which passed in at one side of the blue-eyed Indian and went out at the other, a flash which fell to earth a score of paces beyond, a bloody and broken arrow that had done its righteous work.

Then Jeems came and put his arms around her.

THAT the explosion of the gun would reach the ears of the Mohawks was in Jeems' mind as he comforted his shocked companion. For a few moments it was difficult for her to believe the combat was over and that the fiend who lay like a great spider on his back was no longer a menace to them. To her relief and her faith in Jeems was added an emotion of joy when she saw that Odd was alive. The dog had dragged himself to his feet and stood watching the slain man grimly.

Jeems picked up a dozen arrows that had escaped injury in the fight. Then he hesitated, looking at the gun on the ground. "My bow is better than that," he decided, answering the question in Toinette's eyes as he flung the rifle aside.

"An arrow makes no sound and I have more confidence in it."

The dead man stared up at them as they passed. In their path lay the arrow which had gone cleanly through him. Toinette could not keep back the hysterical sob which came in her throat, but she looked at Jeems with such wonder and love in her face that he heard only the throbbing tumult in his heart and brain. He had fought for her and won! And he had fought on that same ground where almost six years before he had failed to whip Paul Tache!

"The Indians have heard the shot and will return," he said. "This white man must have discovered some sign of us and came to do murder and have his spoils alone. Dear God, when I think—"

They passed the barn and went through the deserted field behind it. Odd followed them.

"There is a stony ridge less than a mile from here," he encouraged. "If we can reach it I know of twenty places where bare rock will let us throw them off our trail."

"We will reach it," breathed Toinette.

He pointed the way and let her go ahead of him, turning his head every dozen steps to look behind.

Along the hardwood knoll where the Lussans had gathered their fuel Toinette sped like a graceful nymph. But soon her lack of endurance compelled them to slacken their pace and when they reached the rocky ascent which led to the crest of the ridge Toinette's breath was breaking sobbingly from her lips and for a while she could go no farther. She gazed in the direction from which they had come, untroubled and almost with challenge in her look, her breast wildly throbbing, her hand reaching out to Jeems.

Each of the few minutes that passed seemed an hour to him.

Then they climbed to the crest of the ridge.

It was more than a ridge. It was a broken and flat-topped mountain of rock upheavals with bushes and scrub trees growing where pits of earth had gathered, a place so wild and twisted that to advance at more than a snail-like pace was a physically impossible thing to do. Here Jeems picked his way, choosing the places where their feet would not touch scattered stones or grass or soil, until half an hour of slow and tedious progress lay between them and the point where they had come from the valley. Here was smoother and more facile travel, while reaching southward was another ridge, narrower than the first and even more rugged and forbidding in its aspect. Jeems chose this least attractive way of flight.

"If they come this far they will think we have taken the wider and easier country," he explained. "Can you hold out a little longer?"

"It was the running that turned me faint," said Toinette. "I am as strong as you are now, Jeems. But—"

Her words remained unfinished. From behind them came a cry. It was neither loud nor very near, yet the still air bore it to them so clearly that the throat which made it might have been no more than the distance of a rifle-shot away. He knew its meaning now. The Mohawks were on the ridge. One of them was calling his scattered companions to evidence of their passing which he had discovered.

Jeems hastened Toinette over the rocks. "They have found some sign of us," he explained. "It may be one of Odd's clawmarks on a stone or the scratch from a nail in your shoe. Whatever it is, they only know we have come this way and will still believe we have taken to the plain."

Toinette saw how desperately he was trying to keep from her the real nearness of their peril.

"I have seen Indians climb over rocks and windfalls. They are like cats—and I am so slow and clumsy," she said. "You can move faster than any Indian, Jeems. Hide me somewhere among these rocks—and go on alone. I am sure they will not harm me if they should happen to discover where I am."

Jeems did not answer. They had come to some rocks which he had observed a few moments before. It was a cairn-like pile tossed up in the play of neolithic giants, battered and worn by the ages until its sides were pitted with crypts and fissures and about it lay the crumbling ruin of timeless disintegration. Here, if anywhere, was a place for concealment. It was filled with dark and cavernous refuges and where the boulders met and crushed together were hidden pockets where their bodies might lie unseen.

A dozen steps from where they stood were three boulders

apart from the others. They were small and unimportant and seemed to shrink like outcasts before the scowl of their mightier neighbors. One of the three had split itself so that one-half of it was a slab that formed a roof for the crevice between the other two. An animal would not have sought refuge here. Instinct and experience would have directed it to the larger pile.

Jeems' eyes revealed a deeper excitement as he pointed it out to Toinette. "We will hide—and in there!" he cried. "Make haste, Toinette. It is smooth rock and we will leave no sign behind us. Go in and keep Odd with you!"

He began to throw loose stones about the huge boulder-heap. Some he flung over the top of it so they fell on the farther side, and at last he sent a few into the edge of the valley, each farther than the other. He finished by shooting an arrow which descended in an open space at the foot of the ridge.

Toinette watched him in amazement and alarm until he commanded her in a sterner voice to crawl quickly under the stones. She waited no longer but pulled herself a few inches at a time beneath the boulders. Jeems, thrusting Odd ahead of him, had greater difficulty in performing this same feat, and for a little while they squirmed and twisted until they found a dark recess in which they could crowd themselves and even sit upright. This was a good fortune which Jeems had not expected and jubilantly he explained to Toinette the meaning of his strange behavior outside.

"First they will find the loose stones and the marks I made and search for us in every hole and cranny of the pile," he explained. "When they discover the arrow I hope they will believe we have fled into the forest. If they come this far I doubt they will look under these stones and if that should happen they cannot see us unless one of them takes a notion to crawl in."

They waited in a silence wherein the beating of their hearts was like the sound of tiny drums in the gloom of their hiding-place. A shaft of light came through a narrow crevice between the rocks but this fell short of the pocket which concealed them. Odd heaved a deep sigh to relieve the tension of his body. After this his eyes stared at the gleam of light but he lay as still as death. A shudder ran through Toinette, but she whispered, "I am not afraid."

She felt Jeems fumbling for his hatchet and heard him place it quietly on the naked rock at his side.

Then the rock itself seemed to give forth a faint sound as if someone had tapped it gently with a stick.

This sound grew into others that were soft and swift and Jeems knew that moccasined feet were all about them. Low voices added themselves to the pattering tread. Then came a louder voice and there followed a sudden movement of unseen bodies and a storm of guttural, low-toned exclamations giving vent to freshly stirred excitement. Toinette understood what was happening a few yards away. The Indians had found the signs Jeems had made and were searching in and about the upheaval of rock. She fixed her eyes on the crack through which came the shaft of light and occasionally it was darkened as a body passed it. The tread of feet came and went and they heard the clatter of rocks. But—for a time all voices died away and it was this silence which became almost unbearable for Toinette.

Not more than a quarter of an hour passed in this suspense but it seemed to be a lifetime. Then there were voices again which increased in number and excitement until, above them all, a yell rose from the valley as one of the searchers discovered the arrow.

When Toinette raised her head she heard no evidence of life other than their own on the ridge. Odd breathed deeply as if his lungs had been on the point of bursting.

"Thank heaven, they think we have gone into the valley!" said Jeems.

Toinette touched him with a cautioning hand and in the same moment he was aware of the sound her ears had caught. Some one was near the rock! More than one—there were two! Their voices were distinct, though low, and they stood so close that their forms shut out the light from the crevice. To his astonishment Jeems heard a language which Hepsibah Adams had taught him and it was not Mohawk. The savages whose words he strained his ears to hear were Senecas. Surely none but a Mohawk had left a track in Lussan's clearing except the white-skinned prisoners and the dead scalp-hunter, yet these were Senecas. The discovery thrilled him. He might trick a Mohawk, but a Seneca was the cleverest of his kind.

He felt his blood turn cold as he listened to the two. One was arguing that the arrow was a ruse—and that the fugitives were somewhere not far away. It seemed an infinity of time before sounds came again outside the rock. Metal scraped it as the Seneca made a resting-place of it for his gun; footsteps went away, returned, and halted close to the narrow aperture through which they had squeezed their bodies under the stones.

The savage was looking at the entrance to their hiding-place! Jeems heard a grunt. The Seneca was on his stomach, peering in, and the grunt was an expression of the foolishness which had made him grovel like this. In a moment he would rise and go away. But the moment passed. One—two—three—a dozen. Toinette was like one dead—unbreathing. Odd, sensing a mighty danger, knowing that it was coming, crouched like a sphynx. The hush held substance. It possessed the weight of death.

At last it was broken so softly that the disturbance might have been that of a tress of Toinette's hair falling from her boulder across Jeems' arm. The Indian had thrust in his head. He was listening—smelling—then advancing slyly and cautiously like a ferret on the trail of prey. There could no longer be a doubt. He knew there was something under the rocks and with true Seneca courage, foreseeing glory for himself even if death paid for it, he was coming in alone.

[Continued in FEBRUARY McCALL'S]

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 19]

place at his elbow by the assiduous Sammy. He turned.

"So you want to be married, do you?" Sir William said. "I knew it was coming. But I hoped it wouldn't happen. Well, well! Come in and let me hear what you have to say!"

"Daddy! Daddy!" said Peggy blankly. And then with quick reassurance Noel's hand grasped her arm. He spoke into her ear. "You run along, Peg-top! Leave this to me! I'll put it right."

PEGGY went away to her own room in a state of mind that bordered upon distraction. Her father's words had come almost as an accusation.

She began to throw off her clothes in desperation. She must change, and it was getting late. At the last, very suddenly she stood still and pressed her two hands very tightly over her face, not breathing, while she forced herself to meet the inevitable. Resolutely at last she faced it, endured it, accepted it.

She loved Noel!

A long, long time passed, or so it seemed to her—and then there came a small sound at her door. It was Mirwani who had a note for her.

Peggy took it, opened it. And suddenly a great wave of burning heat went through her.

"I must see you tonight," said the note. She turned to Mirwani. "Tell the captain sahib that I will join him in ten minutes."

And when she was ready, she had the fresh sweetness of a wind-blown flower, and in her utter simplicity she might have been a little child again.

That was the thought that came to Noel when she entered the room in which he awaited her.

He moved to meet her impulsively. She faced him steadily. "Did you get Daddy to understand that you came to discuss that golf course problem with him?"

He made a comic grimace. "Oh yes, he understands. In fact, he is in some respects more far-seeing than we are." His eyes looked straight down into hers. "And I want you to understand one thing," he said. "Peggy, I worship you! I love you! You don't believe me?" and in a lower voice, "Perhaps you don't want to believe me!"

She shook her head. "Dear Noel, it isn't that. I—I do want to."

"Peggy!" he said and stooped to her. She made a swift motion of restraint. "Not yet! Please, not yet!" she said. "You do understand, don't you?"

He bent his head with a certain humility. "Yes, dear, I quite understand. All I want to say is this: whatever I've been and whatever I've done, I've never wanted to marry anyone on this earth but you."

Her blue eyes held a strange, almost a foreseeing look. "Let us give each other time to be quite sure!" she implored. "Then—then—when we are—if we are—we'll talk about it again."

Her beseeching air conquered him. Who could resist her—little Peggy of the forget-me-not eyes? He did not know that in yielding, he bound her all the more closely to him.

"How long is it going to take?" he said. She gave his hand a small grateful squeeze, and released her own. "Oh, not very long, I should think. Didn't you tell me you were going hunting big game? Perhaps, after you come back—" She paused. "If you still wish it yourself," she added, under her breath.

She watched him go, and in her eyes there shone a radiance which he would have given much to have seen.

IT was with some uneasiness that Peggy considered the matter of approaching her father again that night. She did not expect her father to join her at dinner, and was considerably surprised when Sammy brought her a message to the effect that he hoped to do so.

Sir William began to smoke with something of his customary air of absorption, and she was actually wondering if possibly he had forgotten the point at issue when very quietly but resolutely he spoke.

"My poor little Peggy!" he said softly. He sighed deeply. "I am such a poor

guardian. I am so unfit—so inadequate—for the task of watching over you, and I am going to suggest that you return to England."

"Daddy!" she ejaculated in surprise.

He straightened himself in his chair, still holding her. "It would be far the best thing," he said. "But there are dangers that you don't realize, to which it is not right that you should be exposed. And—" again he sighed deeply—"I can't guard you from them."

She leaned her cheek against his head. "My own dear Daddy!" she said. "You mean about Noel?" Her heart was beating in the words.

"Yes. Other men in general, Noel in particular." He spoke wearily. "I have had a long talk with him, and I believe he means well. But he is emphatically not one to whom I could possibly entrust my little daughter with an easy mind."

She interrupted him, speaking rather fast. "Daddy, dear, I think I'd better tell you straight away that I too have had a talk with Noel. And I love him very much—very much. But I have sent him away for the present, so that we can both make quite sure that there is no mistake."

"Ah!" he said. "That gives us—let me see!—how long?"

"Six weeks, Daddy," she answered.

"Then," she said, with her pure eyes upraised to his, "I think I ought to tell you—it is only right that you should understand—that I am quite sure—really—of my own heart. And when—when he does come for his answer—it will be—Yes."

NEXT morning Peggy rode further than she had ever been before through the broken hill-country in which her father's railway was making its slow and tortuous progress. She did not expect to meet anyone, and was scarcely looking where she was going when suddenly the Chimpanzee gave a violent start and shied to one side. The sunlight glinted down upon European clothes, and a large sun-hat lay on the ground at one side.

Instinctively she reined in. "Oh, what is it?" she said. "Are you ill?"

There was a convulsive movement like the shrinking of a trapped animal, then with a gesture of abandonment the dark head was lifted and her suspicion was verified. She looked down into the death-like face of Mrs. Forbes. In a moment Peggy's horror turned to swift compassion. She slipped out of the saddle.

"Oh, let me help you!" she said, and kneeling, wrapped her warm young arms about the quivering form.

But many minutes passed before the anguish spent itself. Mrs. Forbes spoke at length in a broken whisper. "You are very—good to me."

"I want to help you," Peggy answered gently.

Perhaps there was healing in her touch or at least a comforting quality, for at length Mrs. Forbes stirred and slowly lifted herself.

"You will never know what you have done for me, Peggy," she said. "Don't ever call me Mrs. Forbes again! Call me Marcella!"

"Marcella! What a lovely name!" said Peggy.

The next instant she uttered a sharp exclamation of dismay. There was something lying on the pine-needles, something that had been hidden beneath it—a small object that shone like silver in the sunlight.

Marcella Forbes reached out and took it into her hand. "Don't look so shocked!" she said. "I generally carry it with me when I go out alone. I am never without it at night. Haven't you got one?"

"A revolver! Why, no!" said Peggy.

Somehow the finding of the weapon seemed to put an end for the moment to further intimacy between them. Even a touch of shyness descended upon Peggy, making her half-afraid of intruding upon her new friend's privacy.

"I will stay a little longer," Marcella finally said; and then, as Peggy looked inclined to demur, "don't you bother any more about me, dear! I shall be all right now—I've had a touch of fever, and it always makes one feel so very horribly depressed and suicidal. But [Turn to page 60]

CLEAN!

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I am much better. Come and see me soon!"

"Oh, I will!" Peggy promised, and then turned aside to the waiting chimpanzee.

WHEN Peggy arrived at the Railway Bungalow, as some one had christened her father's abode, an unexpected sight awaited her. A huge Pathan with a black beard was walking up and down, leading a most unwilling terrier on a leash. She recognized the latter in a moment.

"It's Jingo!" said Peggy as she slid to the ground. She took the leash from the servant's extended hand.

She felt her heart leap oddly as she held it in her hand. Leading Jingo, she turned aside and entered the bungalow.

THE exaltation of the morning had given place to a most unwonted depression. Why, oh, why had she told Noel that she was not ready?

When she went down to tiffin with Mrs. Griffiths, she had, to a certain extent mastered her low spirits, but a veiled sense of having made a mistake still hung upon her, and she was powerless to shake it off. Mrs. Griffiths and Mrs. Ash were standing close to her, chatting in an undertone, and something of their talk reached her from time to time, though she was not consciously listening.

"The most extraordinary case of fever I ever heard of," so said Mrs. Ash. "You know the symptoms as well as I do. Doesn't everyone? Of course it wasn't really up to me to do anything, but I thought it was only kind, more especially as Mrs. Forbes . . ." her voice dwindled down to a whisper and gradually recovered, leaving a few words inaudible . . .

"so I went round, and what do you think I found?"

"Opium," said Mrs. Griffiths with decision.

"No, no! I don't say that. I've never been absolutely satisfied on that point, though I admit there are indications. No, that wasn't what I meant. A woman of that sort, dark blood you know, understands how to hide the traces. Well, I went up to her, and I began to ask her how she felt—I always try to be cheery—when she turned on me like a tiger-cat, and—the rest of the sentence was lost in a whisper so low that even Mrs. Griffiths had to hear it twice, but in a few seconds the recital had become audible again.

It was not till I was back in my rickshaw again that the reason of it all dawned on me. Her condition was the result of her husband's cruelty. They had had a frightful row, and he had been beating her."

Then she continued. "And it accounts for so much—Noel Wyndham for instance—the soul of chivalry as we all know, and rather apt to let his feelings run away with him. She is a dangerous subject for his pity."

At this point Mrs. Griffiths became aware of Peggy close to her, and made a swift signal to Mrs. Ash.

IT was with an immense relief that Peggy found herself free at last to go back to her solitude. Mrs. Ash's narrative lay like a coiled serpent at the back of her mind, and there was something about it that frightened her. "Dark blood, you know," . . . So that was the reason for everything! Poor, beautiful Marcella was of mixed birth. She saw it clearly now, and wondered that she had not done so before. That dark, rich loveliness was no Western heritage.

And the thought of Marcella at the mercy of such a man made her very heart shrink. Small wonder that Noel with his ready and chivalrous understanding had taken compassion upon her! She saw it all now.

"And I will do the same," said Peggy, with sudden resolution. Yes, she would be a friend to her. Added to her own increasing affection for the outcast was a sense of cooperation with Noel which made her task all the more welcome.

That same evening while they were dancing together Captain Broadbanc imparted a piece of information that Peggy had not previously heard. The Bobby Frasers had arrived in Ghawalkhand.

"In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if they turned up here tonight," he added.

Within half-an-hour Captain Broadbanc's surmise was justified, and Bobby and Mrs. Bobby entered.

At the end of her dance with Ronald Hadlow, who was in one of his most distant moods, Peggy went to pay her respects to her late chaperon. She was greeted by Mrs. Bobby with a brief, "Oh, here you are! Getting on all right?" and a handshake which involved fingers only.

Bobby greeted her with his usual geniality, however, and she experienced genuine pleasure in meeting him again.

"By the way, a friend of yours is coming to us in a week or two. I expect you have forgotten his very existence, but I assure you he hasn't forgotten yours," he told her.

"Do you mean Captain Turner?" said Peggy.

He laughed again. "Good guess. So you haven't forgotten him! Lucky Tiggie!"

"But then I don't forget people," Peggy pointed out. "And after all, it's only a month ago, though I admit it does seem much more like a year."

PEGGY made an early start on the following morning in order to pay a visit to the Forbes' bungalow on her way to that of Mrs. Griffiths. It was a very unpleasant shock to her to find on rounding the curved drive that led through the Forbes' compound that Forbes himself had not yet departed to his work. His car stood in front of the bungalow, awaiting him.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure," he said, as her rickshaw reached him, offering his hand with his usual assurance. "What a dainty picture you make! You ought always to wear shell-pink. It is your color. It isn't every woman who knows what her color ought to be."

She gave him the briefest possible glance as she freed her fingers from a touch which sought to linger.

"Is Mrs. Forbes at home?" she asked with a bluntness that was not far removed from rudeness.

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 59]

He laughed, his jarring, unpleasant laugh. "My dear young lady, she is so much at home as to be still in bed. Is she expecting you, may I ask?"

"No," said Peggy, snatching at the fact. "I won't disturb her. I'll come in another day."

He waved a restraining hand. "No, no! I will tell her you are here." Presently he swaggered in, swinging the door shut behind him. "She's getting up and hopes you will wait."

"I really think it would be better if I came in another time," said Peggy.

He glanced round the room. "Oh, don't go! She will be so disappointed. I am sorry we are in such a muddle. Fact is, I had a row with the house-boy yesterday, and he has cleared out. The *khit* hasn't got another yet. Sit down, won't you?"

"I mustn't stay very long," she remarked. "I am really on my way to Mrs. Griffiths who is giving a picnic today."

"Really!" said Forbes. "You haven't begun to wish yourself in England again yet?" he suggested.

"No, I don't think so." She spoke with intentional vagueness. "Is there any reason why I should?"

"I just wondered," said Forbes easily. "Your good father isn't much of a chaperon, is he? It is causing Sir William considerable anxiety, I can tell you. He has actually discussed the subject with me."

"With you!" said Peggy in amazement. She stood up. He caught her by the arm. "Yes, with me. I hope you have no objection. I'm a friend of yours."

"You are not a friend of mine!" said Peggy fiercely. "Let me go—instantly!"

"I will certainly let you go if you wish it," he said, "but I think I ought to warn you first that in your good father's interests as well as your own, you would be well-advised not to act in haste."

His words had weight, she knew not why. She felt her resistance wane, and realized that he was gaining the upper hand; and she was powerless to prevent it.

"Are you going to tell me what you mean?" she said after a few hard-breathing seconds, still standing rigidly before him.

"To a certain extent, yes," he said. "At least, I will tell you enough to convince you—even in my absence—that I am a force to be reckoned with, not despised. Sit down again!"

She obeyed him, conscious of a weakness that she could not control.

"I think you realize," he said, "that I am generally regarded as your father's right-hand man."

Forbes continued, his harsh voice slightly lowered. "That was originally my status, and to all outward appearances it is still. But in actual fact, our positions for a long while now, have been reversed. I think you know—of course you must know—that your father's brain is failing?"

She shrank from the sheer pitilessness of the words.

"You know what I say is true. Every day he makes some fresh blunder, something which I have to counteract or amend. I tell you frankly, he will never take on another job. But if he were to realize the actual state of affairs, he would put a bullet through his brain. The only thing that keeps him going is his work."

"Yes, yes, I know," Peggy said, and somehow she felt as if she were trying to propitiate him.

"Even so," said Forbes grimly. "And it's the one thing he'll die for, if once he lets go. It's got to be kept from him at all costs till the work is done."

"Yes, but how? How?" She heard herself repeating the word with a piteous persistence.

A subtle change came into the eyes that watched her. His hand moved from the back of her chair and lightly pressed her shoulder.

"Now you are getting reasonable," he said approvingly. "It can be done, but I couldn't possibly cover up his tracks if he were to leave now."

"But—surely—he isn't thinking of leaving," said Peggy.

"That is exactly what he is thinking of doing," Forbes said, "and on your account. He feels unable to take care of you out here, and he is making an extra effort now in order that he may be able to break off and rush you back to England in a few weeks' time and leave you with your friends there."

She shook her head with indecision. "Something must be done, but I don't yet know what."

"I should advise nothing in haste," said Forbes, and patted her shoulder with a familiarity which she felt was intended for kindness. "As things are at present, he is comparatively safe."

Again he patted her shoulder, his fingers just touching her bare neck. She wanted to fling his hand from her. But—it had come to this—she did not dare.

"We are partners then," said Forbes.

"You have been very kind," she said, speaking hurriedly and hating the words as she uttered them.

He made her a brief bow. "I am only anxious to be your friend."

Then the ordeal was over. "Here comes Marcella!" he said.

WITH utter relief Peggy turned to greet Marcella.

"How nice of you to come in!" was her greeting, as Peggy moved to meet her. "I am sorry I wasn't up." She kissed her languidly.

"I am so sorry you bothered to get up, because I can't stay long," Peggy said. "I am really on my way down to Mrs. Griffiths."

Then Forbes went tramping out with the swing of a conqueror, and neither of the two women he left behind uttered a word, or so much as moved until the clattering of his car

told of his departure. Marcella had a crushed, almost a beaten look that morning.

"I wish you hadn't got up," Peggy said uneasily. "I ought not to have come."

"Oh yes, indeed you ought!" Marcella dropped upon the sofa and lay back, her eyes half-closed. "I love to see you. It does me good."

"I wish I could stay and take care of you," Peggy said. Marcella faintly smiled. "Be thankful that you can't! But I love you for thinking of it. Don't bother about me! I am not really ill. All I suffer from is thirst—raging thirst. It is like a furnace inside me sometimes. Fever, you know—just fever! Don't let me keep you, dear! It is getting late. Thank you for coming. I shall try to have a little sleep. Good-by!"

Peggy stooped over her. Already she seemed to be on the verge of slumber. As she bent, she caught some murmured words spoken unconsciously between lips that scarcely moved. "It's such a long way—to Bakri, but—it's awful—to die of thirst." Then Peggy departed.

PEGGY was determined to write and tell Nick everything, but when she began to do so, she found it more difficult than she had anticipated. Even to Nick she could not explain fully on paper all that had happened regarding Noel. To describe with any degree of accuracy her father's condition was also somehow impossible. Then there was Forbes with his sinister revelation all too probable to be discredited. That at least she determined that Nick must know, and she set herself firmly to tell him every detail.

"I do not like Mr. Forbes," she wrote. "I never have; but I know Daddy has a high opinion of his engineering abilities and I am afraid that what he says is true. Daddy is quite immersed in his work, but I think he is probably not as good at it as he used to be and but for Mr. Forbes it would end in failure. Daddy has proposed a flying visit Home, but I am dreadfully afraid that that might precipitate matters. He seems to have got into a groove of hard work—and how he does work; it is as if it were his very life—and I can't imagine what he would be like without it. There would simply be nothing left."

Here she paused with bent brows. Should she tell him about Noel? Or should she wait?

She read over what she had written and decided that she had said enough. Jingo was pressed against her, mutely entreating to be taken for a run in the compound. She looked down into his beseeching eyes.

"All right, old chap! I'll come," she said.

There was a brilliant moon. The air was cold and still. She shivered a little as she stepped forth from the verandah, but Jingo would not have been satisfied if she had remained behind. Her father had never been so late before. She began to feel uneasy about him. Should she send Sammy to look for him? But Sammy had departed to his own quarters, and he was an old man.

Suddenly as she walked she heard a far-off cry. Doubtless it was no more than the howling of a jackal, but it seemed to freeze her blood. She turned and sped towards the bungalow. Breathlessly she regained the verandah and ran into her sitting-room, shutting the window behind her.

It was sometime later that she commanded herself and sat up. Jingo must be fetched in. Opening it, she heard another sound which sent a thrill of relief through her. A car had turned off the road and was approaching the bungalow. Doubtless her father at last!

Eagerly she went out again onto the verandah to meet him. She saw the gleam of the advancing lamps but not until the car stopped did she clearly discern its occupant. Then, as he descended, she drew back with a sharp breath. It was Forbes.

He came to her with his customary aggressive gait.

"Can you tell me anything about my father?" she said. The moment she had uttered the question she regretted it; for she saw his face change subtly. He smiled upon her as one well pleased.

"So you are all alone!" he said. "That's sad. I may as well keep you company for a little."

"I am quite happy by myself, thank you," said Peggy haughtily.

She felt the indignant blood rise within her and knew that she turned vividly scarlet under his look.

"You are very young," Forbes went on, "but I imagine you are fully aware of the fact that you are attractive. Otherwise, the whole male population of the station would scarcely be at your feet."

He leaned slowly towards her, and there was that in his eyes that sent a cold shudder to her heart.

"Must I be more explicit?" he said. "Don't you know what it means when a woman attracts a man? If you don't, why do you set out to make yourself attractive? You are exquisite, like a flower just opening, waiting—just waiting to be gathered. Peggy, you little white rose, let me be the one to gather you, and hold you against my heart! I only ask you if just for once—just for tonight—can't we be lovers instead of friends?"

He stopped. Peggy was on her feet, frozen horror in her eyes. "You brute!" she said, and sprang past him for the window.

He turned with a strangled oath, but she had wrenched it open before he reached her. He caught at her, but she wrested herself from him with a frenzied cry and fled into the moonlight. Like a flash she was gone, and ere he could follow her, like a flash something else came upon him. A white streak shot suddenly onto the verandah and hurried itself straight at him.

It was like the bursting of a small tornado. The din was indescribable, while the tornado—a leaping whiteness as swift as lightning—did its furious work. Not in vain had Jingo been brought up a soldier's dog among soldiers. There was not an inch of him that was

[Turn to page 62]

WHAT YOU CAN DO *with* LEFT-OVERS

(Continued from page 42)



Left-over fish creamed and baked in scallop shells has an air of elegance

Bake in a hot oven (400° F) for about one hour. Baste occasionally with some chicken stock or with melted butter and water.

Chicken Turnovers: (May use chicken or turkey or part veal.) Chop chicken fine, season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice and moisten with left-over gravy. Make plain pastry and roll to ¼ inch thickness. Cut in 3 or 4 inch squares with sharp knife or pastry jagger. Put a tablespoon of meat filling on each square, moisten edges, turn over to form triangle and press edges together with the tines of a fork. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with chicken gravy or any preferred hot meat sauce.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER HAM

Ham Mousse: To 2 cups finely chopped or ground ham add 2 tablespoons minced parsley and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Fold this into 1 cup cream whipped until stiff, to which has been added 1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, then dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water. Turn into large or individual molds which have first been dipped in cold water and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce or watercress.

Ham Timbales: To 1½ cups finely ground ham, add ¼ cup soft bread crumbs, 1 well-beaten egg, ¾ cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter. Mix well and turn into well-greased timbale molds or custard cups. Set molds in shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until mixture is firm in the center. (Test like a custard by inserting a clean knife.) Serve with tomato sauce.

Hot Ham Sandwich: Chop ham. Add

2 tablespoons chopped green pepper to each cup ham, moisten with mayonnaise dressing and spread between slices of bread. Dip sandwiches in beaten egg and fry in a shallow pan in hot fat. Serve at once with cold slaw or India relish.

Ham and Cabbage en Casserole: To each cup of ham, minced or cut in small pieces, allow 2 cups shredded cabbage which has been parboiled for 10 minutes and 1 cup white sauce. Arrange in layers in casserole or baking-dish, season cabbage with bits of butter and paprika, and sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 to 30 minutes.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER FISH

Au Gratin in Scallop Shells: (May use salmon, tuna fish, or any white fish.) To one cup cooked fish, flaked, add 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, ½ cup medium white sauce and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Fill scallop shells with this mixture and sprinkle with grated cheese mixed with fine bread crumbs. Bake until brown. If desired, a border of mashed potato, forced through a pastry-bag, may be put around the edge. Brush potato with beaten egg yolk.

Creamed Fish on Toast: Any left-over fish may be combined with white sauce in the proportion of 1½ cups flaked fish to 1 cup medium thick sauce. Season to taste. Serve on crisp hot toast and garnish with parsley.

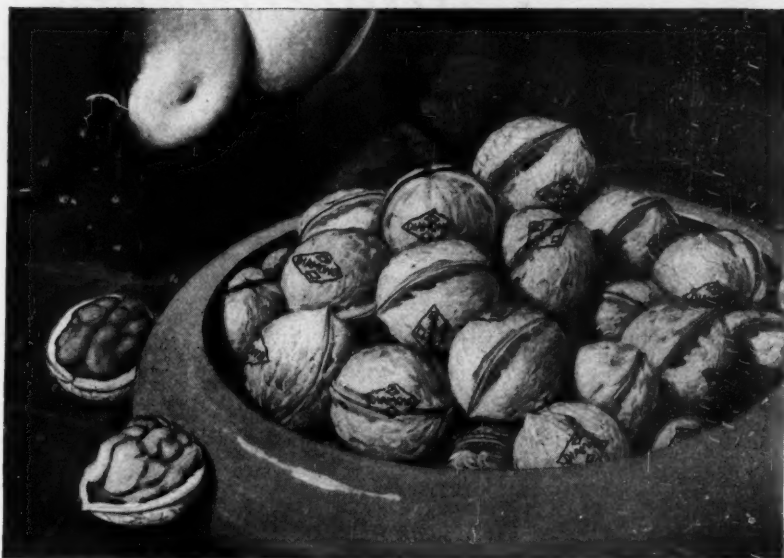
Fish Souffle: Make same as Chicken Souffle, baking it in a moderate oven (325° F.). Serve at once.

WHILE your young people are home for the holidays why not give them a jolly, old time Twelfth Night Party? Send for our new leaflet "Making Merry on Twelfth Night." The price of this leaflet is two cents.

Is your Christmas list complete? Very few are. Nearly always one has to find a last minute gift for some one, and often these presents are the most successful of all. Novel ideas for "Last Minute Gifts" are given in a new McCall Service Leaflet. Price two cents.

For these address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

This year, the IDEAL WALNUT COMBINATION



*Higher quality than ever
-yet prices actually reduced*

This is the Walnut year you've been waiting for. This year Diamond Walnuts are better than ever—yet their cost has been reduced. It's just the ideal combination you are sure to appreciate.

This year's perfect Walnut weather produced such a bumper crop of fine nuts that we've been able to pass on the benefit of lower costs to you.

Just one thing to remember—when buying Walnuts—be sure you get full-meated Diamond Walnuts! For, it's kernels you want, not shells. And Diamond Walnuts are meat-full—every time! Our exclusive grading methods assure that fact. We even "weight-test" each nut—pass it under air suction more precise in selection than a human could be—to be sure its kernel is plump and full.

Fortunately, it's easy to be sure of Diamond quality. For we brand the Diamond trade-mark right on the Walnut shell. Now each Diamond Walnut is a "trade-marked package." Yet these "packages" cost you nothing! We brand 20 pounds for one cent—one-thirtieth of what it would cost to pack them in the cheapest one-pound carton.

Surely, it's worth while to insist upon Diamond quality: in the shell—each nut Diamond branded; or shelled (mixed halves and pieces—kept always fresh and sweet in 2 sizes of vacuum-sealed tins, for instant use).

Our new book, "FOR THAT FINAL TOUCH—JUST ADD WALNUTS," is free! Write for your copy today. And be sure to have a supply of Diamond branded Walnuts always on hand.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

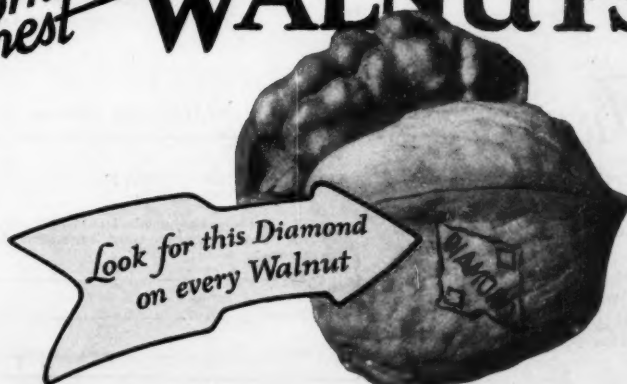
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*A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 4340 growers.
Our yearly production over 60,000,000 pounds.*

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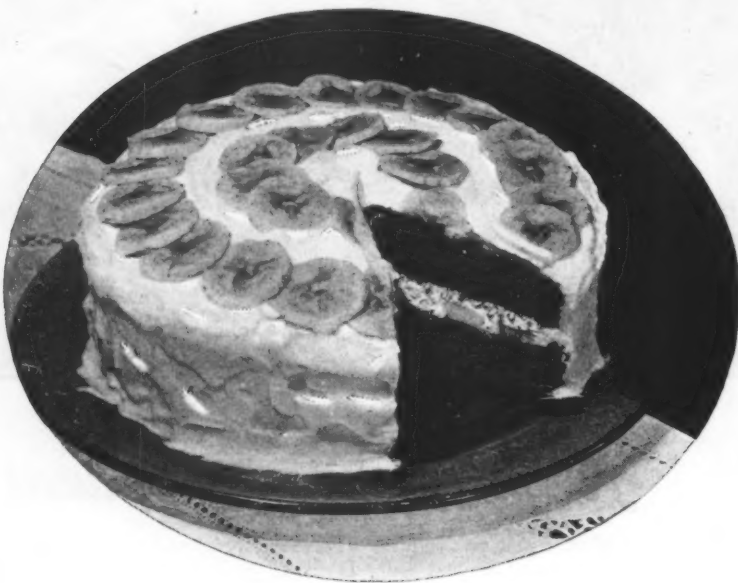
California's finest

WALNUTS



A New Way to serve Gingerbread

..try this delicious recipe



Gingerbread Banana Shortcake

WARM, fine-textured gingerbread just out of the oven! With bananas and fluffy whipped cream—oh, how delicious!

You want more and more of that tantalizing flavor! That wonderful taste of the real old-time plantation molasses that has been kept for you in Brer Rabbit.

And you can eat all you want of it, it's so good for you—and for the children, too. For Brer Rabbit Molasses retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane. Both children and grown-ups need plenty of iron and lime.

Here's another "party" dress for gingerbread that has the real old-fashioned molasses flavor. Bake it in a round mold with a hole in the middle. While still warm, fill the hole with canned or fresh fruit and garnish with whipped cream. It will make your politest guest positively greedy.

The free cook book offered below is full of unusual recipes for Brer Rabbit Molasses desserts and goodies—new quick desserts, and wonderful old Southern dishes, too. Send for these delightful recipes before you forget.

Gingerbread Banana Shortcake

3 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water.

Sift dry ingredients together. Mix as for cake. Bake in pan where the dough will be about one inch thick. It will take from 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven. While slightly warm cover each layer with whipped cream and sliced bananas.

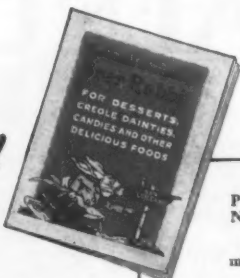
Brer Rabbit Molasses

In two grades: Gold Label—highest quality light molasses for the table and fancy cooking. Green Label—darker, with a stronger flavor.

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Many new recipes—delicious and wholesome—in this latest Brer Rabbit Booklet! Send for your copy.



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New Orleans, La.

Please send me the free book of new and easy-to-make recipes for using Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Name _____
Address _____
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BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 60]

not game and ready.

He was nearing the prime of life and quite tireless, and the battle might have continued almost interminably if left to take its course. But at the end of a howling minute there came an interruption. A figure ran quickly along the verandah, and stooping caught back the dog in full career. In the height of his wrath Jingo found himself checked by an authority which he could not ignore. Bristling and struggling he was drawn into Peggy's arms and found himself compelled to yield.

On her knees on the verandah she clasped him, and over his head, with eyes that burned like blazing spirit from a face as white as death, she looked up at Forbes and spoke.

"Will you go, please?"

There was something unearthly about her in that moment, something majestic, indomitable, wholly irresistible. The man stood hesitating, then turned and went.

It was over an hour later that there came again the sound of a car in the compound beyond the verandah.

It came to a halt and a bent, gaunt man descended and moved along the verandah to the open window whence a light still shone.

The girl stirred and lifted her face in a kind of staring horror that melted into gasping relief.

"Oh, Daddy—Daddy!" she said, and held out her arms.

Jingo's growl turned into a grunt and he moved to one side.

"My little girl!" said Sir William, bending fondly over her. "I was so busy—Forbes gave me rather a big problem to work out—I'm afraid I forgot you. Is there anything the matter? Or were you just asleep?"

She raised herself and clung to him. "Oh, Daddy—my Daddy!" she said, and

burst into hysterical crying on his breast.

He gathered her close, soothing her, comforting her. "What is it, darling? You have been lonely. I'm so sorry. Will you try and forgive me for being away?"

OF the happenings of that evening Peggy told her father nothing. Forbes was his right-hand man; it might be a very serious matter if Sir William had to part with him. Then there was Marcella.

In the early morning she rose and sat down to write to Marcella. Certainly something must be done!

She had thought that she would find the letter difficult. But quite suddenly, as she set pen to paper, she knew what she would do. Marcella must come to her.

Her letter was a brief one, making little reference to what had passed between them and none at all to her own experience of the night before. She was so sorry that they had been interrupted in the morning. She wanted very much to see and talk to her. Would she come and spend a few days at The Railway Bungalow? She, Peggy, was in real need of companionship just then, and she would be so very, very pleased to have her.

When she met her father in the morning he looked at her with grave concern. "My dear, I am afraid you haven't slept," he said. "That fright I gave you last night has upset your nerves."

She tried to answer him lightly though she knew her face belied her. "I am all right, Daddy," she said. "But, please, you won't be so late again, will you?"

He stooped and kissed her. She leaned her head against him with a sigh. He stroked her hair with a gentle hand. "Poor little Peggy!" he said. "Well, I must really begin to take care of my little girl."

"Oh, Daddy, thank you!" she whispered. "But what about you? Won't you find it rather difficult?" [Turn to page 67]

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 29]

Last night I heard Pine half asleep in his bunk moan, "Buck, I'm so hungry."

February 16th. The men are out for wood so I will write a little. Perhaps some one may find this little book if we are lost for lack of food and will at least let my people know.

Yesterday we sighted cabins and caches, so we braced up and made the village. We knew this must be Tortillo. The sight of the buildings was as good as a meal, and made us feel as strong as if we had really eaten.

We got there and called very loudly to arouse the inhabitants and let them know the census takers had come. Then we walked up to the largest cabin—there were five or six—and knocked. We knocked and knocked, and there was no answer, and when we pushed open the door we saw why there had been no answer.

We had come to a deserted camp—every cabin empty, not a sign of fish or sinew anywhere. We stood still, our eyes frozen in their sockets. While the men unpacked I made the strongest tea I dared. We didn't talk much—we just drank the tea. They were so grim I didn't dare break the silence.

When I was filling the cups for the third time Charley said loudly, "Let's turn in and talk the whole thing over tomorrow," and then in a low tone he said something to Pine and I caught Nig's name.

Then I knew they had given up; they wanted to kill poor Nig to feed the rest of the dogs. I began to sob.

I said we were done for; that they would die first and leave me to a fate I couldn't even imagine. I told them they didn't dare begin to kill dogs yet. If one is killed the others will follow soon—and that means no way of carting tent or stove.

Finally Charley patted my shoulder and said soothingly, "Listen, old lady, we aren't going to kill any dogs. I was just telling Pine we'd better turn in and get a good night's rest." So we did. But he meant to kill that dog. I stopped it this time, but how long will I be able, how long will I dare stop him?

February 20th. The days are alike now

except that we get hungrier. Yesterday we went eight whole miles on nothing but ice. The poor dogs' feet bled unmercifully, and they howled every time we stopped to rest the sleigh.

We ran across three miserable looking Indians with two dogs, so thin they could hardly stand.

The chief of the party, Tateratta—any way that is how Pine spelled it in the census blank—we asked to act as guide. But his only reply is, "You die—that all."

We went over to their camp later. Their tent was very low and had in it a huge Yukon stove. They were all squatting around it. On it a big pot bubbled away with a marvellous smell of real meat. We took their census anyway and watched while they started in to eat and utterly ignored us.

"Bates Rapids" they understand, and say we are not far from there, but they tried to tell us something else that we can't understand.

I asked the old man and the old woman questions with no results. There was no light in the tent but the red eye of the stove. Whenever the man dozed off I gave him a slap on the shoulder, calling "Say," and holding my census book on my lamp put a pencil in his hand and I pointed to one spot, calling it China river or Bates Rapids—anything to get his attention, but he fell asleep again promptly.

Once he tried to hold the pencil straight and draw something. He made a sort of square, and said, "Stick, stick," and off he went to sleep again. I shook him and shouted "Bates Rapids!" at him. The old squaw lighted pieces of wood at the stove and held it over our drawing so we could see. Patiently I put the pencil back in his hand again and steadied it while he made a mark of some sort. He grunted, he rocked back and forth, he closed his eyes, and at last I realized he meant we travelled all day, then slept, then travelled and slept again, for as many days as he thought it would take to make a certain place. Then again he made a little square. I saw he meant a cabin. Most of the others had gone to sleep, by the simple process of falling back where they [Turn to page 65]



He thinks he's so big but you know he isn't

Now, more than ever, he needs
your guidance in things like this

HOW little he knows of the real world for which you are preparing him!
Much of the time he lives in a land of make-believe, of heroes and high adventure. Now, when he feels the first stirrings of manhood, he is

perhaps most lovable of all—but certainly very difficult to care for.

His bedtime, his school work, his meals—all are problems, to which he can bring no real understanding. At the breakfast table, for instance, he cannot realize how much he handicaps himself if he eats too little food, or the wrong kind.

So common among children of his age are bad habits at breakfast that school authorities have now made it the subject of a nation-wide health

movement. They are pointing to one special need at breakfast which you yourself have long recognized. The American Medical Association and the National Education Association are today urging mothers everywhere to see that their children eat a *hot* cereal in the morning.

This rule hangs today on the walls of over 60,000 school rooms:

*"Every boy and girl needs
a hot cereal breakfast"*

Tests in the schools of many great cities have shown that children lag behind—fall short of doing their best in their studies or at games when they fail to have a *hot* cereal breakfast regularly. Only this can supply the boundless energy needed to meet the strain of school work.

How sure you feel, yourself, that your children are really prepared for a day of work and play, when you start them off with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

For 30 years, authorities as well as mothers, have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal *hot* cereal for children for these reasons:

1. It is unusually rich in just the energy-giving food elements most needed by growing minds and bodies.
2. Because it contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally quick and easy to digest.
3. Children love its creamy goodness, so easily varied by adding raisins, prunes or dates, while cooking it.

It is so simple to safeguard your children in this way at breakfast. The easy plans, described below, will help you to arouse their enthusiasm for a *hot* cereal. Send them to school every day really ready for the effort of work and play. Give them regularly a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE —Mothers say this plan works wonders

Here are comments from some of the 30,000 mothers who are getting remarkable results with this plan: "A very good way to coax children to eat hot cereal. The club idea has appealed to them strongly. They were never

so anxious to eat cereal before." (Mrs. J. P. H., Chicago) "Your highly attractive method works like a charm—to enthrall children in a hot cereal breakfast. More power to you!" (Mrs. J. D. B., Los Angeles, California)

"The health posters and little gold stars are certainly working wonders with my little girl. It has helped me solve the breakfast problem with her and it was a hard one." (Mrs. G. F. L., Wilmington, Mass.)

To Mothers: A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot* cereal breakfast and makes them *want* to eat it regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. G-13, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

To Teachers: To co-operate with your school health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. It has been successfully used in 60,000 schools to teach the idea of a hot cereal breakfast to groups of different ages. And, just as important, it enlists the co-operation of mothers. The entire plan will be sent free to teachers or any school official. Mail coupon to Dept. G-13, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child.....

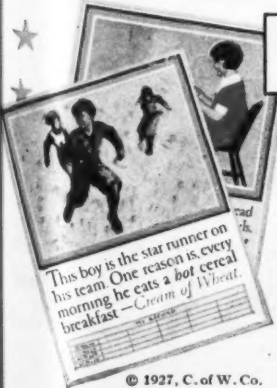
Name.....

Address.....

Address.....

Age.....

Grade.....



Full enjoyment & satisfaction!

Why not get them from every can of fruit you buy?

When you pay out your money for food, you ought to get the quality you expect—no matter what the product or where you buy! That's good household economy.

And even where thrift is not the first consideration, there's always an honest satisfaction in getting full enjoyment and value from the money you spend.

That's one of the outstanding reasons, when it comes to canned fruits, for insisting on DEL MONTE. You know DEL MONTE Quality—before you buy! You know, in advance, exactly what you're getting—luscious, sun-ripened fruit, grown in the world's finest orchards, picked at the moment of perfection and packed with all the skill and care developed by over 60 years' experience in the canning of fine fruits.

Many varieties—vegetables and prepared foods as well as fruits! Why not be certain—every time? Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE—and enjoy the quality assurance this label always offers.



Do you enjoy all the menu variety of APRICOTS?

You know how tempting DEL MONTE Apricots are when served right from the can. But do you utilize all the wonderful possibilities of their distinctive, tart flavor in adding new enjoyment to other foods?

Take the meat course, for instance. Nothing else quite like apricots served as a side dish, either hot or cold, with almost any meat or poultry. Apricot halves served with sausages give a royal touch to a common food! Surprisingly tasty and tempting. Same with lamb—chops or roast—and ham, chicken and turkey; or slice some apricots into your next aspic with meat.

And don't forget them for breakfast, where their snappy tartness adds so much to appetite pick-up—with scrambled eggs or ham and eggs, in an omelet, with pancakes or as a plain fruit.

Everyone knows what this distinctive fruit adds to salads—say with cottage cheese and chopped nuts; sliced oranges and celery in gelatin; or sliced bananas and mayonnaise. And not to forget desserts—in shortcakes, custards, puddings, etc., you'll agree they're just the thing for new, welcome flavor. Tart, yet sweet—different, but delicious. A fruit you'll like any way you serve it.

SEND FOR THESE MENU HELPS

Many more suggestions for serving Apricots, as well as other DEL MONTE Fruits, are contained in "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Sent free, together with a special assortment of fruit and vegetable folders. Address Department 617, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**
IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 62]

were sitting. The old man suddenly turned to me and said in an awed tone, "You, you save Jesus?"

My thoughts flew back to Steven who used to announce himself "all same minister" when he wanted what he didn't have. I bowed my head and said, "Yes, me food fellow—me all same your brother. Me save Jesus."

Then he began to rock vigorously, he groaned, he grunted, he hissed, he swayed from side to side, he puffed, pulled himself up as if he were hauling something heavy, strained and grunted. When he got over that spasm, he shook his head vigorously saying, "No, no." He put his own fingers at a point on my map and commenced to make the thumb follow the finger, repeating the word "dog-dog-dog-dog," then stopping, he said "sleep" and again the thumb followed index finger and the "dog-dog" came again. There were three sleeps in all. Then he said "Choo-choo-choo" with great speed. He turned solemnly, "Choo-choo-choo," turning his fingers to the right, whispering to me "Jesus"—and then suddenly following up with "Jesus no good! Jesus no good!" Then pointing in the opposite direction, he once more went "choo-choo" and said, "good, good." Well, perhaps later all of us together in our tent can fathom it out.

Later, Pine thinks the stuff he tried to tell us is very valuable. He reasons from the drawing that he meant us to skip the China river entirely.

None of the Indians seem to know anything about a boat on the China river. The information is probably as true as our government map. Anyway we are going the way the Indian told us, in the direction of these stick places he showed us, and chance meeting hunters with more moose on the way.

February 23rd. In a hiding place for skins I found a sort of box in a tree. Being by this time respectful of no man's property, we opened it and found a can of something like lard. I saw Buck was going to eat it so I put it safely inside my parque. Fat is a mighty precious thing to have.

We portioned out today a little broth. We have left now a little bag of beans and a very little flour. Not enough to thicken, just enough to pretend with. And the poor dogs are so hungry—they just howl all the time.

I made a rule that when each one dips out his allowance from the pan he must, if he gets a bean in his cup, put it back in the general pot again for next day's flavor.

I'm getting near the end of my book and have no more paper. We are all half crazy. Today I thought I saw Pine eating a bean. I got up and accused him of it. He denied it. But I kept insisting he had. And he shook his fist at me, but Charley quieted us and then Pine said to me seriously, "Why I wouldn't have eaten rolled oats unless it was mine to eat."

Why rolled oats I don't know—I could have found a better food.

And Buck said, "Oh, I wish I could have just one piece of bread."

But I begged them to stop thinking about food and just drink lots and lots of tea. It helps you forget. But I heard poor Pine whisper to Buck, "Oh, Buck, if I only had some rolled oats."

February 26th. We portioned out our grub tonight again, and made the allowances smaller.

February 27th. Today we found three caches on the trail with meat. We took part of it, leaving a note to whoever owned it that they could collect what we took at Tanana station, and we signed ourselves the census takers.

Pine has neuralgia. This evening we came to three more cabins—deserted too. Is everything deserted up here?

To keep the dogs from stealing what little meat we have left, we put it under us at night.

February 29th. Every hour I am growing more scared. Sometimes I look at poor little Nig, and wonder if it wouldn't have been better if he had been killed that night. He stares so pleadingly at me for more to eat—I can't bear it.

March 1st. Our runs are getting shorter. Today we looked at each other and in all their eyes I saw panic and a trapped look. We were no Indians any more, no signs of

life. And suddenly we all seem to feel that there won't be any Indians, there isn't any steamboat, nothing ahead but starvation and freezing.

We find we can allow ourselves a very little meat each day for soup with two spoonfuls of beans and four of flour for the lot. The dogs the same, only double the amount, since there are eight of them.

We are going to turn back tomorrow and only hope we can reach that meat cache where we left a little meat before we give out. No one can ever need it more than we do. The poor dogs don't jerk at the traces any more—they are too weak.

March 3rd. We go back so slowly. The going seems as bad as it was that thrilling day I climbed and found the stake high above the Yukon bank. I'd not have the strength to do that now.

I have added up our food, what we have left is going to last us just two days. And then what? The men are becoming horrible to me—they are weaker than I—they work harder. I know they will slide out of our predicament by just falling asleep some day soon and not waking up, and I shall be left food for the wolves. We fall asleep now the minute we get a little fire going and a little tea in us. It is very tiresome to write anything down.

March 5th. Yesterday I couldn't write. Death had come too near me.

We got only a little way before the sleigh went over and the men sat down in the snow, and their faces said that they wouldn't get up again. I was panicky and I broke off pieces of the fat in my parque and gave them some quick, and they got up. I never saw such a quick effect. I gave the dogs a fragment too, and we went on the strength of it.

We came back finally to the cabins we had passed where was a cache, we didn't open because it had a lock and we hated to break it for the Indians are like children about these locks. It had looked empty anyway. But something urged Pine back and now he grabbed the axe weakly, trying to make heroic gestures, but his voice was weak as a little baby's. "I am going to open that door," he said to me, and dragged the axe over to the cache. I followed close on Pine's wobbling steps. Suddenly I seemed to see whole feasts of food before my eyes, and I heard myself, as if I were somebody outside myself, praying there might be food there, praying to God to remember the years I had loved Him and gone to church and revered Him. I forgot the cold as I stood there praying, and listening to myself making promises and pleading with God to help us.

Charley, in the meantime, was sanely chopping wood. I watched Pine make a lot of ineffectual motions before the lock broke, and I heard a muffled sound and out of the cache came tumbling a bundle of fish. Charley came running.

But no sooner did the fish strike the ground than the dogs were on it, snarling and fighting and Charley climbed up to the cache to quarrel with Pine for throwing it out. I went up after him, and there I saw a terrible sight. Pine, the gentleman, whose politeness had never failed him once in all this long wandering, was sitting in one dark corner, a big jawbone from some animal in one hand, a fish in the other, and he was chewing at the bone wildly, his whole frame trembling.

I went over to him, and touched his shoulder and in a moment he came to himself and smiled at me. "There was something here," he said and fainted.

So we are camping tonight and we have fish. The pile that Pine threw out in his frenzy is lost, but then it fed the dogs and there is another big bundle, and that gives us a chance to dare rest up a day. It is a good thing, for Pine is very sick.

The rest take it as just fish left over by the Indians. Well, maybe the fish was there when we went up. But I looked so carefully between those tree trunks and saw nothing at all. Perhaps my desperate prayers were answered—perhaps it was as near a miracle as my life will ever know. At all events it is God I thank for the fish that without doubt has saved our lives.

Everything has a different look about it now. Though Pine and Charley are in bad shape, sick from the worry they tried to

conceal from each other and from me. They confessed to me that they too realized how much stronger I was than they and the picture I drew of my being left alone is one they had been worrying about long before I talked about it.

March 7th. We took the trail again this morning, and about noon today we reached the place, according to our government map, where the China river ought to branch off.

Today too we reached the meat cache of last week, where we took some meat and left a note. This time we took the rest of the meat, left tea and tobacco of which we still have a fair amount.

We meet no Indians at all. We have passed quite a few cabins and camping places but every single one is deserted. Why, I wonder—for they would never let us go from Rampart if they hadn't thought we would find food and shelter and help along our way.

March 8th. Today we came to a cache where a little more meat had been stored. We had left it on the way up, when we felt we didn't need it so badly but now that and the fish will see us through. We were so afraid it might be gone, but to our joy and in answer to my prayers it was still there.

Meat fills you with confidence even if you don't get much of it. And anyway now we aren't filled with that terror at the end of each day's run that we had on the way up.

March 10th. Tortillo day before yesterday—back to that wonderful scenery that makes you forget your troubles for a little while. Mento late today. We are pushing along nicely and feel encouraged. Tried to get a wolf but missed him.

March 16th. Pine went out this morning to see if he couldn't get a ptarmigan, and he came back with an Indian. We know George, and he is going to help us and stay with us. He gave us some flour, and this noon we had a real flapjack! But it only makes our hunger worse. We want a lot of flapjacks instead of one.

March 18th. George brought us more meat. The sight of such a lot of meat made us all suddenly terribly weak. But George has seen starved people before and knew just what to do.

March 20th. Buck went over the divide and came back yesterday with cornmeal and flour. We ate it and got ready to start over the divide into Quail, but instead we all got sick from too much food. This morning we braced up to go over the divide, reached a cabin occupied by a Mr. Black, who gave us some actual bread!

March 21st. By noon today we got to Mr. Davis' cabin. I got there ahead of the rest, and told him all about our trip and our dangers. I said we still were hungry. So he said, "Well, well, I'd best cook you up something at once," and he did—rice flavored with real vanilla.

When the rest came I was fed and warmed and felt good. But they burst in like starving men. And when Charley saw the salt on the table—he haven't had salt for so long—he grabbed the can and swallowed a big mouthful, and when he choked on it he ran to the stove and drank some of the melted snow there. It was half warm. The result was we had as sick a man as ever I hope to see. Mr. Davis looked alarmed and took some bottles of liniment off the table, saying to me, "I'd better get these out of the way."

We tucked him in a bunk and Buck and Pine and the dogs didn't say anything—just watched Mr. Davis cooking, and waited.

March 23rd. Back to Rampart. I never thought I'd see it again.

I went into Mrs. Hatch's cabin and told her our story while the men were putting the stove up. I found it up, but they were sitting groaning, their heads in their hands.

I ran for Dr. Hatch, and he ordered the men not to eat a bite, till they felt better. Mrs. Hatch appeared with a bowl of good government ration soup and he let them have that.

To see food around us, lots of it, more than we can possibly eat, just to feel it and know it is real!

March 24th. Pine is so gentle, and tries his best to bring me [Turn to page 67]

Mother protect your baby from loose pins and buttons



The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

For sake of safety, comfort, convenience, health, dress him for the first two years, at least in the way recommended by 20,000 doctors and nurses, in

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Safety—because there are no pins to come unfastened or buttons to turn edgewise and torment little bodies. Your baby can never put a pin or button in his mouth.

Comfort—because they tie just right with dainty bows of twistless tape—neither too tight nor too loose.

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Health—because doctors recommend their perfect protection of little bodies in all kinds of weather.

Quality—only the best—for your baby. Guaranteed non-shrinkable. Stores will make adjustment if any Vanta garment is not satisfactory.

Thirty-one different garments, all of the finest quality, for babies from birth to six years old, all bearing the Vanta trade mark are illustrated in our new catalog, sent on request.

Ask for Vanta Baby garments at your store. If you cannot get them write to EARNSHAW SALES CO., Inc., Dept. 110, Newton, Mass.

FREE TO YOU
Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 60 pages on care and dressing of babies.

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Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

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I am much better. Come and see me soon!"

"Oh, I will!" Peggy promised, and then turned aside to the waiting Chimpanzee.

WHEN Peggy arrived at the Railway Bungalow, as some one had christened her father's abode, an unexpected sight awaited her. A huge Pathan with a black beard was walking up and down, leading a most unwilling terrier on a leash. She recognized the latter in a moment.

"It's Jingo!" said Peggy as she slid to the ground. She took the leash from the servant's extended hand.

She felt her heart leap oddly as she held it in her hand. Leading Jingo, she turned aside and entered the bungalow.

THE exaltation of the morning had given place to a most unwonted depression. Why, oh, why had she told Noel that she was not ready?

When she went down to tiffin with Mrs. Griffiths, she had, to a certain extent mastered her low spirits, but a veiled sense of having made a mistake still hung upon her, and she was powerless to shake it off. Mrs. Griffiths and Mrs. Ash were standing close to her, chatting in an undertone, and something of their talk reached her from time to time, though she was not consciously listening.

"The most extraordinary case of fever I ever heard of," so said Mrs. Ash. "You know the symptoms as well as I do. Doesn't everyone? Of course it wasn't really up to me to do anything, but I thought it was only kind, more especially as Mrs. Forbes . . ." her voice dwindled down to a whisper and gradually recovered, leaving a few words inaudible . . .

"so I went round, and what do you think I found?"

"Opium," said Mrs. Griffiths with decision.

"No, no! I don't say that. I've never been absolutely satisfied on that point, though I admit there are indications. No, that wasn't what I meant. A woman of that sort, dark blood you know, understands how to hide the traces. Well, I went up to her, and I began to ask her how she felt—I always try to be cheery—when she turned on me like a tiger-cat, and—" the rest of the sentence was lost in a whisper so low that even Mrs. Griffiths had to hear it twice, but in a few seconds the recital had become audible again.

It was not till I was back in my 'rickshaw again that the reason of it all dawned on me. Her condition was the result of her husband's cruelty. They had had a frightful row, and he had been beating her."

Then she continued. "And it accounts for so much—Noel Wyndham for instance—the soul of chivalry as we all know, and rather apt to let his feelings run away with him. She is a dangerous subject for his pity."

At this point Mrs. Griffiths became aware of Peggy close to her, and made a swift signal to Mrs. Ash.

IT was with an immense relief that Peggy found herself free at last to go back to her solitude. Mrs. Ash's narrative lay like a coiled serpent at the back of her mind, and there was something about it that frightened her. "Dark blood, you know." . . . So that was the reason for everything! Poor, beautiful Marcella was of mixed birth. She saw it clearly now, and wondered that she had not done so before. That dark, rich loveliness was no Western heritage.

And the thought of Marcella at the mercy of such a man made her very heart shrink. Small wonder that Noel with his ready and chivalrous understanding had taken compassion upon her! She saw it all now.

"And I will do the same," said Peggy, with sudden resolution. Yes, she would be a friend to her. Added to her own increasing affection for the outcast was a sense of cooperation with Noel which made her task all the more welcome.

That same evening while they were dancing together Captain Broadbent imparted a piece of information that Peggy had not previously heard. The Bobby Frasers had arrived in Ghawalkhand.

"In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if they turned up here tonight," he added.

Within half-an-hour Captain Broadbent's surmise was justified, and Bobby and Mrs. Bobby entered.

At the end of her dance with Ronald Hadlow, who was in one of his most distant moods, Peggy went to pay her respects to her late chaperon. She was greeted by Mrs. Bobby with a brief, "Oh, here you are! Getting on all right?" and a handshake which involved fingers only.

Bobby greeted her with his usual geniality, however, and she experienced genuine pleasure in meeting him again.

"By the way, a friend of yours is coming to us in a week or two. I expect you have forgotten his very existence, but I assure you he hasn't forgotten yours," he told her.

"Do you mean Captain Turner?" said Peggy.

He laughed again. "Good guess. So you haven't forgotten him! Lucky Tiggle!"

"But then I don't forget people," Peggy pointed out. "And after all, it's only a month ago, though I admit it does seem much more like a year."

PEGGY made an early start on the following morning in order to pay a visit to the Forbes' bungalow on her way to that of Mrs. Griffiths. It was a very unpleasant shock to her to find on rounding the curved drive that led through the Forbes' compound that Forbes himself had not yet departed from his work. His car stood in front of the bungalow, awaiting him.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure," he said, as her 'rickshaw reached him, offering his hand with his usual assurance. "What a dainty picture you make! You ought always to wear shell-pink. It is your color. It isn't every woman who knows what her color ought to be."

She gave him the briefest possible glance as she freed her fingers from a touch which sought to linger.

"Is Mrs. Forbes at home?" she asked with a bluntness that was not far removed from rudeness.

BY REQUEST

(Continued from page 50)

He laughed, his jarring, unpleasant laugh. "My dear young lady, she is so much at home as to be still in bed. Is she expecting you, may I ask?"

"No," said Peggy, snatching at the fact. "I won't disturb her. I'll come in another day."

He waved a restraining hand. "No, no! I will tell her you are here." Presently he swaggered in, swinging the door shut behind him. "She's getting up and hopes you will wait."

"I really think it would be better if I came in another time," said Peggy.

He glanced round the room. "Oh, don't go! She will be so disappointed. I am sorry we are in such a muddle. Fact is, I had a row with the house-boy yesterday, and he has cleared out. The *khit* hasn't got another yet. Sit down, won't you?"

"I mustn't stay very long," she remarked. "I am really on my way to Mrs. Griffiths who is giving a picnic today."

"Really!" said Forbes. "You haven't begun to wish yourself in England again yet?" he suggested.

"No, I don't think so." She spoke with intentional vagueness. "Is there any reason why I should?"

"I just wondered," said Forbes easily. "Your good father isn't much of a chaperon, is he? It is causing Sir William considerable anxiety, I can tell you. He has actually discussed the subject with me."

"With you!" said Peggy in amazement. She stood up. He caught her by the arm. "Yes, with me. I hope you have no objection. I'm a friend of yours."

"You are not a friend of mine!" said Peggy fiercely. "Let me go—instantly!"

"I will certainly let you go if you wish it," he said, "but I think I ought to warn you first that in your good father's interests as well as your own, you would be well-advised not to act in haste."

His words had weight, she knew not why. She felt her resistance wane, and realized that he was gaining the upper hand; and she was powerless to prevent it.

"Are you going to tell me what you mean?" she said after a few hard-breathing seconds, still standing rigidly before him.

"To a certain extent, yes," he said. "At least, I will tell you enough to convince you—even in my absence—that I am a force to be reckoned with, not despised. Sit down again!"

She obeyed him, conscious of a weakness that she could not control.

"I think you realize," he said, "that I am generally regarded as your father's right-hand man."

Forbes continued, his harsh voice slightly lowered. "That was originally my status, and to all outward appearances it is still. But in actual fact, our positions for a long while now, have been reversed. I think you know—of course you must know—that your father's brain is failing?"

She shrank from the sheer pitilessness of the words.

"You know what I say is true. Every day he makes some fresh blunder, something which I have to counteract or amend. I tell you frankly, he will never take on another job. But if he were to realize the actual state of affairs, he would put a bullet through his brain. The only thing that keeps him going is his work."

"Yes, yes, I know," Peggy said, and somehow she felt as if she were trying to propitiate him.

"Even so," said Forbes grimly. "And it's the one thing he'll die for, if once he lets go. It's got to be kept from him at all costs till the work is done."

"Yes, but how? How?" She heard herself repeating the word with a piteous persistence.

A subtle change came into the eyes that watched her. His hand moved from the back of her chair and lightly pressed her shoulder.

"Now you are getting reasonable," he said approvingly. "It can be done, but I couldn't possibly cover up his tracks if he were to leave now."

"But—surely—he isn't thinking of leaving," said Peggy.

"That is exactly what he is thinking of doing," Forbes said, "and on your account. He feels unable to take care of you out here, and he is making an extra effort now in order that he may be able to break off and rush you back to England in a few weeks' time and leave you with your friends there."

She shook her head with indecision. "Something must be done, but I don't yet know what."

"I should advise nothing in haste," said Forbes, and patted her shoulder with a familiarity which she felt was intended for kindness. "As things are at present, he is comparatively safe."

Again he patted her shoulder, his fingers just touching her bare neck. She wanted to fling his hand from her. But—it had come to this—she did not dare.

"We are partners then," said Forbes.

"You have been very kind," she said, speaking hurriedly and hating the words as she uttered them.

He made her a brief bow. "I am only anxious to be your friend."

Then the ordeal was over. "Here comes Marcella!" he said.

WITH utter relief Peggy turned to greet Marcella.

"How nice of you to come in!" was her greeting, as Peggy moved to meet her. "I am sorry I wasn't up." She kissed her languidly.

"I am so sorry you bothered to get up, because I can't stay long," Peggy said. "I am really on my way down to Mrs. Griffiths."

Then Forbes went tramping out with the swing of a conqueror, and neither of the two women he left behind uttered a word, or so much as moved until the clattering of his car

told of his departure. Marcella had a crushed, almost a beaten look that morning.

"I wish you hadn't got up," Peggy said uneasily. "I ought not to have come."

"Oh yes, indeed you ought!" Marcella dropped upon the sofa and lay back, her eyes half-closed. "I love to see you. It does me good."

"I wish I could stay and take care of you," Peggy said.

Marcella faintly smiled. "Be thankful that you can't! But I love you for thinking of it. Don't bother about me! I am not really ill. All I suffer from is thirst—raging thirst. It is like a furnace inside me sometimes. Fever, you know—just fever! Don't let me keep you, dear! It is getting late. Thank you for coming. I shall try to have a little sleep. Good-by!"

Peggy stooped over her. Already she seemed to be on the verge of slumber. As she bent, she caught some murmured words spoken unconsciously between lips that scarcely moved. "It's such a long way—to Bakri, but—it's awful—to die of thirst." Then Peggy departed.

PEGGY was determined to write and tell Nick everything, but when she began to do so, she found it more difficult than she had anticipated. Even to Nick she could not explain fully on paper all that had happened regarding Noel. To describe with any degree of accuracy her father's condition was also somehow impossible. Then there was Forbes with his sinister revelation all too probable to be discredited. That at least she determined that Nick must know, and she set herself firmly to tell him every detail.

"I do not like Mr. Forbes," she wrote. "I never have; but I know Daddy has a high opinion of his engineering abilities and I am afraid that what he says is true. Daddy is quite immersed in his work, but I think he is probably not as good at it as he used to be and but for Mr. Forbes it would end in failure. Daddy has proposed a flying visit Home, but I am dreadfully afraid that that might precipitate matters. He seems to have got into a groove of hard work—and how he does work; it is as if it were his very life—and I can't imagine what he would be like without it. There would simply be nothing left."

Here she paused with bent brows. Should she tell him about Noel? Or should she wait?

She read over what she had written and decided that she had said enough. Jingo was pressed against her, mutely entreating to be taken for a run in the compound. She looked down into his beseeching eyes.

"All right, old chap! I'll come," she said.

There was a brilliant moon. The air was cold and still. She shivered a little as she stepped forth from the verandah, but Jingo would not have been satisfied if she had remained behind. Her father had never been so late before. She began to feel uneasy about him. Should she send Sammy to look for him? But Sammy had departed to his own quarters, and he was an old man.

Suddenly as she walked she heard a far-off cry. Doubtless it was no more than the howling of a jackal, but it seemed to freeze her blood. She turned and sped towards the bungalow. Breathlessly she regained the verandah and ran into her sitting-room, shutting the window behind her.

It was sometime later that she commanded herself and sat up. Jingo must be fetched in. Opening it, she heard another sound which sent a thrill of relief through her. A car had turned off the road and was approaching the bungalow. Doubtless her father at last!

Eagerly she went out again onto the verandah to meet him. She saw the gleam of the advancing lamps but not until the car stopped did she clearly discern its occupant. Then, as he descended, she drew back with a sharp breath. It was Forbes.

He came to her with his customary aggressive gait.

"Can you tell me anything about my father?" she said. The moment she had uttered the question she regretted it; for she saw his face change subtly. He smiled upon her as one well pleased.

"So you are all alone!" he said. "That's said. I may as well keep you company for a little."

"I am quite happy by myself, thank you," said Peggy haughtily.

She felt the indignant blood rise within her and knew that she turned vividly scarlet under his look.

"You are very young," Forbes went on, "but I imagine you are fully aware of the fact that you are attractive. Otherwise, the whole male population of the station would scarcely be at your feet."

He leaned slowly towards her, and there was that in his eyes that sent a cold shudder to her heart.

"Must I be more explicit?" he said. "Don't you know what it means when a woman attracts a man? If you don't, why do you set out to make yourself attractive? You are exquisite, like a flower just opening, waiting—just waiting to be gathered. Peggy, you little white rose, let me be the one to gather you, and hold you against my heart! I only ask you if just for once—just for tonight—can't we be lovers instead of friends?"

He stopped. Peggy was on her feet, frozen horror in her eyes. "You brute!" she said, and sprang past him for the window.

He turned with a strangled oath, but she had wrenched it open before he reached her. He caught at her, but she wrested herself from him with a frenzied cry and fled out into the moonlight. Like a flash she was gone, and ere he could follow her, like a flash something else came upon him. A white streak shot suddenly onto the verandah and hurled itself straight at him.

It was like the bursting of a small tornado. The din was indescribable, while the tornado—a leaping whiteness as swift as lightning—did its furious work. Not in vain had Jingo been brought up a soldier's dog among soldiers. There was not an inch of him that was

[Turn to page 62]

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WHAT YOU CAN DO *with* LEFT-OVERS*[Continued from page 42]*

Left-over fish creamed and baked in scallop shells has an air of elegance

Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for about one hour. Baste occasionally with some chicken stock or with melted butter and water.

Chicken Turnovers: (May use chicken or turkey or part veal.) Chop chicken fine, season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice and moisten with left-over gravy. Make plain pastry and roll to ¼ inch thickness. Cut in 3 or 4 inch squares with sharp knife or pastry jagger. Put a tablespoon of meat filling on each square, moisten edges, turn over to form triangle and press edges together with the tines of a fork. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with chicken gravy or any preferred hot meat sauce.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER HAM

Ham Mousse: To 2 cups finely chopped or ground ham add 2 tablespoons minced parsley and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Fold this into 1 cup cream whipped until stiff, to which has been added 1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, then dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water. Turn into large or individual molds which have first been dipped in cold water and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce or watercress.

Ham Timbales: To 1½ cups finely ground ham, add ¼ cup soft bread crumbs, 1 well-beaten egg, ¾ cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter. Mix well and turn into well-greased timbale molds or custard cups. Set molds in shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until mixture is firm in the center. (Test like a custard by inserting a clean knife.) Serve with tomato sauce.

Hot Ham Sandwich: Chop ham. Add

2 tablespoons chopped green pepper to each cup ham, moisten with mayonnaise dressing and spread between slices of bread. Dip sandwiches in beaten egg and fry in a shallow pan in hot fat. Serve at once with cold slaw or India relish.

Ham and Cabbage en Casserole: To each cup of ham, minced or cut in small pieces, allow 2 cups shredded cabbage which has been parboiled for 10 minutes and 1 cup white sauce. Arrange in layers in casserole or baking-dish, season cabbage with bits of butter and paprika, and sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 to 30 minutes.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LEFT-OVER FISH

Au Gratin in Scallop Shells: (May use salmon, tuna fish, or any white fish.) To one cup cooked fish, flaked, add 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, ½ cup medium white sauce and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Fill scallop shells with this mixture and sprinkle with grated cheese mixed with fine bread crumbs. Bake until brown. If desired, a border of mashed potato, forced through a pastry-bag, may be put around the edge. Brush potato with beaten egg yolk.

Creamed Fish on Toast: Any left-over fish may be combined with white sauce in the proportion of 1½ cups flaked fish to 1 cup medium thick sauce. Season to taste. Serve on crisp hot toast and garnish with parsley.

Fish Souffle: Make same as Chicken Souffle, baking it in a moderate oven (325° F.). Serve at once.

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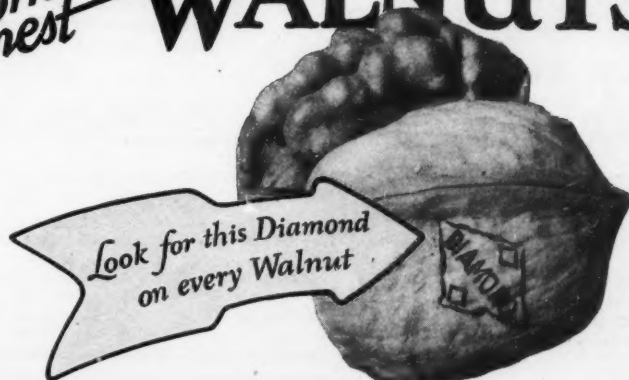
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WALNUTS



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Is your Christmas list complete? Very few are. Nearly always one has to find a last minute gift for some one, and often these presents are the most successful of all. Novel ideas for "Last Minute Gifts" are given in a new McCall Service Leaflet. Price two cents.

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A New Way to serve *Gingerbread* ..try this delicious recipe



Gingerbread Banana Shortcake

WARM, fine-textured gingerbread just out of the oven! With bananas and fluffy whipped cream—oh, how delicious!

You want more and more of that tantalizing flavor! That wonderful taste of the real old-time plantation molasses that has been kept for you in Brer Rabbit.

And you can eat all you want of it, it's so good for you—and for the children, too. For Brer Rabbit Molasses retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane. Both children and grown-ups need plenty of iron and lime.

Here's another "party" dress for gingerbread that has the real old-fashioned molasses flavor. Bake it in a round mold with a hole in the middle. While still warm, fill the hole with canned or fresh fruit and garnish with whipped cream. It will make your politest guest positively greedy.

The free cook book offered below is full of unusual recipes for Brer Rabbit Molasses desserts and goodies—new quick desserts, and wonderful old Southern dishes, too. Send for these delightful recipes before you forget.

Gingerbread Banana Shortcake

3 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water.

Sift dry ingredients together. Mix as for cake. Bake in pan where the dough will be about one inch thick. It will take from 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven. While slightly warm cover each layer with whipped cream and sliced bananas.

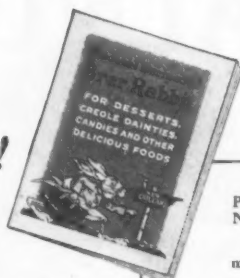
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BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 60]

not game and ready.

He was nearing the prime of life and quite tireless, and the battle might have continued almost interminably if left to take its course. But at the end of a howling minute there came an interruption. A figure ran quickly along the verandah, and stooping caught back the dog in full career. In the height of his wrath Jingo found himself checked by an authority which he could not ignore. Bristling and struggling he was drawn into Peggy's arms and found himself compelled to yield.

On her knees on the verandah she clasped him, and over his head, with eyes that burned like blazing spirit from a face as white as death, she looked up at Forbes and spoke.

"Will you go, please?"

There was something unearthly about her in that moment, something majestic, indomitable, wholly irresistible. The man stood hesitating, then turned and went.

It was over an hour later that there came again the sound of a car in the compound beyond the verandah.

It came to a halt and a bent, gaunt man descended and moved along the verandah to the open window whence a light still shone.

The girl stirred and lifted her face in a kind of staring horror that melted into gasping relief.

"Oh, Daddy—Daddy!" she said, and held out her arms.

Jingo's growl turned into a grunt and he moved to one side.

"My little girl!" said Sir William, bending fondly over her. "I was so busy—Forbes gave me rather a big problem to work out—I'm afraid I forgot you. Is there anything the matter? Or were you just asleep?"

She raised herself and clung to him. "Oh, Daddy—my Daddy!" she said, and

burst into hysterical crying on his breast.

He gathered her close, soothing her, comforting her. "What is it, darling? You have been lonely. I'm so sorry. Will you try and forgive me for being away?"

OF the happenings of that evening Peggy told her father nothing. Forbes was his right-hand man; it might be a very serious matter if Sir William had to part with him. Then there was Marcella.

In the early morning she rose and sat down to write to Marcella. Certainly something must be done!

She had thought that she would find the letter difficult. But quite suddenly, as she set pen to paper, she knew what she would do. Marcella must come to her.

Her letter was a brief one, making little reference to what had passed between them and none at all to her own experience of the night before. She was so sorry that they had been interrupted in the morning. She wanted very much to see and talk to her. Would she come and spend a few days at The Railway Bungalow? She, Peggy, was in real need of companionship just then, and she would be so very, very pleased to have her.

When she met her father in the morning he looked at her with grave concern. "My dear, I am afraid you haven't slept," he said. "That fright I gave you last night has upset your nerves."

She tried to answer him lightly though she knew her face belied her. "I am all right, Daddy," she said. "But, please, you won't be so late again, will you?"

He stooped and kissed her. She leaned her head against him with a sigh. He stroked her hair with a gentle hand. "Poor little Peggy!" he said. "Well, I must really begin to take care of my little girl."

"Oh, Daddy, thank you!" she whispered. "But what about you? Won't you find it rather difficult?" [Turn to page 67]

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 29]

Last night I heard Pine half asleep in his bunk moan, "Buck, I'm so hungry."

February 16th. The men are out for wood so I will write a little. Perhaps some one may find this little book if we are lost for lack of food and will at least let my people know.

Yesterday we sighted cabins and caches, so we braced up and made the village. We knew this must be Tortillo. The sight of the buildings was as good as a meal, and made us feel as strong as if we had really eaten.

We got there and called very loudly to arouse the inhabitants and let them know the census takers had come. Then we walked up to the largest cabin—there were five or six—and knocked. We knocked and knocked, and there was no answer, and when we pushed open the door we saw why there had been no answer.

We had come to a deserted camp—every cabin empty, not a sign of fish or sinew anywhere. We stood still, our eyes frozen in their sockets. While the men unpacked I made the strongest tea I dared. We didn't talk much—we just drank the tea. They were so grim I didn't dare break the silence.

When I was filling the cups for the third time Charley said loudly, "Let's turn in and talk the whole thing over tomorrow," and then in a low tone he said something to Pine and I caught Nig's name.

Then I knew they had given up; they wanted to kill poor Nig to feed the rest of the dogs. I began to sob.

I said we were done for; that they would die first and leave me to a fate I couldn't even imagine. I told them they didn't dare begin to kill dogs yet. If one is killed the others will follow soon—and that means no way of carting tent or stove.

Finally Charley patted my shoulder and said soothingly, "Listen, old lady, we aren't going to kill any dogs. I was just telling Pine we'd better turn in and get a good night's rest." So we did. But he meant to kill that dog. I stopped it this time, but how long will I be able, how long will I dare stop him?

February 20th. The days are alike now

except that we get hungrier. Yesterday we went eight whole miles on nothing but ice. The poor dogs' feet bled unmercifully, and they howled every time we stopped to right the sleigh.

We ran across three miserable looking Indians with two dogs, so thin they could hardly stand.

The chief of the party, Tateratta—any way that is how Pine spelled it in the census blank—we asked to act as guide. But his only reply is, "You die—that all."

We went over to their camp later. Their tent was very low and had in it a huge Yukon stove. They were all squatting around it. On it a big pot bubbled away with a marvellous smell of real meat. We took their census anyway and watched while they started in to eat and utterly ignored us.

"Bates Rapids" they understand, and say we are not far from there, but they tried to tell us something else that we can't understand.

I asked the old man and the old woman questions with no results. There was no light in the tent but the red eye of the stove. Whenever the man dozed off I gave him a slap on the shoulder, calling "Say," and holding my census book on my lamp put a pencil in his hand and I pointed to one spot, calling it China river or Bates Rapids—anything to get his attention, but he fell asleep again promptly.

Once he tried to hold the pencil straight and draw something. He made a sort of square, and said, "Stick, stick," and off he went to sleep again. I shook him and shouted "Bates Rapids" at him. The old squaw lighted pieces of wood at the stove and held it over our drawing so we could see. Patiently I put the pencil back in his hand again and steadied it while he made a mark of some sort. He grunted, he rocked back and forth, he closed his eyes, and at last I realized he meant we travelled all day, then slept, then travelled and slept again, for as many days as he thought it would take to make a certain place. Then again he made a little square. I saw he meant a cabin. Most of the others had gone to sleep, by the simple process of falling back where they [Turn to page 65]

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 62]

were sitting. The old man suddenly turned to me and said in an awed tone, "You, you save Jesus?"

My thoughts flew back to Steven who used to announce himself "all same minister" when he wanted what he didn't have. I bowed my head and said, "Yes, me good fellow—me all same your brother. Me save Jesus."

Then he began to rock vigorously, he groaned, he grunted, he hissed, he swayed from side to side, he puffed, pulled himself up as if he were hauling something heavy, strained and grunted. When he got over that spasm, he shook his head vigorously saying, "No, no." He put his own fingers at a point on my map and commenced to make the thumb follow the finger, repeating the word "dog-dog-dog-dog," then stopping, he said "sleep" and again the thumb followed index finger and the "dog-dog" came again. There were three sleeps in all. Then he said "Choo-choo-choo" with great speed. He turned solemnly, "Choo-choo-choo," turning his fingers to the right, whispering to me "Jesus"—and then suddenly following up with "Jesus no good! Jesus no good!" Then pointing in the opposite direction, he once more went "choo-choo" and said, "good, good." Well, perhaps later all of us together in our tent can fathom it out.

Later, Pine thinks the stuff he tried to tell us is very valuable. He reasons from the drawing that he meant us to skip the China river entirely.

None of the Indians seem to know anything about a boat on the China river. The information is probably as true as our government map. Anyway we are going the way the Indian told us, in the direction of these stick places he showed us, and chance meeting hunters with more moose on the way.

February 23rd. In a hiding place for skins I found a sort of box in a tree. Being by this time respectful of no man's property, we opened it and found a can of something like lard. I saw Buck was going to eat it so I put it safely inside my parkie. Fat is a mighty precious thing to have.

We portioned out today a little broth. We have left now a little bag of beans and a very little flour. Not enough to thicken, just enough to pretend with. And the poor dogs are so hungry—they just howl all the time.

I made a rule that when each one dips out his allowance from the pan he must, if he gets a bean in his cup, put it back in the general pot again for next day's flavor.

I'm getting near the end of my book and have no more paper. We are all half crazy. Today I thought I saw Pine eating a bean. I got up and accused him of it. He denied it. But I kept insisting he had. And he shook his fist at me, but Charley quieted us and then Pine said to me seriously, "Why I wouldn't have eaten rolled oats unless it was mine to eat."

Why rolled oats I don't know—I could have found a better food.

And Buck said, "Oh, I wish I could have just one piece of bread."

But I begged them to stop thinking about food and just drink lots and lots of tea. It helps you forget. But I heard poor Pine whisper to Buck, "Oh, Buck, if I only had some rolled oats."

February 26th. We portioned out our grub tonight again, and made the allowances smaller.

February 27th. Today we found three caches on the trail with meat. We took part of it, leaving a note to whoever owned it that they could collect what we took at Tanana station, and we signed ourselves the census takers.

Pine has neuralgia. This evening we came to three more cabins—deserted too. Is everything deserted up here?

To keep the dogs from stealing what little meat we have left, we put it under us at night.

February 29th. Every hour I am growing more scared. Sometimes I look at poor little Nig, and wonder if it wouldn't have been better if he had been killed that night. He stares so pleadingly at me for more to eat—I can't bear it.

March 1st. Our runs are getting shorter. Today we looked at each other and in all their eyes I saw panic and a trapped look. We meet no Indians any more, no signs of

life. And suddenly we all seem to feel that there won't be any Indians, there isn't any steamboat, nothing ahead but starvation and freezing.

We find we can allow ourselves a very little meat each day for soup with two spoonfuls of beans and four of flour for the lot. The dogs the same, only double the amount, since there are eight of them.

We are going to turn back tomorrow and only hope we can reach that meat cache where we left a little meat before we give out. No one can ever need it more than we do. The poor dogs don't jerk at the traces any more—they are too weak.

March 3rd. We go back so slowly. The going seems as bad as it was that thrilling day I climbed and found the stake high above the Yukon bank. I'd not have the strength to do that now.

I have added up our food, what we have left is going to last us just two days. And then what? The men are becoming horrible to me—they are weaker than I—they work harder. I know they will slide out of our predicament by just falling asleep some day soon and not waking up, and I shall be left food for the wolves. We fall asleep now the minute we get a little fire going and a little tea in us. It is very tiresome to write anything down.

March 5th. Yesterday I couldn't write. Death had come too near me.

We got only a little way before the sleigh went over and the men sat down in the snow, and their faces said that they wouldn't get up again. I was panicky and I broke off pieces of the fat in my parkie and gave them some quick, and they got up. I never saw such a quick effect. I gave the dogs a fragment too, and we went on the strength of it.

We came back finally to the cabins we had passed where was a cache, we didn't open because it had a lock and we hated to break it for the Indians are like children about these locks. It had looked empty anyway. But something urged Pine back and now he grabbed the axe weakly, trying to make heroic gestures, but his voice was weak as a little baby's. "I am going to open that door," he said to me, and dragged the axe over to the cache. I followed close on Pine's wobbling steps. Suddenly I seemed to see whole feasts of food before my eyes, and I heard myself, as if I were somebody outside myself, praying there might be food there, praying to God to remember the years I had loved Him and gone to church and revered Him. I forgot the cold as I stood there praying, and listening to myself making promises and pleading with God to help us.

Charley, in the meantime, was sanely chopping wood. I watched Pine make a lot of ineffectual motions before the lock broke, and I heard a muffled sound and out of the cache came tumbling a bundle of fish. Charley came running.

But no sooner did the fish strike the ground than the dogs were on it, snarling and fighting and Charley climbed up to the cache to quarrel with Pine for throwing it out. I went up after him, and there I saw a terrible sight. Pine, the gentleman, whose politeness had never failed him once in all this long wandering, was sitting in one dark corner, a big jawbone from some animal in one hand, a fish in the other, and he was chewing at the bone wildly, his whole frame trembling.

I went over to him, and touched his shoulder and in a moment he came to himself and smiled at me. "There was something here," he said and fainted.

So we are camping tonight and we have fish. The pile that Pine threw out in his frenzy is lost, but then it fed the dogs and there is another big bundle, and that gives us a chance to dare rest up a day. It is a good thing, for Pine is very sick.

The rest take it as just fish left over by the Indians. Well, maybe the fish was there when we went up. But I looked so carefully between those tree trunks and saw nothing at all. Perhaps my desperate prayers were answered—perhaps it was as near a miracle as my life will ever know. At all events it is God I thank for the fish that without doubt has saved our lives.

Everything has a different look about it now. Though Pine and Charley are in bad shape, sick from the worry they tried to

conceal from each other and from me. They confessed to me that they too realized how much stronger I was than they and the picture I drew of my being left alone is one they had been worrying about long before I talked about it.

March 7th. We took the trail again this morning, and about noon today we reached the place, according to our government map, where the China river ought to branch off.

Today too we reached the meat cache of last week, where we took some meat and left a note. This time we took the rest of the meat, left tea and tobacco of which we still have a fair amount.

We meet no Indians at all. We have passed quite a few cabins and camping places but every single one is deserted. Why, I wonder—for they would never let us go from Rampart if they hadn't thought we would find food and shelter and help along our way.

March 8th. Today we came to a cache where a little more meat had been stored. We had left it on the way up, when we felt we didn't need it so badly but now that and the fish will see us through. We were so afraid it might be gone, but to our joy and in answer to my prayers it was still there.

Meat fills you with confidence even if you don't get much of it. And anyway now we aren't filled with that terror at the end of each day's run that we had on the way up.

March 10th. Tortillo day before yesterday—back to that wonderful scenery that makes you forget your troubles for a little while. Mento late today. We are pushing along nicely and feel encouraged. Tried to get a wolf but missed him.

March 10th. Pine went out this morning to see if he couldn't get a ptarmigan, and he came back with an Indian. We know George, and he is going to help us and stay with us. He gave us some flour, and this noon we had a real flapjack! But it only makes our hunger worse. We want a lot of flapjacks instead of one.

March 18th. George brought us more meat. The sight of such a lot of meat made us all suddenly terribly weak. But George has seen starved people before and knew just what to do.

March 20th. Buck went over the divide and came back yesterday with cornmeal and flour. We ate it and got ready to start over the divide into Quail, but instead we all got sick from too much food. This morning we braced up to go over the divide, reached a cabin occupied by a Mr. Black, who gave us some actual bread!

March 21st. By noon today we got to Mr. Davis' cabin. I got there ahead of the rest, and told him all about our trip and our dangers. I said we still were hungry. So he said, "Well, well, I'd best cook you up something at once," and he did—rice flavored with real vanilla.

When the rest came I was fed and warmed and felt good. But they burst in like starving men. And when Charley saw the salt on the table—we haven't had salt for so long—he grabbed the can and swallowed a big mouthful, and when he choked on it he ran to the stove and drank some of the melted snow there. It was half warm. The result was we had as sick a man as ever I hope to see. Mr. Davis looked alarmed and took some bottles of liniment off the table, saying to me, "I'd better get these out of the way."

We tucked him in a bunk and Buck and Pine and the dogs didn't say anything—just watched Mr. Davis cooking, and waited.

March 23rd. Back to Rampart. I never thought I'd see it again.

I went into Mrs. Hatch's cabin and told her our story while the men were putting the stove up. I found it up, but they were sitting groaning, their heads in their hands.

I ran for Dr. Hatch, and he ordered the men not to eat a bite, till they felt better. Mrs. Hatch appeared with a bowl of good government ration soup and he let them have that.

To see food around us, lots of it, more than we can possibly eat, just to feel it and know it is real!

March 24th. Pine is so gentle, and tries his best to bring me [Turn to page 67]

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A GOOD CHILD JUST A LITTLE SPOILED

[Continued from page 50]

infancy to report every little ill, to talk about our stomach, our elimination processes, and the like. We have been allowed to avoid the doing of boresome duties by reporting them, such as staying away from school and getting relieved from sharing in the household chores. And above all, we have, by reporting them, got the tender solicitude of our parents and the kisses and coddling of our mothers. Mother fights our battles for us and stands between us and the things we try to avoid doing.

But society doesn't do this. We have to stick to our jobs in commercial and professional life regardless of headaches, toothaches, indigestion and other tiny ailments. There is no one there to baby us. If we cannot stand this treatment we have to go back home where love and affection can again be commandeered. If at home we cannot get enough coddling by ordinary means, we take to our arm-chairs or even to our beds. Thereafter we are in a secure position to demand constant coddling.

The mother coddles the child for two reasons. One she admits; the other she doesn't admit because she doesn't know that it is true. The one she admits is that she wants the child to be happy, she wants it to be surrounded by love in order that it may grow up to be a kindly, good-natured child. The other is that her whole being cries out for the expression of love. Her mother before her has trained her to give and receive love. She is starved for love—affection as she prefers to call it. It is at bottom a sex seeking response in her, else she would never kiss the child on the lips. Certainly, to satisfy her professed reason for coddling, kissing the youngster on the forehead, on the back of the hand, patting it on the head once in a while, would be all the petting needed for a baby to learn that it is growing up in a kindly home.

But even granting that the mother thinks she kisses the child for the perfectly logical reason of implanting the proper amount of affection and kindness in it, does she succeed? The fact I brought out before, that we rarely see a happy child, is proof to the contrary. The fact that our children are always crying and always whining shows the unhappy, unwholesome state they are in. Their digestion is interfered with and probably their whole glandular system is deranged.

There is a sensible way of treating children. Treat them as though they were young adults. Dress them, bathe them with what care and circumspection you may, but let your behavior always be objective and kindly firm. Never hug and kiss them, never let them sit in your lap. If you must, kiss them once on the forehead when they say good night. Shake hands with them in the morning. Give them a pat on the head if they have done an extraordinary good job of a difficult task. Try it out. In a week's time you will find how easy it is to be perfectly objective with your child and at the same time kindly. You will be utterly ashamed of the mawkish, sentimental way you have been handling your child.

If you expected a dog to grow up and be useful as a watch dog, a bird dog, a fox hound, useful for anything except a lap dog, you wouldn't dare treat it the way you treat your child. When I hear a mother say "Bless its little heart" when it

falls down, or stubs its toe, or suffers some other ill, I usually have to walk a block or two to let off steam. Can't the mother train herself when something happens to the child to look at its hurt without saying anything, and if there is a wound to dress it in a matter-of-fact way? And then as the child gets older, can she not train him to go and find the boracic and the bandages and treat his own wounds? Can't she train herself to substitute a kindly word, a smile, in all of her dealings with the child, for the kiss and the hug, the pickup and coddling? Above all, can't she learn to keep away from the



Out in the backyard for a large part of the day

child a large part of the day since love conditioning must grow up anyway, even when scrupulously guarded against, through feeding and bathing? I sometimes wish that we could live in a community of homes where each home is

supplied with a well-trained nurse so that we could have the babies fed and bathed each week by a different nurse. Not long ago I had opportunity to observe a child who had had an overly sympathetic and tender nurse for a year and a half. This nurse had to leave. When a new nurse came, the infant cried for three hours, letting up only long enough to get his breath now and then. This nurse had to leave at the end of a month and a new nurse came. This time the infant cried only half an hour when the new nurse took charge of him. Again, as often happens in well regulated homes, the second nurse only stayed two weeks. When the third nurse came,

the child went to her without a murmur. Somehow I can't help wishing that it were possible to rotate the mothers occasionally too, unless they are very sensible indeed. Certainly a mother, when necessary, ought to leave her child for a long enough period for over-conditioning to die down. If you haven't a nurse and cannot leave the child, put it out in the backyard a large part of the day. Build a fence around the yard so that you are sure no harm can come to it. Do this from the time it is born. When it can crawl, give it its sandpile and be sure to dig some small holes in the yard so it has to crawl in and out of them. Let it learn to overcome difficulties almost from the first moment of birth. It should learn to conquer difficulties away from your watchful eye. It should not get commendation and notice and petting every time it does something it ought to be doing anyway. If your heart is too tender and you must watch the child, make yourself a peephole so that you can see the child without being seen, or use a periscope. But above all when anything does happen don't let your child see your own trepidation but handle the situation as a trained nurse or a doctor would and, finally, learn not to talk in endearing and coddling terms.

Nest habits, which come from coddling, are really pernicious evils. The boys or girls who have nest habits deeply imbedded suffer torture when they have to leave home to go into business, to enter school, to get married—in general, whenever they have to break away from the parents to start life on their own. Inability to break nest habits is probably our most prolific source of divorce.

In conclusion won't you then remember when you are tempted to pet your child that mother love is a dangerous instrument? An instrument which may inflict a never healing wound, a wound which may make infancy unhappy, adolescence a nightmare, which may wreck your adult son or daughter's vocational future and marital happiness.

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A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 65]

beautifully dried wood.

Today I said to him, "Isn't there something I can do for you, so we can the faster forget the days that made us act so differently from our real natures?"

Pine brightened up and said, "I tell you what: Could you have rolled oats on the table at every meal, three times a day, for breakfast and dinner and supper for a while?"

So we shook hands as if it were an important compact, and from that minute too he was more like the Pine we knew before we went to find the China river.

March 27th. We are going out soon on the various creeks and get the yields of gold in this district, for the census demands that, and then we will go down the Yukon to St. Michael. We have our census money: enough money really to get out at last.

Every time I leave the cabin the first thing my eyes do when I open the door of the cabin again is to look under the bunk to see if the grub is still there. This is really funny, for we are in town now and could easily get more.

Today I cried and cried. Poor little Nig, who found us so long ago on that awful trail, has been claimed by an Indian, a horrible mean old Indian too. I had him looking real decent again, and now I had to give him up. I wish I had killed him when he was so played out, instead of coaxing him back to life. Poor little fellow, his eyes followed me so pleadingly when that Indian pulled him away.

March 30th. The men have finished the census work.

From Indians and miners coming into town, we learn this has been the worst Winter on record. Many Indians left their Winter camps because they could find nothing to eat. No wonder we found so few camps occupied. We are all ready to start back. The boats going out will be very crowded and won't stand for dogs, and I'm taking four back with me, so we are going to drift down in a rowboat to St. Michael.

July 15th. Back at St. Michael, but not the town I remember such ages ago. We had a pretty wild trip down, for the Yukon is just as uncertain and coy as of yore.

All Rampart was on the bank to see us off when we started, tin pans were beating as if it were a Christmas celebration.

Buck stayed behind on some new gold discovery, so only three of us were in the boat.

You couldn't hold me, now I'm really started. And Pine talks about England in sentimental tones.

St. Michael has certainly changed since my young days here. My young days is right, for my brown hair is just about all white—been frozen so often.

They have regular looking people here now and a real hotel! And the women are wearing what they call pompadours—

great wads of hair sticking up in the air. I feel like a squaw seeing something strange for the first time. The new hotel really awed me.

July 18th. On board the steamer Santa Anna. A regular boat—and I am in a regular coat and a real skirt. Ten days to Seattle. One amusing thing on the boat is the number of people who went in by way of Dawson, and then came back down the river on a steamer—two months in all—and now they are going out to write stories about Alaska!

We are getting fat—the different food, no chopping wood, the lack of all work.

July 29th. In Seattle, in a real town. I in my suit look fine. Even the men look a little better—at least they have haircuts and shaves. Our belongings are still in bags.

When we went to one of the good hotels in the town, we were told there were no rooms. Charley suspected perhaps their boots and the dogs and the bags had something to do with that announcement. Pine stood around in his quiet British way—he has all his Englishness back since his beard and the trail are gone. I was wishing I were somewhere else. Then Charley happened to see on the wall on a card the proprietor's name. It was a friend of his back in Cincinnati, so he made the unwilling clerk get him down, and then we were given the best rooms in the hotel.

We are going home tomorrow on the fastest train we can get.

August 16th. This is the end of my diary. There are just three pages left to the end. Charley has given me a nice new one, but the end of Alaska belongs in here.

My little dog Manuel is still alive. They had kept him in the kitchen and not allowed him in the other rooms once all the time I was away, but when he heard my voice he came hopping in, right past the people who had forbidden him, to me, who he knew would let him come anywhere.

Pine is going back to England. He has been writing home, and his family want him back so badly he is going.

Tonight while I was reading here in the little room next the living room I heard Charley talking to some friends about the wonders of Alaska, and its beauty and health giving properties, but I knew all about that at first hand so I went back to my book. Then I heard Mr. Barr say sharply, "You don't meant it, Charley." "I do, as sure as God made little green apples," said Charley. "I'm going back there some day—only the next time I'm going right."

I caught my breath in astonishment—and then my heart beat faster and happier. I forgot the book. My eyes saw only the great, gorgeous mountains. My ears heard the cold clear healthy air crack. When Charley goes back I am going too!

[THE END]

BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 62]

"No," he said quietly. "No. My work is nearly done." He smiled upon her and she saw the vision fade again—"you, Peggy, must come first. I suppose there is no one you could ask to stay with you till I can be more at liberty?"

"Oh yes!" Peggy suddenly remembered her letter. "I have written already to ask Mrs. Forbes. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Who?" said Sir William; then, frowning slightly: "Ah yes, I know her. But—surely you are not very friendly with her?"

She felt herself flush. "I am very fond of her, Daddy. I felt so sure you could not possibly object."

Sir William turned and sat down at the table, and again she heard him sigh. "I couldn't object to anything you do, dear," he said. "Only be very careful."

LATER in the day Peggy's letter to Marcella was brought back to her with news that the *mem-sahib* had gone away. The information surprised her, but it brought relief. Though she was still ready to help Marcella she was glad that for the

time at least her help was not needed.

In the days that followed, Ghawalkhand beheld an unexpected thing. Sir William Musgrave suddenly emerged from his hermitage on the hill and took his place as his daughter's protector, only, however, where Peggy had need of an escort.

Peggy saw nothing of Forbes for over a week, and no news of Marcella reached her during that time. The round of gaieties continued, and she was drawn into playing in a tennis tournament at the Club.

While Peggy sat resting on the Club veranda a red-faced stranger who had arrived under the auspices of Bobby Fraser turned round and confronted her.

"I expect you have forgotten all about me by this time," he said.

Peggy gave a quick start of surprise and held out a friendly hand. "Forgotten you, Captain Turner!" she exclaimed. "Why, of course not!"

"Oh, thank the gods for that!" said Tiggie Turner, as he grasped the proffered hand. "Then I haven't got to begin all over again."

[Continued in FEBRUARY McCALL'S]

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WHY WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN MEN

[Continued from page 54]

wife in most households looks after her husband's welfare. She nags him into putting on his rubbers, into changing to his Winter clothing; she urges him to get to bed early, to drink and smoke less. She may be a disturbing factor but she undoubtedly helps to lengthen his life!

"Not long ago we had a man in here who said he wanted to be examined, then quarreled with every doctor who saw him. He was sent to several different physicians for examination of special organs and he was downright furious with every one of them. Finally one of the doctors said:

"See here, man, we didn't coax you in here! You came in and said you wanted to be examined didn't you?"

"Well," said the man sheepishly, "I didn't want to come. My wife made me."

"You may be interested to know that married people on the whole live longer than unmarried ones. When a bachelor arrives at middle age he has just half the chance to go on living that a married man has! And widows have an appallingly high mortality rate.

"There is also a general impression that maternity shortens life. It is true that many women lose their lives in the bearing of children, far too many, and there cannot be too much pre-natal care which is the one thing that will bring down this death rate. But when a woman has good care, the function of maternity brings a general bodily quickening, a stimulating of all the forces that make for living, which is in itself a help to health and to longer life. Mothers, provided they take care of themselves, are the best subjects for life prolongation."

"How are we to take care of ourselves?" I demanded.

"Correct your sins, of course," he re-

plied, "and sin no more. In the younger women, those from eighteen to thirty-five, we find an appalling amount of underweight and low blood pressure. This comes, in a good many cases, from deliberate under-eating. Our young women as well as our older ones want to be slim. Now the older woman may stand a certain amount of self-decreed dieting, but even she runs a severe risk unless she is dieting under a physician. But the young woman who diets until she is constantly underweight presents a very grave problem. She is being underfed and is a likely subject for tuberculosis. Don't get the idea that we are through with tuberculosis, because we know something about it. We are far from through.

"One of the vanities of women that helps them live longer is their pride in their teeth. In every group of people examined we find the teeth of the women far superior to those of the men. And teeth are of prime importance in living longer and in living well while you live.

"The horror of our time is cancer," he continued. "Cancer is a swift disease. It may begin and end within a year. Certainly every woman who has borne children needs a pelvic examination every six months after she is forty, as well as an annual general examination. If women generally would see to this as they do to their teeth, the cancer death rate would decrease at once because cancers would be discovered and cured before they became more than local."

Apparently then we hold in our hands the power not only to live longer than men, but to extend that life indefinitely if we will. We may be lucky enough to add to that extra year and a half of life that is given us, some years of our own making.

MEET THE VEGETABLE CAN

[Continued from page 47]

an attempt is being made to bring the number grading into more general use. The smallest peas are the ones most prized and are all most expensive, but the telephone size has a better flavor and a higher nutritive value.

Corn is very simply graded. The first style is known as Maine or Cream Corn and is packed in a heavy body. The kernels are cut from the cob and the cob is scraped to get all of the cream. Maryland or Shoepeg corn is a whole grain corn, the kernels being cut as close as possible to the cob and are left whole in a brine. Kornlet is a strained corn preparation. The "Maine

style" or Cream Corn is by far the most popular pack.

Tomatoes are packed in only two ways—Solid Pack and as Purée. The solid pack comes in No. 3 cans and must consist of whole tomatoes packed in very little tomato juice. There is also a standard pack which comes in a No. 2½ can; the tomatoes are smaller and the can is filled with strained tomato juice made from over-ripe tomatoes.

The purée is becoming more and more popular because it may be used for soups, purées, or form the base of a meat sauce.

THE POST BOX

[Continued from page 38]

because I am afraid you will think my question silly. But I do really wish you would tell me which of all traits that a girl can develop (if she is not lucky enough to be born with it) will, in your opinion, insure her greatest success?

Beauty, brains, manners—which? By 'success' I mean social popularity."

I beg that you will answer me seriously because I promise that I will do my best to follow your advice."

For one single trait that will make a

girl popular, I put at the top, joy of life, enthusiasm, radiance! Not the tooth-paste grin or the ceaseless giggle that simply fills everyone you encounter with the longing to slap you!!! But the joyful outlook that takes everything as it comes happily.

Mrs. Post is glad to reply personally to letters from McCall's readers on points of etiquette. Write, enclosing a stamp for her reply, to: Mrs. Post, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

SMOOTH SKINS IN ROUGH WEATHER

[Continued from page 36]

Many women find that they get the best cleansing results by using both cleansing cream and soap and water for the night care of the skin. This is suggested for the average which is neither too dry or too oily. For a very oily skin the soap and water washing or cleansing with cleansing packs should be followed by a patting on of astringent. For the dry skin the cream

cleansing or the combination cream-soap-and-water cleansing may be followed every few nights by a light patting in of a good nourishing cream. Don't overload your skin with creams. Though the skin is said to absorb a certain quantity the surplus cream should always be removed with light upward strokes of cleansing tissue before you apply powder.

We have listed some helps this month for the tag-end of Winter when skins suffer from sluggishness and rough texture. We shall be glad to send these if you will enclose a stamped envelope with your letter. Just ask for the January "Quest of Beauty." And remember, we are here to help in any personal good-looks problem. Our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN, a thorough little textbook of good-looks, costs ten cents. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Pure Coffee Without Caffeine

Drink all you wish

This is to people who want coffee without caffeine—coffee at its best. To people who must stint on coffee, or drink some substitute. To those whose hearts and nerves and kidneys are affected by caffeine. And who must omit coffee at all times, or at least at night.

There is a coffee with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag. It is a super-coffee—an exquisite blend of the finest coffees grown. It retains every delight, every flavor and aroma; but the poisonous drug is gone. You may drink it to your heart's content, at any hour. Children may enjoy it.

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Please learn what such a coffee means to someone in your home. Millions are glad they did that. The coupon with 10 cents will bring you a quarter-pound—a ten-cup test. Send it if anyone around you wants coffee without harm. Clip coupon now.

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TROPICAL AIR

[Continued from page 22]

filled with dancers, he became more bold, and again set himself to the task of achieving a dance, but at first without success. Though the ladies were all willing to flirt gracefully over their fans, they were either exceedingly shy about dancing with a stranger, or were closely guarded by their escorts. Moreover he was discouraged by the style of dancing, a fast hopping waltz, which was wholly strange to him.

Finally he espied in a corner a demure, Spanish looking damsel, wearing a short skirted dress of black and, in her high-piled dark hair, a red rose. Her black mask concealed most of her face, but all that he could see of her was very pleasing. "Surely," he thought, as he watched her from a distance for some minutes, "some native will capture her." But none did. Slowly he mustered courage; approaching her as a shy waterfowl circles a pool at evening again and again, before it dares to light. He discovered, then, that she was watching him intently. Then he came and stood before her, bowed and held out his hand. She rose with alacrity. They danced with an ease and perfection such as he had never known before. His one drink had robbed him of the self-consciousness which usually marred his waltzing, and the girl was a truly gifted dancer. She yielded to his guidance as lightly as a toy balloon in the air. She had an almost clairvoyant faculty of guessing what he was going to do next. Always, heretofore, he had turned only to the right, but now he found himself turning with equal ease in either direction. His domino might not be a thing of beauty, but it was an excellent costume in which to dance. What freedom! He held his partner firmly and wended his way about the crowded hall with a skill that amazed him. The music, the crowd, the girl—he was in harmony with them all.

He longed to know who she was. But when he spoke the girl did not answer him by either word or gesture. What a fool he was to expect her to! She probably spoke no English. He uttered a few of his carefully acquired Spanish phrases, with what he thought was excellent facility and accent. But there was no response. Could it be that the woman was deaf and dumb! Well, no matter; if they could not talk they could dance.

He gave himself up wholly to the rhythm of the music. Then he had a bold inspiration; he squeezed her hand. Oh, thrill incomparable! Ever so gently she returned the pressure. The dance ended. Selwyn applauded enthusiastically, but there was no encore. The floor began to clear. They were forced back, merged into the crowd which banked against the wall.

And now Selwyn's new-found thrill of comradeship abated for the orchestra was playing *Chinatown* and Amelita Rodriguez was prancing up and down the floor singing; weaving music with her bare white arms; archly coquetting with her great warm eyes. He fixed his gaze upon her and waited. He planned that when her act was over he would pull off his mask and speak to her. He felt sure she would remember . . .

Directly across the floor he saw a familiar face. It was that of the tall, dark, handsome fellow who had taken her away from him in the Blue Mouse. The man was not in costume. He wore a dinner jacket.

Selwyn felt a qualm. He imagined himself being attacked, challenged to a duel, perhaps. The man was large and powerful and he watched the girl with a somewhat saturnine intensity.

Selwyn had no taste for violence, but he was not a coward. Although he felt a quickness in his breathing, and a bit of uncertainty in the vicinity of his knees, he declined to be afraid. He was more than ever determined to make himself known to the girl. She had invited him once. He had a right to do it. He set his teeth and waited.

Amelita's act ended with a crash of applause. The crowd about the edge of the floor was breaking up. Summoning all his resolution, Selwyn started toward her.

But the master of ceremonies—a huge, fat Spaniard with a red ribbon of authority across his shirt front—stepped forward and raised an authoritative arm. The crowd fell back. He said something in Spanish which brought a light patter of

applause; then he bowed low and held out his hand. Another performer came forward. To Selwyn's great surprise, this was the silent creature in the Spanish costume with whom he had just been dancing, and whose presence he had completely forgotten.

She began to dance. A curious, fluttering, aimless performance, it seemed to Selwyn, at first; but after a few minutes it gained in warmth and courage. And he watched every motion of the lithe grace that he had felt in his arms.

The crowd was delighted. Bravos were shouted and hands were clapped. Under the stimulus of applause, she danced boldly and with greater skill—though her method was wholly unconventional, and seemed to mimic the romping of a graceful child. This effect of childish abandon was enhanced when her heavy hair, coming unpinned, floated about her, and the red rose lay on the floor at her feet. Three or four gallants dived for it simultaneously.

Selwyn observed, to his disgust, that the swarthy youth who had taken the other dancer away from him was the lucky captor of the prize. This man seemed a Nemesis to all his hopes. Why hadn't he grabbed the rose himself? For by this time his interest was wholly transferred once more. Amelita, in comparison to this girl, was as a frolicsome heifer is to a bird in the air; she was earth-bound, thick-ankled, relying for her effects on a seductive rhythm of hips and arms and upon the clever use of her great, dark eyes. And this unknown creature was, in her way, an artist.

Her dance ended in a whirl. She stood, breathless and bowing, in the midst of a patter of eager hands. The crowd was breaking. The dark rival, rose in hand, was darting toward her. By a desperate sprint and a slide on the polished floor, Selwyn reached her first, and she turned to him eagerly, as though for protection. It filled him with courage. But there was not time to utter a word, for at precisely this moment the gallant with the rose arrived. He shoved Selwyn out of the way as though he had been a piece of misplaced furniture, and bowed low before the dancer.

Selwyn recovered his balance, none too gracefully. He gave the intruder a shove which sent him sliding along the floor; not unpicturesquely, however. He kept his equilibrium and turned with the quick grace of well-trained muscles; and with an unbelievable suddenness, dealt Selwyn a stinging slap in the face. He then stood with clenched fists, his face not more than a yard from Selwyn's, his dark eyes blazing.

For a short, tense moment they faced each other like two belligerent but cautious tomcats on a back fence, each waiting for the other to attack. All eyes were on them.

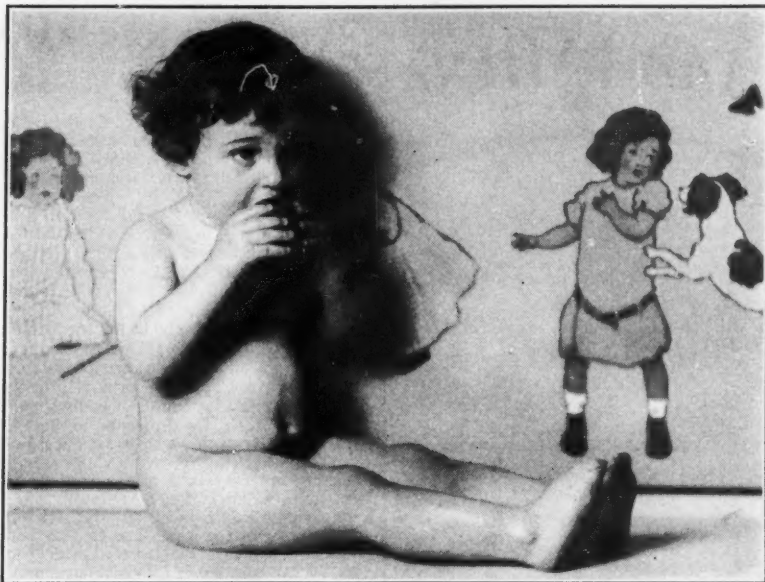
Lean, bespectacled, studious, and slightly panting, the young New Englander faced this bewildering, unaccustomed situation with the adaptability of his breed. The dark, lithe Latin was so full of rage, so evidently one to whom love and battle were the stuff of life.

The great, fat master of ceremonies, with his scarlet decoration, shared neither their hesitation nor their excitement. He was used to such little incidents. Smiling blandly he came forward and pushed them apart, like a schoolmaster handling a couple of bad boys. At the same time he raised a police whistle to his lips and blew a sharp blast. Someone punched out the lights. Women screamed. A man shouted.

Outside, Selwyn saw before him a typical Panama cab, with its driver and its horse both appearing to be sound asleep. He fairly tossed the girl into the seat. The violent shake which he gave the driver's shoulder produced no immediate results. He gave the horse a resounding slap. The animal snorted and leaped forward in a gallop; the driver came to life in a state of amazement and grabbed for the reins.

Selwyn jumped upon the running board and clambered in beside the girl.

She had huddled far down in a corner of the seat, and looked childishly small and helpless. Selwyn unhesitatingly put his arm about her and drew her to him. The shyness which had always stood between him and women [Turn to page 71]



Care of Babies

Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good. And it is so pleasant to take. Taste it yourself, and you'll know why "Children Cry for It."

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or when you even suspect the approach of constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. See how quickly all fretfulness or wakefulness will cease!

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* SPECIAL NOTE: With every bottle of genuine Fletcher's Castoria is wrapped a book on "Care and Feeding of Babies" worth its weight in gold to every mother or prospective mother.

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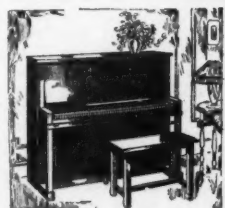


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And Borax is wonderful for a shampoo as it makes the water as soft as rain. One lady just wrote us from Detroit, "My hair dried so soft and silky and lustrous that I vowed never again to use anything but 20 Mule Team Borax for shampooing."

Our new handbook, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean", gives dozens of helpful daily uses for Borax. Free. Write for it today. Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., N. Y. City, Dept. 539



20 MULE TEAM BORAX

WOMAN'S WAR FOR PEACE

[Continued from page 7]

once nations drift into competition in armaments or commercial suspicion and hostility, if they have not previously voluntarily agreed to rule out war as a method of settlement.

Let America and Britain (and if possible also France and Germany) decide to rule out war between them.

I do not pretend to know exactly how this outlawry of war is to be effected. Some people suggest arbitration. Others believe in the ideas embodied in the League of Nations, or in the Hague Convention. Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, has made the extremely interesting proposal that our democracies should not allow their Governments to declare war upon each other except after a direct popular vote.

I am not concerned at the moment as to the exact method to be followed. I am only concerned to point out the supreme importance of the issue. The Geneva failure is proof that the drift towards war has begun once more. Unless we tackle the question now, it will become progressively more difficult to deal with. The root of the problem lies in the fact that as between nations there are only two ways of settling disputes—by peaceful methods or by war. We all know how bitter partisan political spirit can become inside our several coun-

tries, only there issues are settled by majority vote enforced by the machinery of law, and violence is prohibited by the police. Even more violent partisan spirit arises between nations from time to time, and these differences are likely to become more and not less frequent as time and space are annihilated. Only in this case there is no legislature to give effect to majority decisions, no court with unlimited jurisdiction, no policeman to intervene. Today between nations there is no redress save war.

The women must take the lead in this crusade against war. I am for equal rights between the sexes, but it is obvious that men alone have failed to end war, largely because the appeal of heroism and sacrifice makes them blind to its hideous wickedness. It is women who see most clearly the horrors and futile madness of war. They realize that almost no cause can justify the wholesale massacre of their own children. Let it be the primary business of our women to decide now that war shall be ruled out as a method of settling international disputes, at any rate between the most civilized nations of the world. The time for them to act is not tomorrow or next year, but now, for the adversary is once more active in the land. The Geneva failure proves it.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 30]

Dickens matter into any dramatic sequence or well-defined story. We see the gentlemen arriving at the White Hart Inn; they converse, quibble, collect curiosities of manners, speech and information; the ladies arrive; the sleepy-headed fat boy is seen, and Sam Weller, old Weller, Sam's sweetheart and who can say how many more? Then we see the party out for the hunting at Dingley Bell, Sam Weller along as Mr. Pickwick's faithful servant; there are engagements then, plighted troths, uneven courses for true love, Mrs. Bardell and the breach of promise suit, then the

court room, Fleet Prison with its horrors, and at last Christmas again, the mistletoe and holly, carols sung, and Mr. Pickwick's blessings on the young lovers.

From the whole entertainment there emerges the mood of Dickens' book. The sentiment, comedy, farce are there; the gusto and love of life, the power to create characters that take hold on the imagination, the tonic vivacity. Its court-yards teem with the human comedy by day; its candles shine on wreaths and happy faces; and through it blows the bracing air of England.

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

friend, France and Russia her traditional enemies. Unwillingly, but of necessity, England threw in her lot with Russia.

At no period in history have statesmen had to deal with a more difficult problem than the one presented by Russia. The French Revolution was an easy matter compared with it. Russia has made a departure in government and is holding tenaciously to this policy despite the efforts of the Western Powers to shake her loose from it.

In 1920, Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, admitted the failure of intervention and was in favor of at least resuming trade relations. In 1921, this suggestion took the form of an agreement with the proviso that neither party should indulge in hostile propaganda. This proviso has been the crux of the trouble between Russia and Great Britain, and led to the police raid on the headquarters in London of the Soviet Trade Delegation and the subsequent break in relations.

To impartial observers it seems that Russia has not played fair, and has no intention of discontinuing her efforts to upset what the Bolsheviks term the capitalistic system. They consider Great Britain the head and front of that system, and the country in which they can easiest make trouble. The strength of the Labor Party in England gave them hope of an entering wedge.

But English labor is fundamentally sound. Its love of country and its great traditions are no less exalted than that of the rankest conservative; therefore, instead of converting English labor to the theories of Lenin and Trotsky, the result of the Bolsheviks' efforts has been to make it more antagonistic. However, the Russians did not confine themselves to English labor. They sought to disaffect the alien peoples living under English rule. Here they found more fallow soil. They tried to fan dissatisfaction into a

flame of actual revolution and in some places have been partially successful.

Of all nations the United States has been the most consistent in opposition to the new regime in Russia. She has refused to recognize the Soviet Government or to make any agreement with it, trade or otherwise. The clear policy outlined by Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Wilson, has governed the action of succeeding administrations.

But England has backed and filled, with the final result that the recent break leaves her in a more delicate and serious position than if she had from the first refused to have any dealings with Russia so long as the purposes of her Government remain as they are.

Annoying and disturbing as the Russia of today is, there are some compensations to be found, particularly for England. While the tyranny of the Commune has been substituted for the tyranny of a dynasty, it is much less formidable for evil. The economic theories of Soviet Russia are fantastic and impossible of being made successful so long, at least, as they differ so radically from those of the rest of the world, and even of a vast majority of the Russian people. In consequence, Russia is weak and more or less impotent. She is without credit, without allies, and her industries are wholly inadequate for her own needs. Her armies and people would rally to her defense, but it is doubtful whether she could gather an effective force in a war of aggression. Therefore, Russia is more of a nuisance than a danger. Surely fate was kind to the British Lion when it brought the Russian Bear to his present state of impotency.

While the world at large is passively unfriendly to Russia, England has become actively so, and though actual war may not come, the British Lion and the Russian Bear again stand face to face in fierce antagonism.

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TROPICAL AIR

[Continued from page 69]

seemed to have evaporated completely in the heat of the moment. He felt as though this woman belonged to him by right of discovery and conquest; and she, apparently, felt so too, for she was limp and silent in his arms. He thought at first that she had fainted. He lifted her mask and kissed her lips, thrilled to find that she returned his caress. Oh, conquering, glorious moment!

They were far out on the edge of the city now—far away from all danger. The dim, far light of a street lamp half revealed her; then they reached its glare and for a brief moment of blank astonishment he gazed upon her. "Constance!" he cried. "Yes," in a small voice. "It's me."

Another profound pause. Then—sternly: "How did you get to that place?"

"I just sneaked out and went."

"Don't you know that that was no place for you to go alone? Don't you realize that if I hadn't been there that big bully might have . . ."

"And don't you realize," she demanded with sudden asperity, "that if I hadn't been there that horrid fat woman might have run off with you?"

"And why," Selwyn interrupted, in a voice with a touch of something like wonder in it, "did you happen to go at all?"

"I'm not called upon to answer that, remember," she said, testily, "but I can."

I wanted to go. I've been just dying to go down town at night ever since I got here . . . And I wanted to show you that I . . ." Her voice quavered—she paused.

"Please don't cry, Constance," he pleaded, and was amazed at the husky tenderness of his own voice. "What's the matter, Constance?"

"I'm not crying," she said fiercely. "Just as long as you thought I was just somebody you had picked up you were wonderful—but now that you know I'm just me, you're . . ." And again her voice broke.

"But Constance," he protested, as though offering an all sufficient explanation, "I love you!"

Her sharp sobs subsided. Slowly she relaxed in his arms, and again their lips met.

The cab slowly climbed Ancona hill in a silence broken and made sweet by the faint tinkle of string music.

Half way up the hill, he suddenly raised his head. He broke the spell with one more question: "Constance . . . How did you recognize me there?"

And from the face buried against his shoulder came a sound that might have been unpoetically termed a snicker. She reached up both hands and laid hold of his ears, ever so gently. For a moment he resisted her. Then, with a sigh, he let her pull his head down to her waiting lips.

THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 27]

kingdom. She felt unequal to answer his impetuous outburst of:

"I had meant to come to you, mia, and tell you what we were to do—you don't doubt that, do you?" with something of the old adoration in his eyes.

"Of course, my own dear son—" patting his hand gently.

"I could not have done as thorough a job of it a few hours ago—it took beaten old Valja to stab herself and let Carol be the center of the breaking storm. . . I'll always hate myself for that, too. No matter how things straighten away I'll feel that I had to be fairly driven into line. What I could have told you was that I love Carol; I need her as I have never needed any woman. But I would not marry as long as you felt as you did. For some unfair reason you have refused to be her friend—you shoved Telva into my arms like a property doll and then stood back saying, 'bravo—love's sweet dream.' I was silent because I've grown up being silent whenever you wished me to be—because I love you so. Oh, I've not a hope that Carol will marry me—but things can never go back on the old tame-cat basis. I'm afraid I've grown up, mia. . ."

Stanley let a discreet tear linger on her cheek.

"It is terrible to hear you say such things," she whispered, "to shut me out of your life—to speak of Carol's wisdom—my dear son, my one *raison d'être*—"

Ames' lips twitched as if he were bearing physical pain without an outcry. "I shan't marry Telva. I was a traitor to myself to be let in for even the promise. Nor shall I marry Carol."

"My heartbroken boy," Stanley's hand caressing his bright hair.

"I shall always want to marry her," he broke in without warning. "But—Carol understands. She's the sort to bleed white for a cause in which she believed. Perhaps she wouldn't marry me if I told her that your wishes were to be set aside. Valja's death only clinched the notion that she is different from the rest of us, marked for an unusual, lonely life. That's carved in her very heart, the poor darling."

After a moment Ames forced himself to say:

"I can't come away and play as you suggest. I must work. I must see Carol through this thing, make it clear to her that I will not accept the sacrifice she misnames as love. I can't marry Telva but—I won't cheat Carol."

These were the best terms Stanley could effect. Another quarter of an hour of tearful appeals, a halfway "sinking spell" won nothing more than this terse promise.

TELVA was business-like. She was ready for Ames! He sensed as much when he entered her recently acquired sitting room.

"I'm sorry we must break; deucedly hard at this time. What with this Valja scandal and Carol's offer to be your soul-mate—what a lie that word is—well, just what are you willing to do for me?" her lips set in the thin, bright line which meant that she was not to be gain-said.

"What do you expect?" to make quick work of it.

"How much have you? Oh, I'm not above taking 'heart-balm'—that's on a par with 'soulmate'— [Turn to page 72]



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4939..35	5088..45	5100..45	5121..30	5129..45	5137..45	5146..45	5154..30
4996..35	5092..35	5106..45	5122..30	5130..45	5138..50	5147..50	5156..45
4997..35	5093..35	5107..45	5123..50	5131..45	5139..50	5148..45	5157..45
5057..50	5094..35	5108..50	5124..35	5132..45	5140..50	5149..45	5158..30
5079..35	5095..35	5109..45	5125..50	5133..50	5141..35	5150..45	5159..45
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THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 71]

I don't mind showing my hand. In due time I shall marry Sam. He is so deadly middle-class that he'd never dare to be unconventional. But Sam must think I am a crushed and disillusioned lamb."

"What do you want?" Ames repeated. Yet this was easier than the hour with Stanley. Dollars began and ended the transaction.

"Enough for a handsome trousseau which Sam would so appreciate."

"How much do you want?" he repeated. He smiled as he drew out his check book only to remember that it was a bankrupt institution. He had used all ready resources to safeguard Carol against Valja's enemies.

"My ring," added Telva, "can be reset in an antique design . . . and if you could make it ten thousand, which is modest, I could manage . . ."

"I haven't ten thousand dollars available—"

"Have to ask mama? Hate to? Don't blame you! But she'll be all right," Telva threw politeness to the winds. She was a shrewd woman of the world playing for what she knew would be her last easy money.

Leaving Telva, Ames felt in need of being exercised. It was after ten. Instead of cooling, the night was more oppressive. Fog necessitated his driving like a snail. He thought in the same tempo. Ten thousand dollars . . . but a cheap price. He had better go to the studio even if Carol had urged that he stay away and rest. Blair would be there, no doubt. He must see Blair.

Blair and Carol were alone. The former opened the door grudgingly and stood looking at him with a half smile, half frown.

"I've persuaded her to try to sleep," he said. "I have an old party staying here to see that things are quite all right."

"I must tell Carol something—something important," Ames began.

"She is impossible concerning important things. I've been trying to tell her some."

"This is a public hall—" as a door opposite showed signs of opening.

Blair relented. Inside the living room Ames looked for Carol. But she was nowhere to be seen. The elderly woman in rusty black coughed harshly and then softly as if in apology. A gentle light showed Valja's withered face to have a new peace, almost an understanding.

"She'll see you," Blair said presently. "There is so little space in this *pied à terre* that one can hardly think—but you won't attempt it, will you?" Outside Carol's door and out of hearing of the elderly woman he paused and caught Ames's arm. "You will go away from her?" he asked sharply.

"I shall," Ames was eager to explain. "Valja played us a kindly trick in spite of herself."

"Did she?" Blair's tone became wistful as if he longed to say more. "Let me guess the finale; you will not marry Telva nor harm Carol. You will continue to be Stanley's son—"

Without answering Ames knocked and then opened the door of Carol's room with its cream tinted walls and soft hangings. She stood with her back to the light so that Ames did not see how worn she was until he had taken her into his arms, calling himself a clumsy fool for so doing—it would only make harder what he must say.

"I knew you would come back—poor boy, you are tired, too. I'm so tired, so eager to be away—don't let Blair frighten you, the noble old dear."

"What of yourself? That must be faced and talked out." He began disengaging himself.

"That is kismet—"

"I don't employ that sort of sophistry any more. Valja did; which is one reason she cheated herself of life. I won't let you give yourself to me; I can't marry you—just yet." He despised himself for the last words, they suggested Stanley—all tears and appealing green eyes. Yet to Carol he must speak the truth.

"You won't let me come with you? You mean—"

[Turn to page 89]

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for Oct. 1, 1927.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.
Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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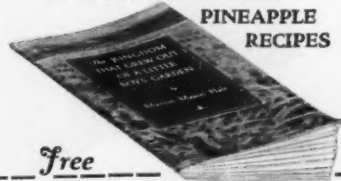
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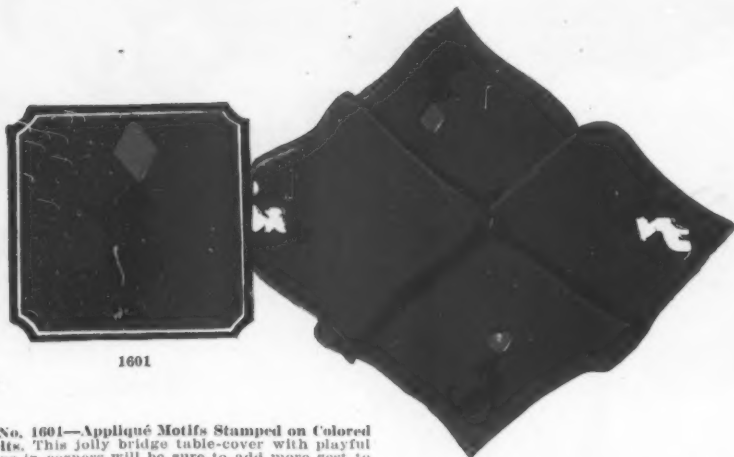
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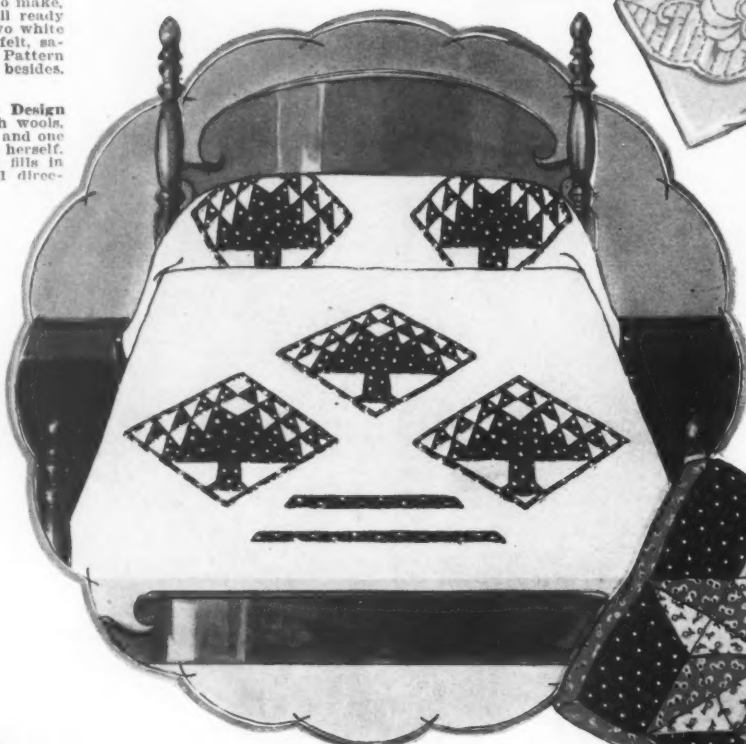
1601

No. 1601—Appliqué Motifs Stamped on Colored Felts. This jolly bridge table-cover with playful pups in corners will be sure to add more zest to the most spirited game. It is so simple to make, as the felt pups come in the pattern all ready to stitch, two black with red symbols, two white with black symbols. For the cover, use felt, sateen or heavy linen and binding tape. Pattern with felts provides three sports motifs besides. Price, 75 cents.

No. 1599—McCall Envelope Bag Design Stamped on Canvas. To be worked with wools, crepe twist or raffia. The latest novelty, and one that the smart girl can easily make for herself. The work goes fast as the background fills in quickly with the long stitches. Printed directions with detailed stitches are given. Finished bag closed is $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price, 50 cents.

No. 1623—McCall Bag and Purse Design Stamped on Canvas and Including Metal Hookless Slide Fastener for Top. One of the smartest bags of the season developed in a wealth of color either with crepe twist or the popular tapestry wools, both obtainable by the skein. The fact of having a particularly convenient fastener provided for the bag too is exceptional. The colors may be varied according to the costume you plan the bag for. A brown background with taupe bands, and the flowers in dull tapestry shades against black is also stunning. Size $6\frac{1}{4}$ x 10 inches. Complete instruction for making. Price, \$1.00.

No. 1617—Towel Designs (the Calico Patch Pieces come in the Pattern). The set shown below is lovely to look at, and the fact that you get the yellow calico china set itself in the pattern adds to its charm. Simply baste them on buttonhole edges and embroider stamped designs, 13 inches across. Price, 45 cents. Blue.



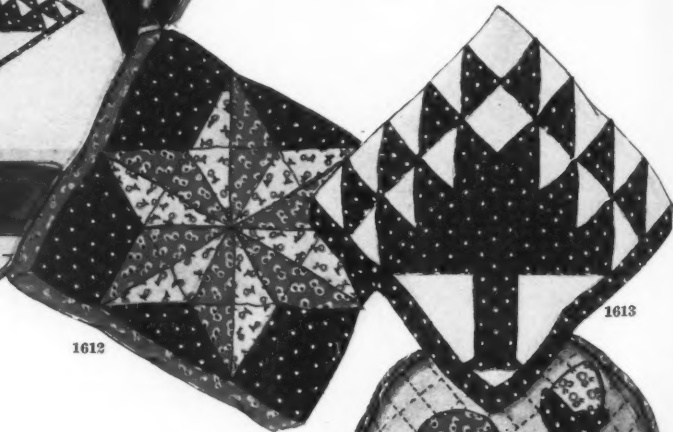
1613—Lovely and quaint, this patchwork quilt made from five Pine-Tree Pillow Tops. See No. 1613 at right



1624

No. 1624—Design for Boudoir Set. Daintiness personified is this new quilted outfit required by lady. She delights in having fragrant sachets and soft resting-places for her coat, her gloves and kerchiefs. The quilting design for each piece is to be stamped on the silk, then a layer of lamb's wool wadding basted underneath, and the quilting done through both in small running-stitches with matching sewing silk. Glovecase, 14 inches; 2 heart sachets, 8 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Complete cutting and quilting directions. Price, 50 cents. Yellow.

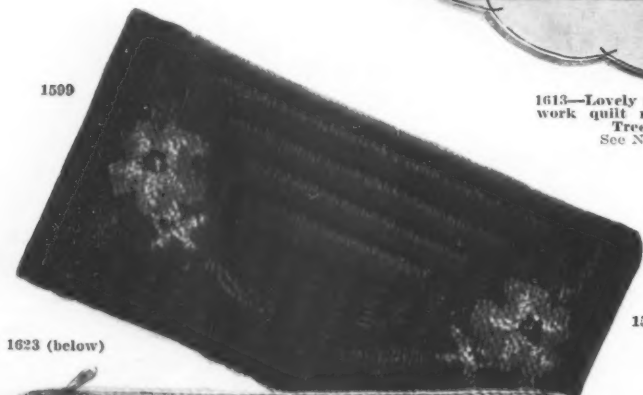
No. 1613—Patchwork Pine-Tree Pillow (the Calico Patches come in the Pattern). This quaint design makes a smart pillow and also a charming old colonial quilt as here illustrated. Use the traditional unbleached muslin for the foundation, then take five of the pine-tree pillow squares and apply as illustrated. From the green calico pieces for five pillow backs, the strips for border of quilt can be made. Pattern tells how to join patches to make design and gives a diagram for making the quilt using five squares. Price of each pillow pattern, 50 cents. For five patterns to make quilt, price, \$2.50.



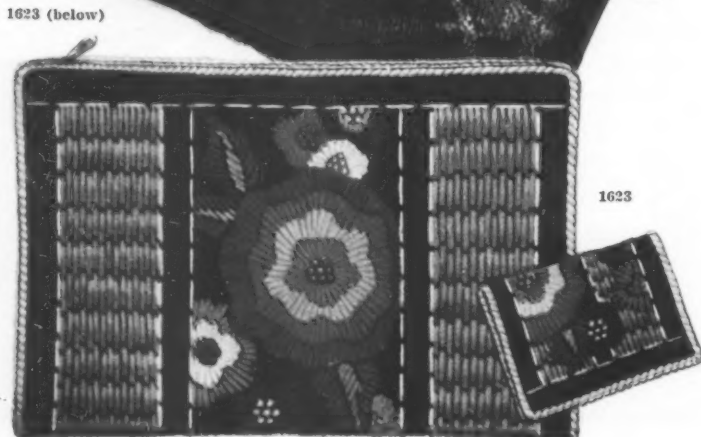
1612

No. 1612—Star of the East Patchwork Pillow. The envelope contains the calico pieces themselves, red, yellow, green, also a red piece for pillow back (finished pillow measures $11\frac{1}{4}$ x 13 inches). The charm of this patchwork revival is the fact that you are provided with the true original calico patterns that were used by our grandmothers, and they are not easily obtained elsewhere. Especially smart in modern homes. Price, 50 cents.

No. 1614—Appliqué Pillow Design. The envelope contains the calico pieces for the patchwork flower and bias material for binding edges. There is a transfer to be stamped on the material, over which you patch the flower pieces. When finished the quilting of the background is to be done over and through two layers of sheet cotton. Pillow 13 inches across, requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 30-inch gingham or chambray for front and back. Price, 50 cents.



1599



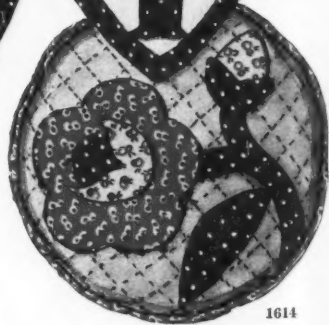
1623 (below)

1599

1623



1617



1614



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5159

5150
Emb. No. 1605

5146

5149

Short Skirts Remain

THE effort by France to lengthen skirts met with stubborn resistance in America. The gowns shown here give the correct and prevailing hem line, but it doesn't suit everyone. The only right way is to let the weight, height, and rotundity govern the decision. The knee cap is never pretty no matter who owns it, there should be enough fulness in the skirt to keep it from "riding up" when one sits down. Any amount of fulness is fashionable. From the old-fashioned flounce to the new Vionnet godet is the gamut run, however, the fashionable silhouette must remain trim and slim.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5135

No. 5159. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires waist, 2 1/8 yards 40-inch; contrasting, 2 yards 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 1/8 yards.

No. 5150. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard 40-inch. Width about 1 1/4 yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 1605 suggested.

No. 5146. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/8 yards 40-inch; contrasting collar, 3/4 yard 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5149. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, figured, 1 3/4 yards 40-inch; plain, 1 1/4 yards 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 5135. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material; contrasting, 1/2 yard 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

Lecho de Paris



5157



5143
Emb. No. 1465

5147



5157

5143

Fragile Velvet Frocks

VIONNET began the fashion for velvet evening gowns, sheer as cobwebs. The brides of America have adopted it with enthusiasm. Debutantes dance in it. It goes to afternoon card parties and to luncheons. This page shows a quartette of frocks fashioned in different colors of this beguiling fabric. Two are for evening. Two for afternoon. The embroidery on one is of silver, though a few of the debutantes prefer it in gold. Big triple strings of pink pearls are considered more fashionable than single strands.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5147

5139



5139

No. 5157. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece circular skirt with front panel. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; cuff trimming, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/4 yards.

No. 5143. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; two-piece tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards 40-inch, skirt cut crosswise. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1465 may be used for beading.

No. 5147. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; four-piece draped skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch; facing, 5/8 yard of 40-inch.

No. 5139. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch; collar, 5/8 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

Lecho de Paris



5148



5140
Emb. No. 1450



5136



5137



5148



5140

Green Returns

GREEN costumes have strengthened, not weakened. There are many green hats in the Second Empire shade or a deeper tone. Green duvetyn handbags are smart. Vanity cases are of green leather called shagreen. Umbrellas are in several shades of green, the brighter, the better. Jewelry is light green, especially necklaces. The frocks and hats illustrated on this page may be built in different shades of the new green, with the embroidery decorations in green and silver. The fur neck pieces are of lynx and brown fox.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5136



5137

No. 5148. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; three-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch; vest, inset, 3/8 yard of 40-inch; contrasting, 7/8 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5140. Ladies' and Misses' Three-Piece Costume. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch; blouse, 1 1/2 yards 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/4 yards. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1450 would be smart.

No. 5136. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; front and back tunics. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 3/8 yards of 40-inch material or 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

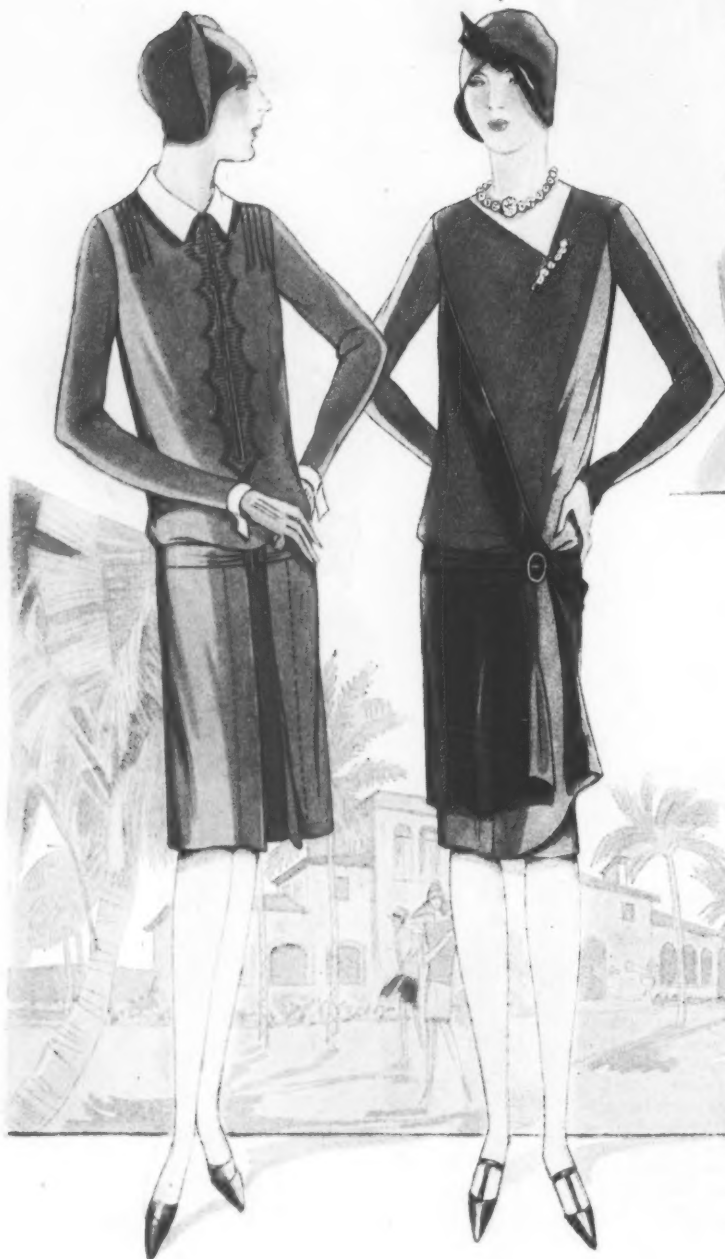
No. 5137. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with trimming bands. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; bands, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about, 1 1/4 yards.

* L . E . C . H . O . D E . P . A . R . I . S

"The Streamlines of a Yacht"

AN American artist says the American woman has the streamlines of a pleasure craft—a yacht. This is the sentence we must keep in mind whenever we make and wear clothes this season. The silhouettes of these four girls hasn't an unnecessary bulge or curve. The frocks are of soft woolen; one of printed satin. The waistline is a trifle higher than in the early Autumn and the neckline shows a shallower opening. Small armholes and tight, long sleeves enhance the sharp contour. We can't be "sloppy" this year.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5148
Emb. No. 1533

5097

No. 5148. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch; dark, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch; white, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 1533 suggested.

No. 5097. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; camisole lining; three-piece skirt with tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

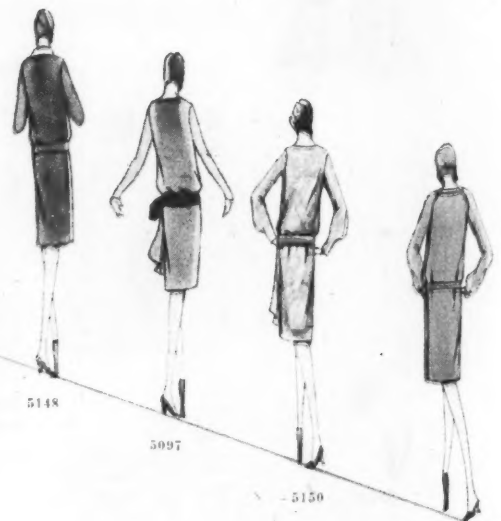
No. 5150. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with front panels. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5156. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Multi-color Embroidery No. 1486, worked in straight, would be smart.



5150

5156
Emb. No. 1486



5148

5097

5150

5156

L · E · C · H · O · D · E · P · A · R · I · S

Crepe de Chine Frocks Go South

JANUARY there; March here" is the way the stylists regard Florida fashions. These gowns which belong to the palms will be the accepted fashion over the continent in the early Spring. They can be built of satin, crepe de Chine, fine wool like soapuds or supple English tweeds. They tilt outward at the side in godet or flounce; they show the correct depth of the V neckline; they give the tight sleeves a chance to escape into fulness below the elbows. Their length proves America will wear its skirts short.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5137

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5160

5139



5137

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No. 5137. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5138. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with circular side insets. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 5160. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with raglan sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 5139. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

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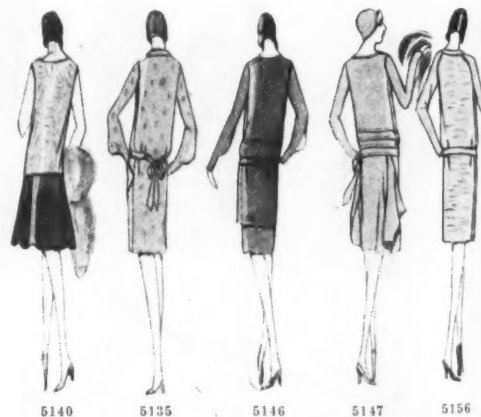
l'écho de paris



The Snug Armhole is Predominant

THERE'S nothing casual about the new clothes. They're as ship-shape as a man-of-war's deck. Much of this trigness is achieved by the armhole that fits. It doesn't rest on the arm, but on the shoulder. That narrows the shoulder line and not only secures smoothness, but gives the body a more erect appearance. A few armholes are extended to the neckline in narrow panels. The fifth sketch shows the trick. When sleeves are missing, the armhole is very deep under the arms in an evening frock, but snug in a day gown.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 5140. Ladies' and Misses' Three-Piece Costume. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch; skirt, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch. Width, about 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5135. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5146. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch or 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5147. Ladies' and Misses' Afternoon Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 5 yards 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1565 worked in lazy-daisy would be smart.

No. 5156. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 40-inch; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Satin-stitch Embroidery No. 1590, suggested.



5149



5143



5136
Emb. No. 1625

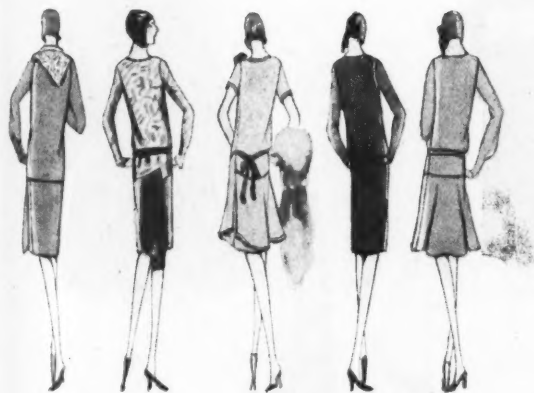


5138



5157

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paris*



5149

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5157

The Diversified One-Piece Mode

THE fashion of the Winter is to make one garment look like two. The chemise effect has had its day as we know, but women must keep in mind that a marked division must be made by a girdle, a treatment of the material, a buckled belt of an opposing fabric. In other words one-piece frocks masquerade as two. You can see by these new frocks how diverse are the ways of doing it. No two designers of clothes agree, so no two frocks need be alike. It makes it possible for each of us to achieve individuality.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5149. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; collar, 1/2 yard of 18-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5143. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, waist, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5136. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1625 in chain-stitch would be effective.

No. 5138. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch or 2 yards of 54-inch; underfront, 1 1/2 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5157. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 1/4 yards.

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5099

5106

5109



5099

5106

5109

No. 5099, Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch.

No. 5106, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, figured, 1 3/4 yards 40-inch; plain, 1 3/8 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5109, Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 51-inch; lining, 3 3/8 yards 40-inch. Width, about 2 1/4 yards.

No. 5107, Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 5 1/4 yards 10-inch; camisole, 3/4 yard 32-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5100, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, light, 1 3/4 yards 40-inch; dark, 2 3/8 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.



5100



5107



5107

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No. 5057. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5088. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 5127. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 54-inch; lining, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 5108. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5098. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

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THE UTMOST KINDNESS

THERE is no person, however unfeeling, who is not moved to kindness in the presence of the passing of another. This is one of the fine characteristics of mankind.

And a thousand times more do we want to be kind to our own loved ones who have gone ahead. We are so willing, so eager to be kind. But how?

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27-41

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(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

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5154

Emb. No. 1506

5093
Emb. No. 1522

5081

5094

No. 5153. Girl's Two-Piece Dress, Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires, blouse, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; skirt, 1 yard of 54-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5081. Girl's Dress; closing at left shoulder. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch; bands, collar, belt, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch.

No. 5093. Girl's Slip-On Dress; straight gathered ruffles. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1522 in rambler rose stitch may be used.

No. 5094. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5092. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/8 yard of 36-inch; belt, 1 1/2 yards of 1-inch ribbon.

No. 5154. Child's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4, 1 3/4 yards 32-inch; collar, 1/4 yard 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1506 in French knots would be effective.

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No. 5079. Child's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8, 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch or 1 yard of 54-inch; inset, collar and bands, 1/2 yard of 32-inch material.



No. 5152. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material or 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5145. Little Boy's One-Piece Suit. Sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch.

No. 5151. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, blouse, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch; skirt and bands, 1/2 yard of 54-inch; collar, 3/8 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5087. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; blouse; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8, 2 yards of 40-inch material; collar, 3/8 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5095. Girl's Slip-On Dress; waist and circular flounces attached to slip. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; slip, 3/8 yard of 40-inch.

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Smartness in Winter Stitchery

by Elisabeth May Blondel



4742 Slip-On Dress with Smocking Design

1615 Smocking Design 4624 Bloomer Dress

No. 4742. This demure little miss prefers her smocked slip-on frock to any other, because almost every girl she knows has one. The single matching pocket is very chic. Smocking detail shown above. Adapted to 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years, size 8 requiring 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch material, and 2 skeins of six-strand cotton.

No. 1615. If there is smocking on the small pupil's frock she is quite presentable for class work. So says her mother who adapted this 3-inch wide smocking design to the dress above (No. 4624, sizes 2, 4, 6 years). She worked it in three-colors following the directions. Smocking strip, 3 1/2 yards long.



Emb. No. 1626 Dress 5136



Emb. 1625 Dress 5148



1626 Emb. design used on Dress 5136 at left



1625 Emb. design used on Dress 5148 at right

No. 1626. The chain-stitch fashion is with us again. Extremely effective in colors, the large motif used on Dress No. 5136 (14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). Other sizes shown above, 4 1/4 and 6 1/2 inches, with duplicates.

No. 1625. More solid is the closer chain-stitching of a design with border smartly adapted to Dress No. 5148 (14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust). Assorted motifs from 2 to 11 inches long have many uses.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 71.

Kitchen and Bathroom in Colorful Dress

By Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1566. "Color in the Kitchen" is the new slogan for enthusiastic housewives. It is all so simple to accomplish and so delightful in effect. These new Art Color Medallions are tinted in soft blues, greens and rose on a cream background, and when pasted, blend naturally with any kitchen or breakfast-nook furnishings. The set is designed for pasting not only on furniture, but food jars, tin containers, boxes, etc. Four baskets, 4 3/4 x 5 inches; 10 labelled motifs including Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Spices, etc.; and a dozen motifs from 3 to 7 inches long.



No. 1609. As gay and attractive as can be imagined are the decorations of the modern bathroom. Floral medallions, colored in rose, blue, lavender, green and yellow, are easily pasted on the various bottles and accessories that go to make a well-equipped bathroom. A coat of varnish gives a durable and washable finish. There are 12 labels with names (Witch Hazel, Mouth Wash, Face Lotion, etc., in the style of the above one for Toilet Water, 7/8 x 2 inches); and 14 assorted motifs suitable for glasses, towel rack, medicine cabinet, etc. The vogue for color in the home cheerily invades the bathroom as well as the kitchen of every up-to-date establishment.

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No. 4939. Ladies' and Misses' Blouse; surplice closing. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch, 2½ yards of 40-inch or 1¾ yards of 54-inch.

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THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 72]

"You shan't throw yourself away—no man is worth it. I must get to work," as if she had not spoken. "I have broken with Telva; I have told my mother. I have promised myself to marry no one unless it be you."

"You have promised her," she corrected. "Why are you so afraid? Oh, I'd rather chance our sort of love for a year than to exist for a century socially accepted but hungering within. Do you mean what you have just said?" with sudden anger. "Then I will not talk with you again. Oh, I know my mind," as he shook his head.

"Carol, Carol," stroking her short flames of hair, "you refuse to understand. Blair is right—you are impossible. You are not only innocent of life—you are ignorant, a deadly combination."

"My father—Valja—"

"What have they to do with us; we must face the conditions here and now. Be reasonable, Carol—I give you up because I love you as I never loved you. You have already succeeded with me; I shall not marry Telva; I shall go to work. I am beginning to stand alone—oh, darling, I so wanted you!"

Abruptly he left her, turning back into that heavy atmospherized studio.

"She is quite impossible, isn't she?" Blair asked in a light yet tender way.

"But you have told her? I can see that you have. She is going to try to hate you. It is all wrong, all needless. Some one ought to—" Blair's expression made Ames forget the personal tangle. He seemed to be thinking with him, suffering with him. "So Stanley still holds the reins?"

"Perhaps—but they are slackened ones."

Impulsively Blair shoved him from the room. "Idiot—coward—cheat," Ames heard him murmuring. Somehow the word "cheat" followed him through the night and in his absurd dreams. He half believed that Blair intended the word "idiot" for Carol and "coward" for himself but the last for some one else.

VALJA'S funeral was a front page story with streamer headlines and photographs and padded interviews with Miss Clive, the dead princess's confidant. Carol's own story was unearthed in the general game of hunt-and-find. There was a drawing of her father and a sensational account of his marriage and disappearance from the operatic world.

But a small item heading Dalefield's social calendar created far more furore. The item read:

"Van Zile—Monroe.

After due consideration Miss Telva Monroe and Mr. Ames Van Zile have decided to dissolve their engagement which was announced some months ago."

Returning from the cemetery with Blair and Ames, Carol thought everything in the room seemed very quiet. So much had ended suddenly but not in vain. Ames would have a career. What right had she to ask for more, she who talked so glibly of sacrifice, of how when one loves one must be free, unhampered. She wished that Blair and Ames would go. She wanted to be quiet too.

Thoughts of Valja confused her thoughts of Ames, plans for her future. She must go away as quietly as she had told Ames that she would do should their love seem to lessen. She seemed to have lost herself in chaotic phantasy yet the hands of the clock showed the lapse of only moments. Blair was coming back from the door where a messenger boy had handed in a note and scuttled downstairs.

"It is not about Valja," he said in answer to her nervous start. "It is from Ames's mother. I had asked her to be here when we would have returned. She regrets but cannot comply. She has Tante on her hands again. She must play martyr and fight the grim reaper—that sort of chaff," his laugh interrupted his words. "Just the note she would compose when she knew that she was being threatened. Good enough; since she is afraid to come here—we must go to her."

"Why did you wish her to be here?"

Ames was more [Turn to page 92]

GARGLE



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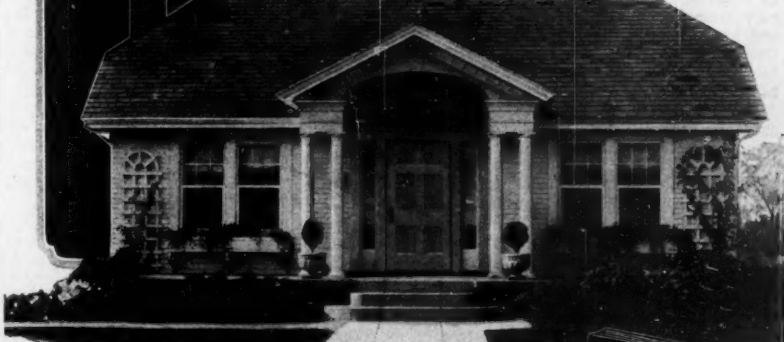
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Today, we are learning to solve our problems by discussing them

LET'S TALK IT OVER

BY WINONA WILCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT STRONG WOODWARD

I'M Puritan enough to admire tremendously all persons of every age who behave themselves just because it is the decent thing to do so. And once upon a time I was idealistic enough to believe in the will as an attribute possessed by normal human beings; and credulous enough to suppose that by making direct demands upon the will, anyone could achieve average goodness. But lately, in spite of my prejudices, I am convinced that an appeal to the will doesn't always work; some persons have mighty little will power at their command; and therefore in any remaking of character, roundabout methods of inducing good behavior frequently are required.

We possess instincts which cannot be controlled by dams and barriers, that is by denying their existence or forbidding them to function. If they cannot be satisfied in a natural way, as often is impossible in civilized society, then these instincts must be diverted into other than their accustomed channels. They must find new outlets. They must be sublimated.

For example, it doesn't do one bit of good to tell a woeful, jealous wife who is weeping over her husband's proven folly to stop crying and forget her jealousy. In such a case, the direct method invariably fails. Jealousy is her great Bogy and she has got to go around. By making her perceive that she is a creature of some importance in herself, by presenting possibilities of contentment unconnected with her husband, by inspiring her to activities with which he has nothing whatever to do, her mind may be weaned from her husband's folly and her own futile grieving. When her thoughts are diverted from the object of her jealousy, her emotions at last find a fair degree of satisfaction in outlets other than domestic bliss.

"You cannot forget fear or anything else by making it the subject of your thoughts and actions, even if they be negative," says an authority.

I have selected the following letter as appropriate:

My Dear Mrs. Wilcox: Generally speaking your "Talks" in *McCall's Magazine* seem to me to be sound and helpful but in a recent number it was disappointing to read that parents cannot by direct methods prevail against a daughter's egotism and that it is folly for them to waste time and energy in the attempt. The age under discussion seems to be about sixteen.

I remember vividly a scene in my boyhood on the street of a village. A woman was driving two horses attached to a buggy. A hog in a mud-hole frightened the horses slightly; they swerved and quickened their pace. They were not out of control but the woman threw down the lines and screamed. The horses were off like a shot. The woman was not killed but was battered up. The buggy was smashed and the horses injured.

This is precisely what has happened in the case of parents the country over in the last quarter of a century. They have thrown down the reins and thrown up their hands in respect to governing their children. The results are pretty much the same as in the runaway team.

Such a statement as yours helps to confirm them in letting their children rule the roost.

The position of parents is far more difficult than it used to be as every thoughtful person knows. Bernard Shaw even goes so far as to say parents are the worst people in the world for children to live with. Doubtless he half means it.

Parents often are sadly lacking in genuine executive ability. They could scarcely govern a sick kitten. They scold and fuss and argue and nag—and yield in the end to the fine nuisance technique of the child. All he needs to do in the early training of his parents, particularly in the training of a weak and harassed mother, is to keep up his howl long enough and he can have anything he wants. I have witnessed the "making" of your ungovernable sixteen year old a thousand times and the above outline indicates the process. The technique succeeds and is kept up.

Fortunately, however, there are thousands of homes still in which wise parents really govern the whims, caprices, impulses and imaginary wants of their children up to sixteen and even much beyond if it should prove necessary. Only rarely is it necessary in the case of children wisely reared. They learn to govern themselves in sensible fashion. This is always a great joy to sensible parents; they have never governed for the sake of governing but for the sake of the child. They have done as little governing as the nature of the child and the circumstances would permit.

The governing of a sixteen year old child begins when she is a baby. The parent who weakly yields to the child's nuisance technique is lost, and most likely the child is lost.

But even for a spoiled sixteen year old, all that is needed is good sense and a firm will. Many times I have seen spoiled children even at the age mentioned above reclaimed and made happy and wholesome.

I never have seen it done by "diplomacy" as a primary means, though tact, skill, knowledge of human nature, all help and all are used. Such a child must be made to face the realities of life directly; she needs to run into a stone wall.—C. P. C., Madison, Wis.

Frequently the victim of a nervous breakdown cannot be cured until he is separated from his office, his home and his family. If the case is very serious, he is kept out of touch with his relatives for weeks and months. No experience which will arouse his miserable string of associations is permitted. He moves in a new world, is surrounded by new faces, a new routine and new ideas.

And this suggests ways of handling flamboyant youth when nervously out of control; for as I see it, that is what much of their excitement and desire for thrill amounts to. In very truth, our wild young people are all right in themselves but their nerves fail to function normally. And it is a fact that the more anyone fusses over nervous symptoms, the more intense they become. It is possible for parents to greatly over-emphasize youthful folly by negations and perhaps thus inspire the conduct they most dread.

Impressions of ugliness and wickedness are made upon the mind as readily, as sharply, as enduringly as are impressions of beauty and rightness. If we do not wish a young person to do a foolish or disgraceful thing, we would better not nag, scold, punish or lecture him too much about it. We would better not "rub it in" deeper and deeper by discipline. We would better not, by our repeated orders and criticisms,

make the child more conscious of his desire than was before. We would better not arouse his antagonism and awaken his determination to have his own way. Rather we would be wise to turn his mind to a different kind of thinking, and implant some commendable desire and cultivate the same until it becomes a purpose and results in behavior of which we approve.

We never can accomplish this while his mind is fixated upon some attractive temptation. We achieve it only by leading the youth from desires he would pursue to his understanding through the suggestion of worth while ambitions for play or work.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." We act according to what we think about. And it is impossible for a human being to think about two different things at the same time.

If a sixteen year old girl's mind is steeped in romance of her own beauty as the sure lure of love, she is doomed to be fantastic, selfish, reckless. To save her from idiotic performances, "to make her behave," it is wise to beguile her into a different kind of thinking, and this no matter at what cost to our adult pride, no matter how our ingenuity may be taxed. This painful process is what I mean by indirection and diplomacy.

Personally I recoil from persons who have to be handled with gloves but this I have been forced to admit: once children have been spoiled, as is the case with unruly sixteen year olds of both sexes, there's a monstrous price to be paid for their reconstruction, and part of it is the heavy tax on the intelligence of their parents, and a drain upon their initiative and perseverance.

To recapitulate, we accomplish little or nothing at all by ordering an insubordinate youth to mind and be good, erecting a stone wall, we dare him to hurdle it. We can, however, achieve considerable improvement by shaping his attention, and by letting him presume that he is acting upon his own judgment and not upon orders.

He can't help acting according to what is in his mind, it is possible for parents to see that his mind is provided with ideas of which they approve. This method includes the skill and knowledge of human nature to which my critics refer. I offer it not as an original personal opinion but as sound psychology. At least I hope it is.

And if this brand of diplomacy confirms any parents in letting their children rule the roost, it is not the fault of the method but rather of the laziness of the parents. Or so it seems to me.

I am truly grateful to C. P. C. for presenting his point of view, also for introducing the idea of the nuisance technique by which some children successfully subjugate their parents. By studying this subject, fathers and mothers of young people can learn how not to raise another nervously wrought and unstable generation; and a few of the parents may perhaps be enabled to turn the tables upon obstreperous adolescence. (Without the rod, slipper, or verbal substitutes). In Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior" considerable space is given to explaining "nuisance technique."

In this day a good many adults are broadminded enough to endeavor to make over some of their characteristics to new and improved patterns. If only the yeast of this fad could be set to working in the brains of some parents who, though conscientious, lack understanding!

"I was too *Weak* for sport like this a few years back"

Mrs. Kenneth Powell, of Seattle, testing her new-found strength in an ascent of Nesquali Glacier, Ranier National Park



Seattle, Wash.

WHEN the mountains rear their heads at your back doorstep the challenge they throw you is too good to ignore. For several years, however, I suffered too badly from constipation really to enjoy *any* sports.

"In almost constant pain from gas caused by fermenting wastes in my system, I became depressed, nervous. And I thought I had already tried everything. Then one day my physician said, 'I am going to suggest that you try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did try it. At first I thought it didn't help. Then I found that when I took it with water it helped me—wonderfully. My health has been greatly improved. My whole outlook on life has become more cheerful."

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As your constipation disappears, your whole being thrills with new-found energy and health. Your skin clears and freshens. Your digestion becomes better than ever before!

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"My old energy was gone. I lacked appetite. Couldn't sleep . . . And none of the many things I had tried seemed to help . . . What a thrill I got when, after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four weeks I underwent a complete change!

It was the experience of a girl I know who had recovered her health by eating Yeast that decided me on it. I ate three cakes a day, first in hot water, later just plain. My former symptoms disappeared. My energy was liberated. I have found in Fleischmann's Yeast the 'something' that eliminates sluggishness. It is a godsend."

Arthur G. Lycette, E. Saugus, Mass.



"There were few things I could eat without having a bad attack of indigestion. This had gone on for some time. I had tried all sorts of remedies, getting only temporary relief . . . Running across an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to give it a trial—and immediately telephoned my grocer for a dozen cakes, to start. Three times a day I took a cake dissolved in a glass of hot water.

"So remarkable were the results that I can't say too much for Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month I was able to eat my favorite dishes—and laugh at indigestion. My complexion was greatly improved, too."

Mrs. Bernard Campbell, Chicago, Ill.



ABOVE

Vigor, stamina, alertness—these qualities are at a premium in Mr. Lee's favorite sport . . . He writes as follows:

"I used to feel embarrassed every morning when I went to school on account of the pimples on my face. One day one of my school-mates asked me what I was doing for them, and I told him the name of a certain medicine I was using. 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' he said. I didn't take his advice at first, but I see now that if I had I would have saved myself a lot of suffering, for today—after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for some time—my face is as clear as a baby's. And I have all sorts of strength for hockey and basketball."

Lyman O. Lee, Minneapolis, Minn.

Health you have longed for—

this easy way: Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

puzzled than displeased.
 "To tell her something with Carol and yourself as witnesses. Something which she should have been told long ago—only she sent notes. This time there is no chance for any one of us to escape. You two must be happy. That is a command."

THEY were in the living room of the little jewel-box. Overhead was heard the imperious tap of Tante's cane. As Stanley greeted the trio, Ames looked at her with a smile which seemed to say, "Mia, he would have it out with you—whatever 'it' is. But I shan't change—I've given my word."

She was sure of Ames. Glancing at Blair her heart beat furiously and she found herself sitting down and asking in a tremulous voice:

"Whatever is it now?"

"Those children must marry," said Blair easily.

"Just why should you—?"

"Please. All I ask is that you give them your consent—"

"I will not marry him," Carol rose in protest but Blair's quiet voice carried on:

"Once I thought you and I were to be married. You tricked me badly. I shall not tell tales on you but on myself. All I want is your consent that Ames marry the girl he loves. It is the absurd yet essential open sesame. You have fooled him as you have fooled me. To go back some years: after you tricked me I turned to Donna," his voice uncertain, jerky. "I took everything from her just as he would have done. She gave too generously—just as Carol has offered. The end of that kind of bargain is everlasting ruin and remorse. Moreover, Donna bore me a son and then died—you never suspected that, did you? I gave the child away—I don't know to whom. I wanted neither to look at it nor to hear its cry. Yet he has haunted me as much as Donna's memory. You were half to blame, you beautiful, insincere little beast . . . yet you tell your son the same soft lies and exact the same unfair promises—and why? To keep yourself supreme, to dominate and then what? But you don't admit that the mediocre fate of age and inability can finally reach you—"

"Are you mad?" interrupted Stanley, "or trying to blackmail me? What have you put him up to?" turning to Carol. "Give my consent? Never . . . never . . . Have him marry you. This same hour if he likes but he ceases to be my son—what right have you—" turning to Blair, "to come here with your lies and your sins and try to—"

Tap—tap—tap. It was Tante whose cane must find and test each step before her uncertain feet attempted progress.

Stanley ran towards her—Tante was coming to the rescue. But Tante paid her scant attention. She was looking at Blair. She crossed the room to stand before him, her cane tapping imperiously on the ground to serve as punctuation for her broken, querulous sentences.

"Your voice carries—should have stayed on the stage," she began with a childish delight in mixing the tragic with the commonplace. "What's all that about Stanley and consent—marriage to this girl here," the filmed yet kindly eyes regarding Carol briefly. "Nice girl—always said so . . . always wanted her to find a nice boy . . ." It was Ames' turn to be inspected. "He is a nice boy if he's let alone . . . she'll have a big job if she does marry him. But she'll have greater regrets if she doesn't," chuckling at her philosophical prophecy.

"Tante dearest," Stanley rushed to her side.

"Not delirious—not senile decay. Truth must be told. Always meant to tell it when the right time came. This is the time. All rubbish about your father's affair with Stanley—that's past and done—nobody cares. Nobody cares after you're middle-aged—unless the will is drawn in their favor! I know."

"Let the past be the past. No need to go on the rack, Blair. Stanley has borne no living child, has no right either to give or withhold consent. Made a great idiot of yourself with her—and the woman who died—this boy's mother," pointing her cane at Ames. "Not delirious—not senile decay," waving them away again. "Got the papers in my box. Van Zile trusted me. Stanley's second child died. Van Zile was afraid she'd lose her mind if she knew it. Always used to getting what she wanted," a grim chuckle. "She wanted a son—had a bad spine so she couldn't have risked a third try. Fooled her by adopting a child—your boy, this boy," pointing towards Ames. "He was born the night before—his mother died—you played the shirk and signed away your rights to him. Didn't dream that you were giving him to her," both power and reproach in the cracked voice as Blair's face whitened. "Nobody knew except myself . . . always meant to leave a letter. Then this nice girl came along and fell in love with him. Stanley had trumped up Telve, that diplomatic baggage—thought I'd tell then but Ames seemed such a stupid young ass that I wondered if the truth would help. Let it ride along—but got the papers in my box—"

THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 89]

She paused. This time no one exclaimed nor tried to interfere. Triumphantly, she resumed: "You will believe the papers if you doubt me for a ranting busybody . . . Good enough for you, Stanley, to have had a trick played upon you for once. Now, nice girl, come here—so—stand there and give me your hand . . . Ames . . . stand there—listen: Once I loved some one who only pitied me and let me do thankless tasks . . . I know what love hunger is—what it can do. Ames, you belong to yourself; Carol, you ought to belong to Ames . . . a lot of rumpus for one old lady to create. You two get married and be quick about it." With a wince of pain, "Heavens where's my electric knee pad?"

In the moments that followed it was Blair and Ames who turned to find each other—not Ames and Carol. With a despairing gesture Stanley thrust herself between them before either could speak a syllable of recognition or blame.

In that instant she knew that Tante had spoken only the unwelcome truth as she realized that she had loved and idolized Donna Lovell's son. She had been tricked, she whose life had consisted of a series of clever tricks with the joy of laughing after they had been successfully executed! Ames was her enemy, some one to destroy rather than dominate. In humiliated anger she wondered if she ought not to save Carol from marrying him; she always admired the girl even as she feared her. She would reverse the situation, make Carol her ward, companion, devoted daughter . . .

Arriving at this decision she looked up to see Ames watching her half in pity, half in rebellion. "Mia," escaped from his lips, "I'm so sorry—but I understand—"

Then she knew that defeat was final. Try as she would she could not hate him. Truth, the thing which she had evaded and denied all of her life, had found her out. Tap—tap—tap went Tante's ugly stick on the floor above. She was settled back in her chair no doubt. Carol would be coming back, Carol who had the right to marry Ames and who would despise her for the rest of her days, whose children would despise her. At this moment Stanley realized what loving Ames could mean!

Her eyes turned dull. For the first time in the fox-woman's life she fainted honestly!

LATE the next afternoon Stanley admitted Blair into her morning room. That morning he had sent word asking to give him a few moments. Only Blair could give her news of Ames whom she had just discovered that she loved and of Carol whom she feared yet respected.

"You are very kind," she began meekly as he hesitated in the doorway.

"They've married and gone," he announced, coming in and drawing up a chair beside the chaise longue.

"Do you really mean—?"

"I do. At eleven—the same church in which you married Van Zile." It was only human to have added this last. "They will be back in a few days and you'll see them briefly. Then New York, and their real life will begin." He handed her a letter which Ames had addressed.

She fidgeted, pretending that emotion precluded its reading. With a dry smile Blair turned to her desk to unearth her lognettes.

Stanley's flush equalled the tint of her coral necklace. There was no gainsaying that she was now able to read the lines:

"Mia: We are sorry for all of it. We will be back for a day or so next week and perhaps we can talk with understanding and sympathy. We intend to try. Please, please believe in Blair."

It was signed both by Carol's firm, round hand and Ames' careless flourish.

So this was to be the end: to come back for a day and forgivingly discipline her. And she must believe in Blair. Tears blurred the vision which the lognettes had made possible. She dropped both note and glasses and put trembling, ringless little fingers to her face.

"There is only one thing for us to do—clear out," said Blair crisply. "You are alone and found out. I am adrift and superfluous. My boy—your boy—after all, our boy has been precious to you and I turned my back upon him from the first. He will come back to us as Carol's husband. Thank fortune for Carol, say I in the next breath. But he is gone; there is nothing ahead for us and so much that is behind. You can't deny that you have cheated and lied while I have hated and shirked—and that Ames is 'our' boy. Ironical, isn't it? Now try to let me have my own way for once," but there was the suggestion of sacrifice in Blair's voice and expression.

He had thought it out during the night and in the early morning when he had witnessed Carol's marriage to his son. Some one must remove Stanley from their horizon. She might decide not to step aside as easily as she now fancied that she would. Some one must divert her attention, flatter, amuse and, in one sense, control her. It was up to Blair—his last rôle which he must play with all his gallantry and talent.

"Whatever can you be meaning?" The bright, shining light began to show in her eyes—her hand, scented with magnolia, rested upon Blair's cold fingers.

"We must marry and go away for a time—give these young things a clear field for action. Let me take care of you, Stanley. I understand you—doesn't that count for something? You can either be natural with me or the fascinating pretender just as you like. I neither adore nor trust you, yet I want to marry you."

"Then you must have forgiven me, this poor, silly little me—I've always cared, even hoped." How exquisitely she rose to the part! "But are you quite sure?"

"Quite. We must marry but let us not try to be in love. Rather comfortable at your age, don't you agree?"

"I'm not sure but what I am in love—" she was thinking what a graceful retreat this afforded her. Tante in a nursing home, good old Tante, after all—Blair and herself traveling leisurely on the Continent with May spent in London. She could refer to her married son and to her lovely daughter-in-law, be proud of Blair's distinguished white hair and vibrant voice. She could write interesting, self-sacrificing letters to Ames and send Carol beautiful trifles from Paris. Sometime they could come back and Ames' children would find in her a doting, story-book grandmother. Perhaps Carol would not mind her toying with them for a few weeks.

She smothered a tiny yawn to her own amazement; she felt hungry, sleepy—she wanted to be "at ease" now that her future was secure. How good of her to marry this renegade! What a concession! She was removing him from Ames' life. He might have become annoying. She felt supreme in this last sacrifice.

"You are not sure?" Blair was amused that she sparred for time when he knew that inwardly she was rejoicing that he had offered what was left of his life to do with as she wished.

"I'm not sure," her underlip quivering, her eyes very bright. "Still, Ames wanted me to believe in you—and so—so—I will."

Slowly, unemotionally Blair lifted her hand to his lips.

It was good to be alive, about to marry a Blair and go back to the old world to play more appealing, graceful tricks. This settled, Stanley mentally relaxed. She could turn to lesser affairs. As Blair bent to kiss her fingers she made mental note of a threatening bald spot; she must see that he began with tonic!

[THE END]

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